

AUGUST *21*

1931[★]

The American **MERCURY**



Edited by
H · L · M E N C K E N

THE RADIO OCTOPUS

Dane Yorke

THE BEER BARONS OF NEW YORK	<i>Gerald Holland</i>
OUR STREET IN CUERNAVACA	<i>Elizabeth Morrow</i>
UNCLE SAM'S BALLYHOO MEN	<i>J. Frederick Essary</i>
THE FINANCE COMPANY RACKET	<i>Ulric Whitaker</i>
THE DEMOCRATS MUST GO NATIVE!	<i>John Hemphill</i>
PREPARING FOR THE NEXT WAR	<i>Herbert Clairborne Pell</i>
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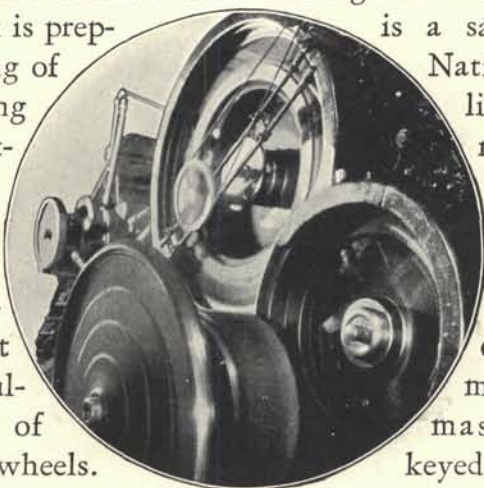
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXIII

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NUMBER 92

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

THE SCIENCES

UP FROM THE APE.

By *Earnest A. Hooton.* The Macmillan Company
\$5 9¼ x 6½; 626 pp. New York

Dr. Hooton, who is professor of anthropology at Harvard, says that he has "not the slightest doubt" that "evolution has occurred," but that he does not believe it was "an accidental or chance occurrence". Thus he is thrown upon "intelligence or purposeful causation", but he does not attempt to determine its source or nature. "What difference does it make," he asks, "whether God is Nature or Nature is God?" All this is from the next to the last page of his book. The rest of it is given over to a detailed study of man as a mammal. First the relation of *Homo sapiens* to the other primates is discussed, then the primate life cycle, then the individual life cycle, then the fossil records of man, and then the characteristics of the different human races of today. The exposition is clear, and there are many good illustrations. In particular, the chapters on the life cycle, with their detailed discussion of anatomical and physiological matters, are well ordered and informative. There is a brief bibliography at the end, followed by an index.

CONTEMPORARY SCHOOLS OF PSYCHOLOGY.

By *Robert S. Woodworth.* The Ronald Press Company
\$2.50 8¾ x 5½; 232 pp. New York

Dr. Woodworth, who is professor of psychology at Columbia describes himself as a middle-of-the-road psychologist. He shows a tolerant spirit, and in successive chapters he sets forth the ideas of the introspectionists, the behaviorists, the gestaltists, the psychoanalysts and the purposivists with great fairness. "All the schools," he says, "are emphasizing something that demands emphasis, and serve a useful function in the progress of psychology." He believes that, despite all the current uproar, the various schools are less far apart than they seem to be, and that in the long run "material from this side and from that is bound to find its way into the middle and become the general property." His book is pleasantly written and makes good reading. At the end he presents a brief annotated bibliography.

HUMANISM & SCIENCE.

By *Cassius J. Keyser.*

The Columbia University Press
\$3 8¼ x 5½; 243 pp. New York

By Humanism Dr. Keyser, the well-known Columbia mathematician, does not mean, of course, the

nonsense that raged among the minor sort of American pedagogues for a few months about the time of the last stock market crash. He means the Humanism—the glorious outpouring of the human spirit—that made the Renaissance memorable, and his chief thesis is that science and mathematics are its best servants. They "are unsurpassed as agencies for qualifying human individuals to represent worthily the potential dignity of man, for qualifying them to achieve a good life on this planet by the use of human faculties, and for continually advancing approximate realization of Humanism's dream of world unity and world coöperation in the interest of all mankind." There is an index.

THE STORY OF SCIENCE.

By *David Dietz.* The Sears Publishing Company
\$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 387 pp. New York

Mr. Dietz is lecturer in general science at Western Reserve University and science editor of the Scripps-Howard papers. In the present book he deals only with astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry, and biology. He is concerned chiefly with the more recent developments in these branches of learning, but he also supplies sufficient historical background to make his narrative intelligible to the general reader. His book is admirably written, and is adequately illustrated. In only one respect does it leave something to be desired. No one reading Mr. Dietz's story would suspect that organized ecclesiasticism in any way hindered the work of such men as Copernicus or Galileo, or did anything to stop the spread of Darwin's ideas. There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

SOCIOLOGY

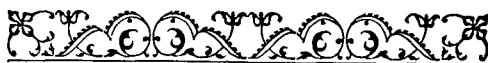
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A DELINQUENT CAREER.

By *Clifford R. Shaw.*

The University of Chicago Press
\$3 9¼ x 5½; 280 pp. Chicago

Some time ago, under the title of "The Jack-Roller", Mr. Shaw published the autobiography, with comments thereon by himself, of a young Chicago vagrant and thief. Here he presents the autobiography of another—this time a boy sentenced to twenty years imprisonment, at the age of fifteen, for rape. It is an extraordinarily interesting document, for the author is unusually intelligent—his I.Q. is 119—and writes very well. Naturally enough, he denies the crime,

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though admitting the hold-up that is said to have preceded it. He reviews his whole career, beginning with his squalid infancy as the son of a drunken and improvident father and proceeding to his initiation into petty crime as a member of a Chicago gang. There is an elaborate discussion of the document by Mr. Shaw and other sociologists. Their verdict is that the boy is a "psychopathic personality of the egocentric type", and that the chances that he will reform if liberated from prison are no more than one in three. Mr. Shaw is head of the department of research sociology in the Institute for Juvenile Research at Chicago.

BATTLING THE CRIME WAVE.

By Harry Elmer Barnes. The Stratford Company
\$2 7 1/2 x 5; 245 pp. Boston

Dr. Barnes's labors in behalf of the new penology are well known. He has written four books on the subject, and innumerable articles for the reviews and the daily press. His present volume is "a brief and popular summary of the new scientific criminology and penology. . . . The writer's aim has been to present as clearly and compactly as possible the underlying ideas which should dominate the reconstruction of our behavior in regard to criminals. No claim is made for any originality of any kind. . . . [The book] is exclusively an exercise in the humanizing of knowledge and popular education." There is a brief bibliography, but an index is missing.

SOCIAL POLITICS & MODERN DEMOCRACIES.

By Charles W. Pipkin. The Macmillan Company
\$7.50 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 2 vols.; 377+417 pp. New York

Dr. Pipkin's first volume is devoted to the history of social legislation in England, and his second to that of social legislation in France. The fact detracts somewhat from the value of his study, for some of the most interesting experiments of the past half century were launched in neither of these countries, but in Germany and Scandinavia. But within the limits of his inquiry he shows an immense diligence, and has brought together a large mass of interesting facts. He inclines to believe that most social legislation has been inspired, not by a mere prudent desire to keep the lower classes from uprising, but by a genuine concern for their betterment. He is thus very friendly to such politicians as Lloyd-George. His second volume, dealing with France, is of rather more value than the first, for what has been going on in England is pretty well known, whereas the course of events in France has got relatively little attention. The two volumes are not marked by any

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GOD IN THE STRAW PEN

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JOHN FORT

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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graces of presentation. The narrative unfolds slowly, step by step, in a dogged and often pedantic manner. But the record is surely worth having, and it is here set forth fairly and completely. The work is heavily documented, and there is an index at the end of each volume. The author is professor of comparative government at the State University of Louisiana.

THE EVOLUTION OF CULTURE.

By *Julius Lippert.* *The Macmillan Company*
\$5 8½ x 5½; 716 pp. *New York*

Lippert, who died in 1909, was one of the founders of sociology, and the present work, in its original German form, has had a great influence. But this is the first English translation to be published. It is the work of Dr. George Peter Murdock, assistant professor of the science of society at Yale, and is both readable and accurate. At the end Dr. Murdock prints appendices on certain moot points—primitive promiscuity, the priority of mother-right, the origin of exogamy, and the couvade—, setting forth the conclusions of the principal authorities. He notes in his preface that "The Evolution of Culture", in more than one way, belongs to ethnology rather than to sociology, but argues that Lippert's viewpoint was always fundamentally sociological. This is surely borne out by an examination of the text. The point, however, is of small importance; the main thing is that the work shows immense learning, a fine speculative originality, and a high capacity for plausible generalization, and is thus of great value, whatever it may be called. Moreover, it is pleasantly written, and thus has something to say to the general reader as well as to the specialist. Dr. Murdock's translation is heavily documented, and includes a bibliography and a good index.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF SOCIOLOGY TO SOCIAL WORK.

By *Robert M. MacIver.* *The Columbia University Press*
\$2 8 x 5½; 110 pp. *New York*

Dr. MacIver is Lieber professor of political philosophy and sociology at Columbia. He thinks that all social workers should be thoroughly grounded in sociology, for "it provides the basis for the development of that social philosophy which must underlie the art of social work, which must integrate the thinking of the social worker, which must control the direction and illuminate the goal of his activity." This is his main thesis. Some of the corollaries which naturally flow out of it are equally startling.

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For example: (a), "The social worker has to become increasingly a specialist in his or her chosen field, just because social institutions have themselves become specialized. One can no longer go round dispensing indiscriminate social service;" (b), The social worker can never achieve his end "if he is merely the master of a few techniques. His work calls for breadth of perception and of imagination." A brief bibliography and an index are appended.

HISTORY

CARIBBEAN BACKGROUNDS & PROSPECTS.

By *Chester Lloyd Jones.* *D. Appleton & Company*
\$4 8¾ x 5¾; 354 pp. *New York*

This is perhaps the best one-volume study of the social and economic forces operating in the Caribbean that has yet appeared in English. Dr. Jones, who is professor of economics and political science in the University of Wisconsin, takes up all of the countries and colonies in that general area, and after giving a rapid survey of their histories, he considers their racial, health, and educational problems. He then deals extensively with the shifting fruit, vegetable, and oil trades. Finally, he devotes two chapters to public loans and foreign investments. Throughout his study he naturally gives special attention to the Caribbean activities of the United States. Our exports to the Caribbean countries in 1929 amounted to \$395,000,000, or 7.5% of our total exports; our imports in the same year came to \$506,000,000, or 11.5% of our total imports. Our exports consisted mainly of textiles, machinery and vehicles, chemicals, and sundry specialties. In the way of imports the Caribbean region "became the great supplier of tropical fruit to the American market, shipping all but an insignificant portion of such imports; it became the second most important source of coffee supplies, the greatest source of crude petroleum imports, and practically the only source of imported sugar." Dr. Jones is not very definite in his opinion about the safety of investments and loans in those lands, but he seems to think that defaults will become rarer and rarer, since the various governments are gradually becoming more stable. There is a bibliography, and also an index.

KING COTTON DIPLOMACY.

By *Frank Lawrence Owsley.* *The University of Chicago Press*
\$5 8¾ x 6; 617 pp. *Chicago*

Dr. Owsley's thesis is that if, at home, the social and economic institutions of the Confederacy rested

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upon cotton, "abroad its diplomacy centered around the well-known dependence of Europe, especially England and France, upon an uninterrupted supply of cotton from the Southern States." He traces minutely the diplomatic history of the Confederacy, from the first envoys, William Lowndes Yancey, Pierre A. Rost, and Ambrose Dudley Mann, through the Kenner Mission, and he discusses exhaustively such topics as the ineffectiveness of the blockade, the hostile attitude of France, and Mann's mission to Rome. It is a monumental work, disclosing much hitherto unpublished data from European archives. There is a lengthy bibliography, followed by an index.

FOLLOWING THE PRAIRIE FRONTIER.

By *Seth K. Humphrey.*

The University of Minnesota Press
\$2.50 8 1/2 x 5 3/4; 265 pp. Minneapolis

Mr. Humphrey, who now lives in Boston, was born at Faribault, Minn., then on the frontier, in 1864. His father, a New Englander, was one of the pioneers of the region, and as boy and young man he roved through all the Minnesota country, and beyond it into the Dakotas. His recollections contain nothing extraordinary, but they are full of the reflections of an unusually intelligent man. He deals at some length with certain episodes that threaten to be forgotten—the Indian messiah craze of the late '80's, culminating in the Battle of Wounded Knee in 1890; the farm mortgage collapse in 1889; the rush into the Cherokee Strip in 1893, and so on. The book has one illustration. It lacks an index.

A GUIDE TO HISTORICAL LITERATURE.

Edited by William Henry Allison, Sidney Bradshaw Fay, Augustus Hunt Shearer & Henry Robinson Shipman.

The Macmillan Company
\$10.50 8 1/2 x 5 3/4; 1222 pp. New York

In December, 1919, the American Historical Association appointed a special committee, with Dr. George M. Dutcher of Wesleyan University as chairman, to prepare a bibliographical manual of history in coöperation with the American Library Association. The manual of C. K. Adams, published in 1882, was taken as a model, but soon it was seen that the plan of that work would have to be extended. Dr. Dutcher retired in 1928 and the present editors took over the work. The result is a reference book of very great value. Practically every important historical work, from the most ancient times to the present, is listed and the contents of each are described, usually with the addition of a brief critical

Continued on page viii

"Constantine professed himself a Christian, yet . . . characteristically put off baptism till already on his deathbed. Realizing that the remission of sin which came with baptism could be enjoyed only once, he refused to take advantage of the sacrament until every chance of sinning was over."

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judgment. The volume is sensibly arranged, and using it is thus made easy. The scholars who assisted the editors include all the chief American historians. The printing is clear, the paper is good, and there is a substantial binding. The work will be of the first importance to everyone interested in historical studies.

DID HOMER LIVE?

By Victor Bérard. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$3 8 3/4 x 5 1/4; 234 pp. New York

M. Bérard, who is chairman of the committee on foreign affairs of the French Senate, has written more than a dozen books on the Homeric legends, and in the present volume he gives his general conclusions. He believes in the historicity of Homer. He says, "Provisionally, I give the name of Homer to the cultured man of letters, to the prince of poets, who added the 'Tales at the Court of Alkinoos' to the tale of Odysseus the Wanderer," and he thinks that he lived sometime between 1049 and 736 B.C. Of the "Odyssey" he says, "As we know it today it is a late and artificial reconstruction, remodeled again and again at different dates, so as to combine and somehow make one single poem out of three original plays of an earlier date, which came from very different and very unequal hands. These were 'The Voyage of Telemachos', the 'Tales at the Court of Alkinoos', and 'The Revenge of Odysseus'." The translation is by Brian Rhys.

A HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

By George W. Fuller. Alfred A. Knopf
\$5 9 3/8 x 6 1/4; 383 pp. New York

The Oregon country is now resolved into the four States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana (not to mention part of Northern California), but it was united in the early days, and Mr. Fuller deals with its history as a whole. Who discovered it is uncertain. Henry Kelsey, an employé of the Hudson Bay Company, struck westward in 1689, but how far he got no one knows. From the other direction sailors seem to have sighted and even landed on the coast as early as the first years of the Eighteenth Century, but it was not until 1788 that regular settlements were established. It was the fur men who finally brought the Oregon to heel. Converging in two streams, Canadian and American, they opened a huge empire, and laid the foundations for a dispute which almost brought England and the United States to war. In the final settlement the United States seems

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to have got all the better of it. Mr. Fuller's book is by no means confined to the political and military history of the region. He is full of odd and amusing facts about the daily lives of the pioneers; some of the most rambunctious of them were missionaries. Today the Oregon is safe for Kiwanis, and where the war-whoop of Indians once resounded there is only the music of back-slapping. The book has many illustrations and is well documented. It has an index.

BIOGRAPHY

BEDFORD FORREST *And his Critter Company.*

By Andrew Nelson Lytle. Minton, Balch & Company
\$5 9 3/4 x 6 1/2; 402 pp. New York

At Appomattox someone asked Lee who was the greatest soldier under his command, and he answered, "A man I have never seen, sir. His name is Forrest." His full name was Nathan Bedford Forrest (1821-1877). He was born in Tennessee, the son of a blacksmith, and there was not the slightest trace of cotton snobbery in his makeup. He enlisted as a private in White's Tennessee Mounted Rifles in June, 1861, and before the Civil War was over he was a lieutenant-general. He probably did more damage to the Union troops than any other single Confederate commander. Sherman once said, "I am going out to follow Forrest to the death, if it costs ten thousand lives and breaks the Treasury. There will never be peace in Tennessee until Forrest is dead." He spent more than ten thousand lives, and he never caught Forrest. This Confederate Wizard of the Saddle, as his admirers called him, probably never read a book of tactics in his life, and he detested West Pointers, whom he looked upon as an ignorant and unreliable lot. He was very shaky in his spelling and grammar, but he was a born fighter, and he could awaken almost incredible loyalty in his men. The commonest soldier under him always had access to him, and was a hero in his eyes. After the war Forrest became one of the organizers of the Ku Klux Klan, and was one of the great show pieces of the nation. Mr. Lytle's account of him is far from first-rate. There are several excellent illustrations, maps, and a good index.

WHEN DANA WAS THE SUN.

By Charles J. Rosebault.

Robert M. McBride & Company
\$3.75 8 3/4 x 5 3/8; 294 pp. New York

Mr. Rosebault's narrative lacks the quality of the Edward P. Mitchell's volume of reminiscences;

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nevertheless, enough of the flavor of the old *Sun* is in it to make it pleasant reading for newspaper men. No such newspaper exists in the United States today, and it is very doubtful that there will ever be another. It was the great star of the era of personal journalism, and Charles A. Dana's peculiar skills and foibles appeared in every issue of it. His personality continued to dominate it even after he was dead, and such disciples as Mitchell and Kingsbury carried on the *Sun* tradition in full flower until Munsey gobbled the paper, and it became the colorless thing that it is today. Some of its best men, indeed—notably Frank Ward O'Malley—did not enter its service until the post-Dana days. Mr. Rosebault, who was connected with the paper for many years, presents a workmanlike though far from brilliant biography of Dana, whose career in politics was almost as important as his career in journalism. The book has a few illustrations, and the end papers are reproductions of two New York prints of the Grant period. The volume suffers from the lack of an index.

THIS MAN'S WAR.

By Charles F. Minder.

The Pevensey Press

\$2.50

7½ x 5; 368 pp.

New York

Mr. Minder was a private in the 306th Machine Gun Battalion, 77th Division, in the World War. This is the record of his experiences, told in letters to his mother and amplified by his diary, from the time he is aboard a train, having just passed New Rochelle, N. Y., on his way to France, April 12, 1918, through October 13, 1918, the day before he is gassed on the Western Front. The book is somewhat repetitious but it contains a wealth of detail and a refreshing outlook. Mr. Minder, like most privates who felt the baptism of fire, is under no illusions about the Army, the government, or the Golden Rule. "Some of the fellows get down on their knees now and pray," he writes. "The funny part is that the ones that are praying are the fellows who were always so tough and foul-mouthed back in Camp Upton. At three this morning, Corporal McCarthy, who used to be a policeman in Brooklyn, awakened me. . . . I asked him how he liked being on guard without any rifles or guns, I'm not going to write what he said because the language was a little bit stronger than your ears are accustomed to hearing. . . . At twelve o'clock, the rain came down in torrents. We were all soaked to the skin. Our raincoats were like cheesecloth. Whoever manufactured them should be shot, and if the United States government pays for these raincoats, they must be crazy."

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21

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Continued from page ix

THE RISE OF U. S. GRANT.

By *A. L. Conger.* *The Century Company*
\$5 8¼ x 5½; 39 pp. *New York*

Colonel Conger was head of the Department of Military Information of the Army during the World War, and commanded the 56th Brigade, 28th Division, during the Meuse-Argonne battle. He has long been a student of the Civil War. In the present book he traces Grant's progress from his first contact with the 21st Illinois, when he mustered the regiment into service on May 15, 1861, through his campaigns, to his final orders at the close of the war. "To Grant," he concludes, "with his trained vision and sound thinking, the country is more indebted today than to any other man save only Lincoln. . . . Grant is the first commander known in history to deal successfully with an army of a million in size. . . . When Lee came to fight him, the charm was broken. . . . The reason was that, while Lee was fighting only the Army of the Potomac, Grant was not fighting Lee merely; his vision was a much broader one: he was fighting the Confederacy—Lee was merely one of the many obstacles standing in the way of restoration of the Union." There are many illustrations and maps, a brief bibliography, and an index.

TAD LINCOLN'S FATHER.

By *Julia Taft Bayne.* *Little, Brown & Company*
\$2 8½ x 5; 206 pp. *Boston*

Mrs. Bayne, a sister of Bud and Holly Taft, who were in boyhood the inseparable playmates of Willie and Tad Lincoln, here presents an intimate picture of the doings in the White House in the 'sixties, with Mrs. Lincoln amiably "letting the children have a good time," and the President, often in his stocking feet, joining them in their mad games. Once, indeed, Julia was invited to sit on his stomach when the boys had him down on the floor in a wrestling match; another time she saw him write a pardon for Doll Jack, Tad's Zouave doll; still another time she heard him laugh heartily at the idea of the boys rigging themselves in Mrs. Lincoln's ball gowns at a circus they were giving in the attic. "The Lincoln I knew and who lives in my memory with photographic distinctness," she writes, "has not the qualities of the Civil War President as presented in history. It is my lasting regret that my memory of him is not heroic. He was to me a good, uncle-like person, sometimes quizzical, but always smiling and kind to 'little Julie'." There are many illustrations and a foreword by Dr. William E. Barton.

X

AND NO BIRDS SING.

By *Pauline Leader.* *The Vanguard Press*
\$2.50 7¼ x 5¼; 276 pp. *New York*

Miss Leader here describes her youth as the daughter of a poor Jewish butcher; the illness which resulted in her total deafness at the age of twelve; her struggles as a factory hand, a poetess; her escape to Greenwich Village, and her further adventures as a dishwasher, examiner of ladies' dresses and worker in a bookbinding factory, and, at last, her detention in a reformatory for girls. She writes well. Here is a typical outburst: "My mother is a Jew. Do you know anything about Jews? Lady, it is deadening just to live with them. They have a dreadful inertia, a fatalism, which prevents them from doing anything. The family tree of the Jew is full of rotten branches. Only the Jews won't admit they are rotten branches. They make poetry out of the rottenness. They call the rottenness lamentation, or resignation, or irony."

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW.

Little, Brown & Company
\$5 9¼ x 6; 751 pp. *Boston*

This volume, published, according to his orders, two years after Prince von Bülow's death, is a mine of source material for the age of Wilhelm II. It presents Wilhelm, whom the Prince knew only too well, as a timid, vain, melodramatic man. "On the whole," he says, "I do not believe that the Kaiser was actually mad." On the other hand, Bismarck, whom he admires inordinately, was "the incarnation of German strength and German character, the genius of the German nation, the mighty figure who reminded travelers of Roland and Siegfried, of Arminius, of Charlemagne and Barbarossa, of Odin himself." The prince has only the liveliest contempt for Bethmann-Hollweg, whom he holds responsible for the war. He thinks the creation of Poland utter folly. He says the Empress Frederick's views about art were very middle class (she preferred Handel to Wagner), and that Victoria, for all her strong will and self-reliance, never attempted to go beyond the limits of British tradition. Through this rapid commentary, Bülow reveals himself as an inveterate snob and militarist, a diplomat of no mean talent, and an amusing and often brilliant critic. The volume, which covers the years 1897-1903, is to be followed by three others, "From the Morocco Crisis to Resignation," 1903-1909; "The World War and Germany's Collapse," 1909-1919; and "Early Years and Diplomatic Service," 1849-1897. It has many illustrations, and an index.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Check List of NEW BOOKS

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WHEN THE DALTONS RODE.

*By Emmett Dalton. Doubleday, Doran & Company
Garden City, L. I.*

\$2.50 8 1/8 x 5 1/2; 313 pp.

Mr. Dalton, now a respectable contractor in California, was a member of the famous Dalton gang of outlaws which terrorized Kansas, Oklahoma and Western Missouri forty years ago. It consisted in its heyday, he says, of ten men—himself, two of his brothers, and seven others. It came to grief at last at Coffeyville, Kansas, on October 5, 1892. Attempting to rob two banks there, it stirred up a hornet's nest, and when the smoke cleared away two of the Daltons, two other members of the gang, and four of the townspeople were dead, and four other men were desperately wounded, including Emmett Dalton. He was sent to prison for life, but after he had served fourteen and a half years he was pardoned, married his old sweetheart, who had waited for him all the while, and reformed. His narrative, done with the aid of a ghost writer, Jack Jungmeyer, is very interesting, and he has a lot that is instructive to say about the old-time bad men. Their prowess with the six-shooter, he says, was always exaggerated. It was, in fact, a most inaccurate weapon. The book has some good illustrations from the N. H. Rose collection of old-time photographs—one of a faro game in full blast.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

A QUARTER CENTURY OF LEARNING.

Edited by Dixon Ryan Fox.

*The Columbia University Press
\$3.50 9 x 6; 380 pp. New York*

Seventeen Columbia professors here discuss the progress of their specialties the world over, but particularly in the United States, during the last twenty-five years: Carlton J. H. Hayes (history), W. C. Mitchell (economics), R. M. MacIver (sociology), Howard Lee McBain (government), Young B. Smith (jurisprudence), Robert S. Woodworth (psychology), W. F. Russell (education), Ashley H. Thorndike (literature), Frank Gardner Moore (the classics), William A. Boring (architecture), Edmund B. Wilson (biology), William Darrach (medicine), Henry C. Sherman (chemistry), George B. Pegram (physics), William Barclay Parsons (engineering), Charles B. Berkey (geology), and H. E. Hawkes (college administration). The discussions are of so general a nature that the layman can easily follow them. Strangely enough for such a book, there is a thumping error in Dr. Fox's introduction. Speaking of the

Continued on page xii

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xi

years 1914-1918, he says that "on the whole, scholars acquitted themselves in many responsibilities with unexpected distinction." With distinction to whom and to what?

THE POLITICAL STATUS OF BESSARABIA.

By Andrei Popovici.

The School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University
\$3 8¾ x 5½; 290 pp. *Washington*

Bessarabia, a territory of 16,000 square miles, running northward from the mouth of the Danube, is the Alsace-Lorraine of Eastern Europe. The Rumanians claim it on historical and ethnic grounds, but it was a province of Russia from 1812 to 1918. Today it is a part of Rumania, but the Russians allege that a majority of its people prefer Russian rule, and demand a plebiscite. This the Rumanian government refuses. In the present book Dr. Popovici presents the Rumanian case. It rests, in the main, upon two grounds. The first is that the annexation of the territory by the Russians in 1812 was unjustified legally, and that its people did not consent. The other is that the infiltration of Russians during the century following did not change their attitude, and that they still prefer to be Rumanians. To this the Russians reply that Bessarabia, after 1812, became thoroughly Russianized. The question is a difficult one, and promises to make for serious trouble hereafter. The Russians will undoubtedly try to recover the territory by force at the first chance, as the Hungarians will try to recover some of the western provinces of Rumania. Dr. Popovici presents his case with great learning, and though he is a partisan he maintains a judicial attitude. His book is very well documented, and has numerous maps and illustrations. There is an introduction by Dr. James Brown Scott.

THE CASE FOR INDIA.

By Will Durant.

Simon & Schuster
\$2 7¼ x 4¼; 228 pp. *New York*

Dr. Durant went to India without any bias against the English; he "did not expect to be attracted by the Hindus". But after crossing the country twice from east to west and once from north to south, he reached the conclusion that the 150 years of English rule show "the most sordid and criminal exploitation of one nation by another in all recorded history". Year by year, he says, "England . . . has been bleeding India to the point of death". In support of this conclusion he presents a great mass of facts, mainly

gathered from English sources. His book is small, but it is closely-packed, and he deals in detail with the cultural, economic and spiritual degradation of the Indian people. Toward the end he sums up everything that may be said for English rule, and then attempts a refutation of it. Very little that has been done for India, he says, has been really done for India; it has been done for England. In one place he tries to differentiate between the English, whom he calls "the best gentlemen on earth", and the British, whom he regards as "the worst of all imperialists". But this distinction seems somewhat vague, and he does not press it. His book is heavily documented, and presents a truly appalling record of avarice, brutality and stupidity. He believes that India should be erected into a self-governing Dominion at once; complete independence can wait, and would probably be dangerous at the moment. In one of his chapters he attempts a realistic study of the Mahatma Ghandi.

SINCE THEN: *The Disturbing Story of the World at Peace.*

By Philip Gibbs.

Harper & Brothers
\$3.75 8¼ x 5½; 469 pp. *New York*

Sir Philip's chief concern in this volume is with the disastrous consequences of the Treaty of Versailles. He shows how they have made for unrest and misery in practically all of the countries of Europe. He has separate chapters on Hungary, Greece, Russia, Italy, Germany, Austria, Poland, France and England, and a sort of supplemental one on the United States. There are also discussions of the League of Nations and of the emancipation of women. At the moment all of the peoples lately at war seem to desire peace, but meanwhile their governments are preparing for war. "How is that?" The answer is easy. There is no certainty that the present mood of pacifism will last. "What is true today may be false tomorrow, according to the impermanence of anything in the modern mind. Because there is no belief in fixed principles—does not morality change, does not justice change?—there can be no belief in Kellogg pacts or Locarno treaties. Because there is no allegiance to any code there can be no trust in written signatures, solemn speeches, proclamations of friendship. No one is taking the risk of peace". The author is a man of wide information, and there is much in his book that is unfamiliar and interesting.

*Continued in back advertising section,
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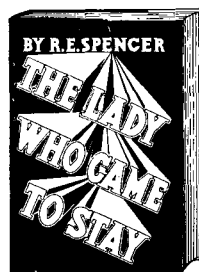
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BY DANE YORKE

IN THAT same Fall of 1920 which saw the appearance of Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" there were also offered the American public the first commercial radio receiving sets. With earphones tightly clamped to heads a few fortunate owners of those early crystal sets carefully and wonderingly adjusted the cat's whisker and listened to radio's first big programme: the Harding-Cox election returns as broadcast from Pittsburgh by the station later known as KDKA. Thus simultaneously were ushered in the decade of self-criticism of which "Main Street" was the detonator, and the first decade of a new business which was to epitomize American industry as "Main Street" epitomized American Philistinism.

The radio business began humbly enough. Of the \$30,000,000,000 spent at retail by the American public in 1920, it has since been estimated that radio received only about \$2,000,000. Most of that was not for complete sets but rather for parts with which ambitious amateurs assembled their own home-made receivers. The first vogue was for the crystal detector, but in 1921 the vacuum tube began to come into favor through its greater power and range,

and retail purchases of radio goods mounted to about \$6,000,000. The year 1921 also saw the new craze spread from Pittsburgh to Metropolitan New York, and station WJZ in Newark, through the diverting mischance of a fat soprano who balked nervously at the ladder leading to the microphone atop a factory roof-tower, was led to invent radio's first great drawing card: the Bed-Time Story. Then Major Andrew White, momentarily famous for his announcing of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, further pioneered by coaxing his theatrical acquaintances of Broadway to broadcast (gratis!) over WJZ, although some Westinghouse officials shook doubtful heads at his enterprise in the fear of a possible smirch to radio's pristine purity through such association with the stage. Soon WJZ moved its microphone from the ladder-approached tower to the more accessible and commodious quarters afforded by what had formerly been a restroom for women factory-workers. The new room, draped in Canton flannel, was grandly called a studio. Thus quickly, and casually, radio took on the semblance of an art.

The progress of broadcasting soon

brought about a great increase in public interest and during the Winter of 1921-1922 retail purchases of radio goods were estimated at \$6,000,000 a day—and perhaps reached that figure for one day, at least. The tube factories of the Radio Corporation of America stepped up production from an average of 5000 tubes a month in 1921 to an output of 60,000 for January 1922 and 77,000 for March, with 150,000 planned for April and 200,000 for June. As to commercial receiving sets, a then much revered authority, Herbert Hoover by name, “reasonably estimated” the current sale at 100,000 sets a month and put the total sale to be expected that year at more than 1,000,000 sets. It was about this time, too, that the same authority gave voice to the bon mot: “There is no such thing as overproduction; there is only underconsumption.” His figures on radio were issued in March. In April the representatives of 500 department stores met in New York in an effort “to improve the grade of radio merchandise” being offered the public. That same month the business suddenly slumped, for the market was glutted, and by the end of the year “literally thousands of manufacturers had been swept into financial ruin.”

It may have been “underconsumption.” Yet, curiously enough, the public’s purchases had grown a full 1000%—from a retail radio volume of \$6,000,000 for 1921 to \$60,000,000 for 1922. And Amos ’n’ Andy had not yet reached the air!

II

If ever an American industry was born with a silver spoon in its mouth, radio was that industry. The early telephone, the laughed-at horseless carriage, and particularly the early phonograph that sounded “like a parrot with a cold in its

head,” had all had to struggle hard against public disbelief and derision.

But radio was born as an accepted wonder child. Its spectacular rôle in sea disasters, its transmission of voices (even before the war) to Honolulu and Paris, had given it a remarkable press and an even more remarkable public interest and approval. Commercially speaking, 1920 marked its entry into the field of home entertainment. In that field radio had been preceded by the phonograph, which in twenty-five years of effort had progressed from the mere side line of the small bicycle shop to the dignity of a serious musical line, supporting many exclusive shops and enjoying a public patronage of around \$150,000,000 a year. The phonograph, in gaining entrance into 9,000,000 American homes, had blazed the way for radio’s merchandising distribution, and the telephone, the electric lamp and the electrical equipment industries had blazed a way through the manufacturing problems that it confronted. The so-called art of advertising had developed to a high point, not merely its powers of persuasion but also its convenient lawyer-like code of seeing nothing but perfection and truth in its clients’ claims of virtue. Thus radio, as an industry, stood as the full heir of what has been called American progress and American business efficiency.

The first slump of 1922 was perfunctorily attributed to the effect of Summer static on broadcast reception. But the thing really lay deeper: in what might be called the nickel-stealing aspect of American business. The after-the-war boom of 1919 had collapsed in May of 1920, and in 1921 corporation profits fell to less than a billion dollars (from eight billions in 1919) with “more than half of all companies going in the red.” Commercial failures increased from 6500 to 19,700 and bank-

rupts' liabilities from \$113,000,000 to \$627,000,000. Frantically hunting for some stop-loss panacea, manufacturer after manufacturer leaped into this new indoor sport of radio. In three months, it is said, there were more than 1250 new corporations organized. Shoemakers, jewelers, hair dressers, cloak and suit manufacturers, all rushed madly in until by the beginning of 1922 the number of radio set and radio parts producers had grown from about 30 (in 1919) to around 5000, of whom the *Nation's Business* later declared that "95% had no right to enter the business." Badly designed, carelessly manufactured products were dumped on the radio market by the carload.

A similar development went on in the retail field. In Newark, before WJZ went on the air, there was just one shop handling radio sets and parts, and these merely as a sideline to general electrical equipment. But within a few weeks after WJZ started, the number of Newark dealers had jumped to 200. In New York City they rose to 1500, as compared to less than 500 for the phonograph trade, with its then much greater volume. Faced by the famous buyers' strike of 1921, hardware stores, stationery stores, drug stores, florists, plumbers and even (in one instance, at least) millinery shops, took on the new side line of radio. Almost every type of merchant, without regard to the fitness or unfitness of putting in radio by the side of his regular line, either bought a few commercial sets or else busied himself trying to merchandise the handiwork of some mechanically minded son or kid brother. But the public soon discovered that the sets for which a range of 200 miles or more was claimed usually had an effectiveness not exceeding fifteen. Beyond that were merely squeals and whistles.

All over the country the story was the

same. Broadcast stations were springing up like toadstools. In December, 1921, there were only five stations on the air, but by September, 1922, there were 532 more. Each new station served as a focal point for new retail development, until more than 20,000 dealers were grabbing at the radio dollar. How absurd the situation was becomes more clear on analysis. The estimated retail volume for 1922 was \$60,000,000 (and the estimate is generous). Cut in half to arrive at the approximate manufacturer's sale price, it averaged just \$6000 gross for each of the five thousand manufacturers, and a few hundred dollars net profit to a manufacturer. On the retail side that same sixty millions averaged a gross sale for the year of \$3000 for each of the 20,000 dealers, which in turn yielded a gross profit of perhaps \$1200 and a net profit that averaged not over \$25 to \$30 a month. Just about Army doughboy pay!

So much for radio's first demonstration of American business vision. It was a blind nickel-hunting scramble.

III

The débâcle of 1922 was feelingly declared to have taught radio a great lesson. It dissuaded nearly 2000 manufacturers from further participation in the field, and it burnt the fingers of a vastly greater number of dealers who saw the radio merchandise on their shelves depreciated tremendously in value as the result of the great cut-price centers which now sprang up in New York, Chicago and elsewhere to become a fixture of the business. In those centers so-called standard commercial sets and parts, bought from financially embarrassed manufacturers at bankrupt prices, were offered to the public at from one-third to one-fifth of their original list-prices. A new industry sprang up within

the industry. It was the industry of the wrecking gang clearing away the débris of overproduction.

Yet public interest certainly did not wane. President Harding installed a receiving set in his White House study. Jackie Coogan broadcasted. A small Maine factory made the first page of the New York press by shipping a carload of tooth-picks to Japan on an order received by radio. The newspapers, reflecting the popular interest, gave any story with the word radio in it the news-value of the man biting a dog. The New York *Times* featured an article on the possibility that radio had actually been foreseen by Shakespeare. And a distressed wife was headlined as seeking divorce on the ground that her husband had made life unbearable with his "radio mania."

There was really a mania of public buying. The retail sales for 1923 doubled those of 1922, and reached the remarkable total of \$120,000,000. Yet the trade was not happy. The crystal set had been supplanted by the tube set; the blatant loud speaker had come in. The neutrodyne circuit threatened the existing circuits, and the superheterodyne was announced. The manufacturer was priding himself on the multiplicity of knobs and gadgets with which his sets were equipped, but the public was calling for a single-knob control. Women resented the unsightly batteries; and inventors were racing to find some means of using power from the ordinary light-socket. The dealers, aghast at the constant changes in designs, bitterly cursed the industry as an engineers' plaything in which there was no commercial stability.

It was all a mad race between manufacturers, wholesalers and dealers to keep the merchandise moving and not be caught with dead stock when some new develop-

ment appeared. Even that budding colossus, the Radio Corporation of America, felt the strain and in the Summer of 1923 jettisoned 20,000 sets (having, by newspaper report, an original retail value of more than \$3,000,000) in a great half-price sale that made department store history. Wrote a trade observer at the time: "The outfit that is the latest word today is obsolete three to six months hence . . . you must [continually] put your effort into getting something new [to sell]. This is the secret of the radio business." To recall Mark Twain's shabby hero, that principle was also the secret of the great Royal Nonesuch who was finally ridden on a rail.

The year 1924 was a gaudy one for radio. On two successive days the New York *Times* found space in which to chronicle for posterity how the Coolidge cat, presumably strayed after some errant love, was sought and found by radio. In that year, too, the industry was discovered by that great pundit, Roger W. Babson, LL.D. In a published survey, based upon "hard business facts," Dr. Babson revealed the existence of 3000 radio manufacturers, 1000 jobbers, and some 26,000 dealers of various types, all of whom, by his figures, were to divide an estimated retail volume of \$350,000,000 for the year, an increase of nearly 300% over 1923, thus placing radio thirty-fourth among American industries and almost level with shipbuilding. "The future is indeed bright [for radio]," ran his survey. . . . "There is little danger of the industry becoming top-heavy and suffering serious results." Thus, with Dr. Babson's approval, radio became Big Business. Soon the New York Curb broke out in a rash of radio stocks and the Radio Corporation of America, all dressed up with a former major-general at its head, took its place on the quotation board of the New York Stock Exchange,

there to begin its career as a leader in the Coolidge-Hoover bull market of lamented memory.

The official story of the organization of that corporation is rather interesting. During the war, it seems, the General Electric Company put into use a very valuable wireless device known as the Alexanderson alternator. After the war, impressed by the device, the British Marconi Company offered General Electric a \$5,000,000 contract provided it were given exclusive rights. The deal was nearly closed when President Wilson, then in Paris at the Peace Conference, sent two high officers of the Navy to protest against the granting of exclusive rights to the British Marconi Company. So fundamentally important was the Alexanderson device to wireless transmission that without its use the United States would be effectively barred from the radio field. The cable systems of the world, argued President Wilson's representatives, were already under complete foreign control; to surrender air communication also would be a tragic mistake.

But Owen D. Young and his associates of the General Electric Company pointed out that much money had been spent in developing the Alexanderson apparatus. Save for the Marconi Company there was no real market for it, and thus no seeming hope of any return on General Electric's investment. Here the official story grows vague. Between patriots who could mention *quid pro quos*? Perhaps there was no mention. But at any rate, when the official story clears again Owen D. Young ("with the sympathetic coöperation of our government") had begun negotiations which ended in October, 1919, with the formation of the Radio Corporation of America to pool the patents and wireless interests of General Electric, American

Telephone and Telegraph, Western Electric, and the United Fruit Company. Then the property and rights of the American Marconi Company (which had been practically a subsidiary of the British Marconi) were acquired and station by station a world network of wireless was begun, centering in the United States and dominated by American interests. Each station, of course, was equipped with the Alexanderson apparatus. America had control of the air; radio was saved for democracy. And General Electric had a market for its product. Everybody seemed happy.

But in all this there was no thought or vision of domestic broadcasting such as is now known. That vision and development came from outside the Radio Corporation group—from two officials of the Westinghouse plant in Pittsburgh. In continuance of their wartime experiments, one of those officials began to broadcast from the garage of his home occasional speeches and phonograph records. His concerts attracted attention and a Pittsburgh department store shrewdly advertised them and thereby increased its sale of radio parts to amateurs. This advertising, in turn, suggested to another Westinghouse official a new market for Westinghouse product. He had the vision of the possibility of mass entertainment. Accordingly the garage station was removed to the Westinghouse plant and became the famous pioneer, KDKA.

But in its efforts to exploit commercially the new development, Westinghouse ran into immediate difficulties. The company controlled various radio patents of its own, but other basic patents, fundamental both to broadcasting and to the manufacture of broadcast receiving sets, were now controlled by the Radio Corporation of America. The Westinghouse laboratories spent considerable money and time in the effort to develop a receiving set that would not

infringe on RCA's patents. But this proved impossible and there seems to have ensued a mutual jockeying for position, as a result of which, in June, 1921, Westinghouse was admitted to the RCA group with the privilege of manufacturing 40% of all radio goods merchandised by RCA, while General Electric kept the right to manufacture 60%. As a sidelight on the patent situation, Westinghouse attorneys later testified that their company used "more than 200 patents [held by other members of the RCA group] in the manufacture of receiving sets and broadcasting apparatus." After the admission of Westinghouse, the Radio Corporation of America represented the pooling of more than 2000 patents. But those patents were not pooled for democracy.

It was the juiciest plum ever handed any business clique by a fond government. It was so beautifully inadvertent and gratuitous! The official anxiety which led to the formation of RCA was over transoceanic wireless communication, and at first that was the corporation's chief source of revenue. In 1921 its total gross income was barely \$4,000,000, of which transoceanic communication and marine service represented 64%. But the domestic development, stumbled on by Westinghouse in Pittsburgh, immediately changed the picture. In 1922 RCA's gross income jumped to nearly \$15,000,000, of which transoceanic and marine accounted for only 24%. In 1923 the gross jumped again—to \$26,000,000—while transoceanic and marine (although amounting in actual dollars to nearly as much as RCA's total gross income of 1921) shrank to 15%, and to 8% in 1924. In that latter year gross income more than doubled, going to \$54,000,000 of which 92% (or \$50,000,000) came from the sale of radio apparatus and almost wholly resulted from

the domestic broadcasting craze. The original main line of effort had become the small side line and in three years RCA had realized nearly \$75,000,000 from a source of income undreamed of in the original organization.

All of which lends humor to the plea of an RCA official (made to the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration) that the corporation's importance in transoceanic communication, and its investment of nearly \$20,000,000 in that field, were strong reasons why its domestic monopoly should not be criticized or disturbed. Its investment to save radio for democracy had been returned many fold—and by that same democracy.

IV

As a result of the stimulus of a presidential campaign the radio industry realized Dr. Babson's prediction of volume, the retail sales amounting to between \$300,000,000 and \$350,000,000 for 1924. There had been the usual Summer slump and men began to say that the radio selling-season lasted only from Labor Day to St. Patrick's Day each year. But the Fall of 1924 opened brightly and the business mounted at such a rate that RCA reported a volume of \$22,000,000 for the months of November and December alone. The impetus continued into 1925. In January there came the great radio début of John McCormack and Lucrezia Bori, in which the American Telephone and Telegraph Company demonstrated the possibilities of network broadcasting. And RCA's sales for the first three months of the new year brought in over \$15,000,000.

Enthusiasm ran high in the trade. Said a report of the time: "Leaders of the industry see a great business ahead and scoff at pessimists who speak of overproduc-

tion." But quite appropriately, April Fool's Day changed the chant into a wail. One of those same leaders, boasting in December of a 435% gain in factory output, was so overproduced by April that he was forced to use a great department-store as a dumping ground for 5000 sets in a "half-price" sale. Which broke the market so badly that in May another leader threw overboard 20,000 sets, valued, at December retail prices, at more than \$4,000,000. But in May they brought less than half that figure.

The slumps of 1922, 1923 and 1924 had taught no lesson. The puffed-up RCA was caught with the rest, staggering under an inventory rumored to exceed over \$30,000,000 on a retail basis and with its jobbers and dealers (15,000 in number) so glutted with merchandise that it did not dare cut prices or jettison its own load. As a result, RCA reported in July, 1925, its first deficit in earnings—"a reflection of the drastic unloading of radio apparatus by competing companies." All told, it was later estimated that about 1,000,000 receiving sets were sold to the public during 1924. But another 500,000, representing the industry's overproduction, had to be liquidated at bargain prices.

In the Fall of 1925 business revived once more. But the pressure of unliquidated inventories still persisted and in turn this led manufacturers to seek new retail outlets. During September it was estimated that 6000 new dealers were persuaded to enter the field and all scruples in selling were cast to the winds. This again stimulated fresh manufacturing activity, and three manufacturers plunged foolhardily into production schedules calling for 1,500,000 sets. Again the market was glutted and April Fool's Day of 1926 saw the beginning of a new series of bargain sales, this time accompanied by re-

ceiverships and bankruptcies among manufacturers. The radio trade began calling for a czar. As in the old fable, the frogs petitioned earnestly for a king—but a nice, obliging king.

The business was feeling not only the effects of its own folly; it was also reflecting the chaos in the air. Operating under a law of 1912 the Secretary of Commerce had sought to control broadcasting by allotting wave-lengths to the various stations as they appeared. In the first three years of the industry 1105 broadcast stations made their début, but more than half retired very promptly. Such retirements did not ease the situation, however, for the remaining stations, having used up all the possible wave-lengths, began a race to obtain more power in the effort to drown out rival broadcasts. To add to the merry war a United States court decided in 1926 that the Secretary of Commerce had no power to regulate broadcasting; that in fact no legal control was possible under the existing law and in July all regulation ended—with 529 stations on the air. With the result that by the following March (of 1927) new stations had crowded in to a total of 734 and the power used had grown from 378,000 watts to nearly 647,000 watts. Every programme was accompanied by heterodyning squeals and whistles from interfering stations. It was absolute chaos.

Conditions were such that the trade meekly accepted from Congress in 1927 a new radio law, designed to regulate broadcasting and since described as "the most severe, the most drastic and the most confining which was ever imposed upon any American business." But improvement was slow. Not until 1928 did the Senate grant final confirmation to all the members of the new Radio Commission. And in the meantime the damage had been done. The

multiplicity of broadcasters forced receiving-set manufacturers to sacrifice every consideration of tonal quality and accurate reproduction to the one great necessity of sharp tuning so that the user might shut out interference.

The year 1926 is still remembered as marking the low point of quality in radio reception. The public, in disgust (and aware, too, that the convenience of power-operated sets was just around the corner) sat back and postponed its purchases. For the first time since the industry began there was an actual falling off in the annual number of sets sold. In 1925 total sales were placed at 2,000,000 tube sets. In 1926 sales dropped to 1,750,000 and in 1927 to 1,350,000, with an actual recession in total sales volume, even counting the sales of tubes, accessories and parts. The number of radio manufacturers declined in twelve months from 2550 to 1200, and the number of dealers from 40,000 to about 28,000. And the financial columns of the *New York Times*, noting that 5,000,000 shares of radio stocks had been peddled to the investing public, estimated that those same shares had declined almost \$100,000,000 in value within a year. Radio was one vast headache. There were even those who spoke harshly of Dr. Babson and his fond predictions.

Yet, oddly enough, the income of the Radio Corporation of America grew steadily. True, its sales for 1925 had receded, but 1926 showed a gain of \$10,000,000 and a new high total for the year of \$56,000,000. In 1927, while the rest of the trade slumped, Radio Corporation showed another \$56,000,000 and a gain of about 1% in sales. But its net profit that year showed a clear gain of 6%, from a rate of 12% in 1926 to 18% in 1927. The corporation had tapped a new source of income. The saving of radio for democracy

had turned from a patriotic duty to a positive pleasure—a pleasure that brought in that year more than \$3,000,000 of clear extra profit—a new juicy bite of the plum that had been found with the sympathetic coöperation of the government. The new profit sprang from the patent situation.

V

The first radio tube was patented by an Englishman, James Ambrose Fleming, in 1905. It contained simply a cathode and anode and was known, therefore, as a two-element tube. But a year or so later an American, Dr. Lee De Forest, patented a tube containing a third element—the grid—which represented a very great improvement on the Fleming tube. For a time De Forest manufactured and sold his tube but then the American Marconi Company (which had acquired the Fleming patent) brought suit for infringement and the United States courts sustained the claim. De Forest was stopped.

In the meantime, however, he had sold rights of manufacture and sale under his patent to the Western Electric Company, which in turn reassigned those rights to its parent—the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Thus when domestic broadcasting suddenly opened up a vast new market for tubes the Radio Corporation of America (which had taken over the American Marconi Company) was, by reason of its patent exchange with American Tel. and Tel., in the curious position of being free to manufacture and sell three-element tubes while the actual inventor of that tube, De Forest, was not free to do so. Not until the Fleming patent expired in 1922 was De Forest able to reëngage in tube production. By that time Radio Corporation had achieved

such control that, as pointed out by the Federal Trade Commission, it was able to sell during the first nine months of 1923 more than 5,500,000 tubes, while "the only other concern having the right to make and sell, sold only 94,100."

Nor does that end the story. The De Forest patent expired in 1925. The very same year the General Electric Company secured the so-called Langmuir patent and the luckless De Forest was once more in litigation. Both the Fleming and De Forest tubes were gas-filled. Langmuir simply took out the gas and produced a high vacuum. Except for the vacuum the Langmuir tube was identical with the De Forest tube, but the question whether or not the mere exhausting of the air in the tube constituted true invention occupied the United States courts for four years. In May last the Supreme Court finally settled the matter by declaring the Langmuir patent invalid. But meanwhile all competitive tube manufacturers had to choose between paying tribute to the Radio Corporation (as the sales-agent, so to speak, of General Electric) upon an unadjudicated patent, or of gambling that the Langmuir patent would be upset. And until 1929 those manufacturers were not even allowed to pay tribute.

All of which makes very pertinent the comment of a Federal judge in the last trial of the Langmuir case:

Much litigation with respect to the radio art has drifted to this circuit. Oddly enough, in every case the plaintiff has claimed for his invention the whole credit of its growth. I am satisfied from the number of the cases we have heard that the whole credit for the amazing advance of the radio art cannot be given to any one invention; or even to a few of them. . . . At one time there were 7000 applications pending in the radio section of the Patent

Office. The art has been impelled forward by hundreds of inventors and thousands of skilled workers.

In the manufacture of receiving sets the patent situation was even more complicated. By one authority it was declared that the radio set manufacturer was threatened by seven different patents, all of them alleged to be fundamental to the average set, while many others were involved in the use of minor parts necessary to complete set assembly. Litigation became more and more frequent, the whole trade called for some measure of patent stabilization, but for several years the Radio Corporation seems to have looked upon all competitors as mere interlopers in a field where by divine (or semi-divine, at least) appointment it had been given "leadership . . . patriotically."

There is some suspicion that its attitude may have sprung from fear of the phonograph industry. Radio and the phonograph competed in the home entertainment market, and much of the popular interest in radio had been at the direct sacrifice of phonograph purchases. Yet there was no inherent conflict between the two lines, as there had been between the carriage and the automobile. Where the automobile directly supplanted the carriage, the radio set simply supplemented the phonograph. One gave the immediate and transitory hearing, the other gave the enjoyment of the permanent record and repeated hearings. So obvious was the connection that from the very first days of the radio industry there was felt a strong public demand for the combination of radio and phonograph into one instrument. And though stubbornly resisting this view at first, by 1924 declining volume had forced the phonograph manufacturers to seek ways of tying up their product with the popular interest in radio.

The leader in the phonograph industry was then the Victor Talking Machine Company. Grudgingly turning to explore the radio manufacturing field, that company found itself (like Westinghouse, earlier) unable to develop a radio set that would not lay it open to infringement suits. The Victor laboratories could pick flaws in every radio set then on the market. But its engineers could not produce anything better without trespassing on ground marked out as forbidden by Radio Corporation patents. With all its financial resources, running to more than \$35,000,000, the spectacle of the five billions of dollars behind Radio Corporation (in the assets of General Electric, Westinghouse and American Telephone and Telegraph) made Victor chary about entering into a patent fight with such a colossus.

In the meantime the fear of a Victor radio set was the pet nightmare of the radio trade. Wearied of new names and meaningless stencils, the public was demanding a set marked by such a trademark of quality as the Victor dog. It stood as the best known trademark in the country, being supported (in 1924) by the largest advertising appropriation of any national user of magazine and newspaper advertising. In the Victor dog the public had vast confidence. Its introduction into the radio field would have been nothing short of revolutionary, from a merchandising standpoint. But seemingly, that introduction was one thing that the Radio Corporation was determined not to allow.

The quiet, almost underground, struggle that took place between the Radio Corporation and Victor in 1924 is one of the most interesting stories in recent American business history. Unfortunately, it cannot be entered into here. The best that Victor could do was to secure in 1925

the privilege of incorporating Radio Corporation receiving sets as part of Victor phonographs. It was not a happy nor a satisfactory solution for Victor. When in 1926 that company was taken over by a group of bankers, it seemed almost as if that taking-over was a signal that Radio Corporation had been awaiting. For within three months after Victor passed from its original ownership to the bankers, the Radio Corporation (as if freed from a previous bugaboo) suddenly changed its policy and began to terminate its patent suits against various radio-set manufacturers by licensing those manufacturers under Radio Corporation patents on payment of an annual royalty of $7\frac{1}{2}\%$. It licensed only one class of its patents (the so-called tuned radio frequency); it still rigidly maintained control of the super-heterodyne and tube patents. But by the end of the year (1927) some twenty-five manufacturers had taken out licenses, though not all with alacrity. One manufacturer, holding back, found himself suddenly faced with a series of suits brought not against himself but against his wholesale distributors. He capitulated. And it was from those licensees (some willy, some allegedly nilly) that Radio Corporation drew in royalties the more than \$3,000,000 extra profit shown in its 1927 financial statement.

It was hailed as a big-hearted move on the part of Radio Corporation; a patriotic sharing of its patents to ensure stabilization of the industry. But the licensees seemed to have gained little from their royalty payments save freedom from infringement suits on the part of Radio Corporation. One of those licensees later testified that he was paying additional royalties to "three other patent owners, and had been sued by five additional companies who claimed infringement of seven

patents none of them finally adjudicated." As to his Radio Corporation payments he further said:

We did not pay this royalty [to Radio Corporation] because we considered these patents worth such a royalty. We did not believe we needed these patents, and none of them had been adjudicated. But the radio combine had so terrorized the industry and had so intimidated the dealers and jobbers that they were afraid to handle what they called unlicensed sets. Our bankers said they would not finance us unless we took out a license. They said they would not finance a patent fight against such a monopoly, and there was nothing left for us to do but to sign the license agreement.

To make the situation even more interesting it would seem that all during the Radio Corporation's career the United States government has had in its possession and ownership certain fundamental radio patents which, in the opinion of experts, have priority over the patents under which the Radio Corporation has operated. Such was the testimony before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, in 1929, of the patent expert of the United States Army, whose remarks were amplified in the *New York Times* as follows:

The Von Bronck patent, which was seized by the United States from Germany just before the Armistice, has lost two decisions in New York district courts to the Radio Corporation's Alexanderson patent. But these cases, said Col. McMullen, were tried "in a sort of left-handed way." They were "rather a put-up job by the General Electric Company to have the Alexanderson patent validated over the Von Bronck" where neither the Government nor any one else represented the Von Bronck patent. However, the highest court in Canada had ruled against the General Electric in favor of the Government-owned patent.

But the United States government had taken the position that it "did not have the right to maintain its patent monopolies."

So much for the radio patent situation and "the sympathetic coöperation of the government."

VI

Patent royalties made up 28% of the Radio Corporation's net operating income for 1927 and its net earnings doubled those of the previous year. The glittering figures were promptly seized upon by the merry wags of the stock market and Radio Corporation at once became the new bell-wether of the Coolidge prosperity. By March 21, 1928, its common stock had taken the market leadership from General Motors, and was quoted at 155. By March 31 it had touched 195 and by June it had reached 224—on a book value of perhaps \$20 a share. No dividend had ever been paid or promised.

Under this benevolence of the stock market the whole radio industry boomed. The receiving set had reached a final stage of all-electric operation, with perfected socket-power receivers, electro-dynamic loud-speakers and electric power-tubes. Big Business had made its début in radio advertising with the famous Victory Hour of the Dodge Brothers Automobile Company, in which four noted stage stars, speaking from the four corners of the land, had been joined in one great network broadcast. A presidential campaign impended and political convention oratory gave a new impetus to sales.

Radio Corporation's report of its half-year's business revealed net profits almost nine times those of the similar period of 1927 and by October its stock had risen above 226—still with no promise of a divi-

dend. On the tail of its kite the small fry mounted. The so-called investment public fairly begged to put money into the industry via the stock market and accommodatingly a new crop of stock issues appeared, to be snapped up at absurd prices. Radio merchandise was actually produced not so much for public sale as for its excuse to sell stock. In one case the president of a radio manufacturing company made \$698,000 in the stock market on his company's stock, although the company was operating at an actual loss. Again, annual sales of \$13,000,000 of radio merchandise furnished the basis for a stock market campaign that netted the company chairman more than \$14,000,000. The company has since dragged its way through the bankruptcy courts.

When Radio Corporation's final statement appeared for 1928, it revealed that some \$2,000,000 of its net profit had come "mostly from loans in the call money market." Its patent royalties had almost doubled, amounting to more than \$6,000,000. Its sales had gained more than 50%; its total income (including that from royalties and call money loans) had increased \$36,000,000. When, in January of 1929, Radio Corporation finally and definitely swallowed the Victor Talking Machine Company, the New York *Times* commented that on the basis of Stock Exchange quotations the "market value of the stocks of the two companies aggregated \$626,540,000"—a figure about five times the combined assets of the companies. Radio Corporation common then stood at 395, but before trading finally ceased (by reason of a five-for-one stock split) it touched 479. Earnings for the previous year had been less than \$16 a share; there still had been no dividend nor any promise of one. The Stock Exchange could not have picked a better exemplar of Coolidge-Hoover pros-

perity. Nor one more truly created "with the sympathetic coöperation of our government."

Of course such success could not go unnoticed. The \$6,000,000 collected in royalties in 1928 drew adverse Congressional mention, and Radio Corporation cannily allowed the item to disappear from its future statements. But enough had been disclosed to permit the inference that its big-heartedness in licensing its competitors was bringing in a royalty revenue sufficient to wipe out its entire patent investment. But it still had its troubles. In the original license agreements one clause—the famous Clause 9—required the licensed competitor to equip his receiving-sets with Radio Corporation tubes. It was estimated that this affected from 80 to 90% of all the receiving-sets manufactured, and thus shut out competitive tube-makers from that great market. In September, 1928, a United States circuit court declared the clause to be in violation of the Clayton Act and shortly thereafter Radio Corporation extended its licensing policy to its tube patents. But only to a few competitors.

The corporation seems to have begun to realize that the cry of monopoly was growing serious. It suddenly grew big-hearted again, and in the middle of 1929 made the announcement that hereafter receiving-set manufacturers need pay royalty only on the value of the radio chassis. This was certainly generosity of a sort, for previously the hapless competitor had been paying royalty on the full value of his sets—including the wood cabinets (amounting to about half the value) on which Radio Corporation patents had no hold whatever. And yet there was still cry of monopoly!

There began a series of moves that would seem to indicate a buttressing against possible adverse governmental action. The original *raison d'être* of Radio

Corporation—overseas and marine communication—had been split off in 1927 to form the Radiomarine Corporation. In January, 1929, the domestic message business was split off into RCA Communications, while in the same month RCA Victor was formed to take over all receiving-set manufacture from Westinghouse, General Electric and Western Electric. A little later the tube business was split off into the RCA Radiotron Company. The octopus had begun to grow.

Meanwhile, it had been stretching into other markets. It controlled the National Broadcasting Company, which in turn dominated the country's principal network of broadcast stations. In 1928 the RCA Photophone Company was organized to tap the talking-picture field, and later Radio Corporation entered vaudeville through the Radio-Keith-Orpheum merger. Then some bright soul had the vision of a radio set in every automobile. Studebaker capital took over a Radio Corporation competitor and General Motors was reported to be on the verge of entering the game. Like the old-time threat of the Victor dog, the advent of General Motors was something to be feared. An octopus itself, it was perhaps the one great business organization that could effectively match the Radio Corporation group in any fight for commercial supremacy. There ensued a mutual jockeying for position which resulted in the formation of General Motors Radio Corporation, controlled by General Motors with a 51% stock interest but effectively shared by Radio Corporation through a 49% interest.

Thus by the close of 1929 the radio octopus stood fully revealed. The original Radio Corporation now served as the sac-like body from which great arms reached out to tap every source of income which had resulted from what the learned Fed-

eral judge had called "the amazing advance of the radio art." That advance had almost wholly come about since Woodrow Wilson's envoys had begged Owen D. Young and his associates of General Electric to forego a \$5,000,000 order, and save radio for democracy. As one result of that patriotic sacrifice Radio Corporation had for the one year of 1929 a total income from all sources of more than \$182,000,000. Virtue sometimes *is* rewarded.

But so far had been the development from that original thought of saving radio for democracy that in 1929 Owen D. Young was to be found actively endeavoring to persuade Congress to repeal or modify the White Act so that RCA Communications could be sold to the International Telephone and Telegraph Company . . . at a profit estimated at 60%, and running into the millions.

VII

In 1928, the dear public, eager to hear Candidate Hoover promise perpetual prosperity, gave the radio industry a record year. Nearly 2,500,000 receiving sets were sold, also more than 50,000,000 of tubes, and the trade licked its chops over a retail income estimated at \$650,000,000.

The year 1929 opened like the answer to a high-pressure salesman's prayer. A new tube came in, the screen-grid, having four elements and the Radio Corporation announced production schedules 150% greater than the peak production of the year before. The receiving-sets already sold could not use the new tube and this was hailed as a great constructive step whereby the public must scrap or trade-in its old sets and purchase new models. Set-manufacturers doubled their plant capacity and advertising copy-writers grew delirious. The New York *Times* announced a

gain of 110% in radio advertising; the public was besought to buy "the radio of the future", "the radio with the human voice", the radio that "sounds like life itself." Alas, they have all departed, along with that set whose manufacturer proclaimed it as "carrying its owners down the heavenly highroads of song." Poetry had entered into radio advertising and plain dam-foolishness into the heads of the majority of radio's merchandisers.

"There is not a dark cloud on the radio horizon", ran a business prediction, while the Department of Commerce joined in the chorus with a roseate survey showing 9,000,000 receiving sets in use in this country, 20,000,000 in use in the world, and a potential world market of 200,000,000 at which manufacturers could shoot.

And then came the dark days of October and the stock market collapse. When 1929 ended the radio industry was found to have sold about 4,000,000 sets, a 60% increase over the previous year. But more than 5,000,000 sets had been manufactured and in the drastic liquidation of the surplus nearly 7000 dealers failed or retired. In one large city 30% of the radio wholesalers folded up. Among manufacturers 10% entered bankruptcy; others retired; while many more limped along sustained by frantic bankers who saw no way of letting go without losing the whole of their previous loans. One banking group unhappily paid over \$9,000,000 to take up a new stock issue which it had underwritten at \$36 a share, though the price had then declined to \$20 and was to sink to \$5. The Radio Corporation gave new proof of its "leadership, scientifically, commercially and patriotically", by begging permission of the Stock Exchange to omit any statement of results for the first quarter of 1930. It was 1922, 1925 and 1926 all over again. Simply worse.

It may be objected that the crash of 1929 was an act of God. But the explanation is somewhat unfair to the Deity. Greedy overreaching had been a continuous factor in the radio industry. Even in 1929 the seeds of disaster were plainly evident and warnings of overproduction, of indiscriminate distribution, of foolishly heavy sales-promotion expenditures, were heard in early Summer and continued during the Fall, only to be disregarded. There was a curious lack of profit. In 1928 a Radio Corporation executive addressing the Harvard School of Business Administration complained that in spite of a total retail revenue of almost two billions of dollars the profits "retained in the industry to date have unfortunately been inadequate." As to Radio Corporation's own results, it was later disclosed that the blame was laid on General Electric and Westinghouse, who by reason of their manufacture of Radio Corporation merchandise drew toll to the tune of "20% of the retail cost" and "made it difficult for the Radio Corporation to compete with independent manufacturers," even when those independents were under the necessity of paying patent tributes which (when finally passed on to the public), amounted in some instances to 30% of the retail cost.

Something was certainly wrong, as was indicated by a survey made in 1929, at the very peak of the boom, by the Union Trust Company of Cleveland, which declared that "radio executives look for more profit in the industry in the future than in the past." And it is significant that after having drawn from the radio business since 1921 a total income of almost three-quarters of a billion dollars the Radio Corporation of America has never paid a single dollar in dividends upon its common stock. That surely establishes a record in American business.

VIII

Thus after a decade of unparalleled growth in which nearly 13,000,000 American homes have been equipped with radio receiving sets, the radio industry stands today with dissatisfied dealers, dissatisfied jobbers and dissatisfied manufacturers. A revenue during that decade of almost \$4,000,000,000 has not brought stability. One authority places the annual turn-over in dealers at 30%, while another declares that 95 out of every 100 dealers entering the business either fail or retire. Among manufacturers the mortality has been tremendous and continuous. The number of "orphan sets" (*i.e.*, sets produced by a manufacturer since failed or retired) in American homes is staggering and their resale value so trivial that one prominent trade journal frankly advises the dealer to not even remove them from the home to which a new set has been sold in replacement. And the trade is so sick of the "latest thing" (in 1930 it was the midget set) that a trade paper editorial angrily declares:

The truth is that whoever can sell nothing but the latest thing deserves to be shot. And whoever makes anything later than the latest thing now within view deserves to be hanged!

The truth is that radio has simply epitomized the history of American business in this last decade of progress. The industry illustrates the typical short-sightedness, the greedy overreaching, the worship of volume through high-pressure selling and mass production, which has been so characteristic. "The radio business," says a trade magazine, "has been running around in a vicious circle of over-supply and under-demand. . . . The alleged reason for such large production schedules is that low costs depend upon mass production. But this seems to be false reasoning

when a million or more leftovers must be sold at a loss." It is false reasoning, too, when in muscling into the market a manufacturer spends from 25 to 30% of his income in advertising and others stage a series of dealer-entertainments which cost (including liquor) as much as \$100,000 a series. One such operator achieved sales of \$15,000,000 in a year with a net profit reported of \$1067—less than one one-hundredth of one per cent. A dealer did \$150,000 in one year—and went broke, eaten up by instalment financing.

The industry—like American business generally—has reached such a peak of efficiency that it is now possible for "a brand of radio to be founded, to establish a national sale, and to go bankrupt never to run again—all within a single season." With a market that has never absorbed 5,000,000 receiving-sets in any one year the industry stands today with a production capacity of three times that—or 15,000,000 sets a year. One-third capacity is therefore normal operation—as compared to the 50% which constitutes normal for the automobile, and the 60% for steel. The radio tube industry is so overproduced that prices have been slashed 65 and 70%—and with such meagre results that there is persistent cry that "tubes are made too good." The call is for quality to be sacrificed—the present tubes last too long to suit the hungry sellers!

The final picture is of one great plant blandly turning out identical radio chassis to be sold under four different trademarks—each chassis cynically (perhaps) advertised as representing the individual thought and radio manufacturing skill of four different and well-known American corporations. Millions of dollars have been spent in bringing the public to a belief in the sanctity of trademark values, but even that tremendous goodwill is now being sacri-

ficed and prostituted to the needs of mass production. Oddly enough, the two shining examples of success in the radio manufacturing field are given by two manufacturers who have all along clung to ideals of fine quality, carefully regulated production, meticulously selected distribution, and jealously guarded goodwill. Quaintly old-fashioned, yet somehow curiously profitable! And it may be of further significance that though both have achieved national standing, neither one has combined stock-selling with radio-selling and their executives have been consequently free from the temptation of forcing up merchandise sales and distribution in order to influence (or justify) stock market quotations.

But it is doubtful if such small details will have much meaning for the radio industry as a whole. Just now its leaders are dreaming of television and admiring the lovely picture painted, in the last report of the Radio Corporation, of twenty million American homes to be turned into little theatres. Hungrily the trade yearns for that dream to come true. Profit is just around the corner—as always! In one decade the industry has run through a great market, just as earlier American industries ran through and exhausted various of our natural resources. It looks forward now to the similar greedy exploitation of another.

Meanwhile the Radio Corporation of America, "*founded* [to quote one of its own advertisements] *at the request of the United States government, [and] expected to blaze the way in the radio field—scientifically, commercially and patriotically,*" has so justified the faith and "sympathetic coöperation" of a fond government as to be now under attack by that government in a belated attempt to take away the rich plum of its private patent pool—said to

control at present more than 4,000 patents. Specifically, the government's representatives charge that the Radio Corporation and the other members of the pool "have been and are engaged in a combination and conspiracy in restraint of trade and commerce among the several States and with foreign nations."

Its greedy "tube-grab" clause (the famous Clause 9 of its patent licensings) has brought upon it damage suits, filed by competitors claiming injury, which total over \$48,000,000. The Federal courts recently decided that this same clause was a plain attempt at illegal monopoly, and the decision caused the Federal Radio Commission to hold special hearings in June to consider the renewal or revocation of the 1407 broadcasting licenses held by the corporation and its subsidiaries. Much that was comic ensued. Frantically the corporation waved the spectre of unemployment among its workers; it urged that it must be left free to develop television for democracy; and once more it cited its importance in overseas radio communication as its justification for existence. Out of Radio Corporation's 1930 income of \$137,000,000 its overseas and marine communication accounted for less than \$5,000,000!

But perhaps the high light of the June hearings was this: To the threat of the possible revocation of broadcasting licenses the Radio Corporation's very eminent, very learned and very zealous counsel made solemn objection. Their client, they argued, though perhaps found guilty of attempted monopoly, could still not be said to be *criminally* guilty, since, forsooth, its guilt had been discovered only through a mere civil case and had not (to use the legal jargon) been determined in a criminal action. It sounds like Alice in Wonderland! Or Amos and Andy!

THE BEER BARONS OF NEW YORK

BY GERALD HOLLAND

A COMMERCIAL brewery flourished in New York as early as 1612 and in it was born one of the first white children to open an eye upon Manhattan Island. This extraordinarily favored creature was Jean Vigne and he was not unaware of his halo, for he himself became a brewer in later life. His birthplace was the joint enterprise of Adrian Block and Hans Christiansen. Not long afterward one Mynheer Jacobus sponsored a second brewery and conducted a beer-garden in connection with it.

A third brewery of the period was the undertaking of Governor Van Twiller, who erected it near the site of the present Stock Exchange. His motives, however, were not altogether altruistic, for he was his own best customer and became, indeed, the foremost drunkard of the colony. The spectacle of his tipsy gyrations was not without its effect upon the burghers of New Amsterdam, and soon the entire village was reeling.

Although partial to beer, Governor Van Twiller was fond of all other kinds of drink. A friend of his, Cornelius Van Voorst, whose line is not yet extinct, one day received a cask of wine from the homeland. Van Twiller heard of it and with his friends Dominie Bogardus and Captain DeVries set out in a rowboat for Van Voorst's home on one of the islands in the Bay. These emissaries of State, Church and Army were received none too cordially, for Van Voorst suspected their

mission, but he was finally persuaded to bring out his treasure and soon the cask was emptied. Van Voorst and the dominie straightaway became involved in an altercation in which the befuddled Van Twiller joined. Paradoxically, it was the professional fighting man, Captain DeVries, who smoothed things over.

Finally, with Van Voorst shouting fervent pledges of friendship, the three made their unsteady way to the rowboat, and Van Voorst cast about him for some way to show his devotion. Suddenly struck, he staggered to a small cannon guarding his house. He would fire a salute to his friends. As the rowboat drew away, a mighty blast shattered the quiet of the Bay. But as Van Voorst waved proudly, the wadding from the gun dropped on his house and in a twinkling it was a pile of embers.

As generation succeeded generation, the New York breweries multiplied. It was a fancy trade in those days; only citizens distinguished by their character and godliness were entrusted with the work of providing beer for the rest. Among them were the Bayards, Rutgers, Stewarts, Lispensards, Kips, Van Cortlandts, Beekmans, and Van Renssalaers; their mark is left in the street names of the present city.

Meanwhile, brewing also made great gains in Pennsylvania, where it had been introduced by William Penn himself. In 1810 the State actually exhibited forty-eight breweries to New York's forty-two.

At the same time Ohio had thirteen and there were twenty-six others scattered through seven States and Territories. In all, the American brewers were turning out 6,000,000 gallons annually. In Pennsylvania brewing was quite as respectable as in New York; on one occasion, indeed, a brewery served as a house of worship. The Presbyterians and Baptists had been sharing a meeting place in Philadelphia but there was a row and the Baptists removed themselves to the old Morris Brewery, and there made the vaults roar with their unblushing hosannahs.

II

Through the first half of the Nineteenth Century the demand for beer was comparatively slight; the American preference was for hotter stuff. But the German invasion of the '60s brought thousands of thirsty immigrants swarming over the docks, bellowing for beer and a lot of it. There began at once the fortunes of the Rupperts and the Ehrets, for both were already on the ground.

If Adolphus Busch was later to be the king of the brewers, George Ehret was always their dean. He was the first great brewer in America and for many years he held top place. Later, alas, his technique was outmoded and he lost ground. He began his noble career in a blaze of glory; he died at ninety-two, robbed not only of his glory but of his faith in men.

Ehret came to New York in 1857, a stripling of twenty-two, full of technical knowledge gleaned from an apprenticeship in the Fatherland. With this edge on all the local brewmasters he took a job with Hupfel's Brewery and rose swiftly to the top. Nine years later he had saved enough money to undertake a venture of his own. So he bought a site on the East river at

Ninety-second street and erected a small building which he called the Hell Gate Brewery.

Ehret, in those days, was very scientific. He concerned himself ardently with improving existing methods and equipment, and many an innovation was his. In the beginning it was his particular ambition to match the Munich lager as closely as the difference between New York water and that of the river Isar would permit. To this end he drilled 700 feet for an artesian well. Lager was still uncommon in the United States in those days, and his skill soon produced the best available in his Franziskaner.

In his first year he turned out 34,000 barrels. After that flying start, he began to direct his attention to the delicate art of saloon-financing. Here he excelled also. His generous terms for fixtures and licenses brought hordes of ambitious bar-keepers under his wing. Five years later his production had doubled. In the place of his first small plant stood a handsome building which was to form the nucleus of the vast layout still standing.

By this time the Germans had communicated a taste for beer to the rest of the populace and all the New York brewers had to toil hard to meet the demand. In 1874 a fire gutted the Ehret Brewery, but George, undismayed, came back, and five years later he was the first brewer in the land, brewing and selling 220,000 barrels a year. Adolphus Busch had just taken command of the Anheuser-Busch Brewery in St. Louis and was making himself heard with 131,000 barrels, but Jake Ruppert was still an outsider and had not yet touched 100,000 barrels.

Ehret held the lead until bottled beer came in. As everything was turned topsy-turvy by this innovation he lost ground and Busch seized the shipping business.

George himself never thought enough of bottled beer to install a bottling department. Whatever bottled beer carried the Ehret label was bottled outside the brewery. Meanwhile, New York clamored for Franziskaner and the Ehret Brewery burst forth anew. Soon it sprawled and towered over seventy-five city lots.

Ehret's production, like Ruppert's, was always restricted to three or four brands. There were Franziskaner, a Special and a Double X by Ehret, and Knickerbocker, Ruppiner, Extra Pale and Rosebud by Ruppert. Meanwhile, Busch was turning out sixteen varieties.

Franziskaner, Ehret's best-seller, was dispensed directly from the keg, and an extensive free lunch usually went with it. There was a place in Third avenue at Thirty-fourth street that gave away barrels of steamed soft clams daily and threw in sandwiches, sausage, cheese and pickles by the hundredweight. During the Summer months the demand for Franziskaner was so great that the town barkeepers were hard pressed to keep it chilled. The Silver Bar in Park row solved the problem by erecting four huge ice tanks on the bar and detailing six bartenders to man them.

Ehret's wagons clattered through the streets of Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx and boarded the ferries to spread the fame of Franziskaner in the surrounding country. A lover of horses, old George was always pained at the spectacle of his big full-chested beasts straining at his heavily laden wagons. He gave orders that they were to be treated with all consideration; a driver who used a whip would be fired on the spot. One of his best customers had a place on Jersey City Heights. George decided that the climb uphill was too much for the horses, so he ordered the beer dumped at the bottom and the customer had to come down and fetch it.

As the Nineteenth Century drew to a close, Ehret yielded first place among American brewers to Busch, but he was certainly doing well enough, for his annual production was 600,000 barrels. Only Ruppert was really pressing him, and only Busch, with nearly a million barrels a year, was ahead.

Ehret, nearing seventy but destined for many more years on earth, faced the Twentieth Century with his hair slicked in a pompadour, robust, broad-shouldered and deep-chested. A trim mustache and a refined goatee gave him the air of a man of substance. His fellow brewers looked to him as one of the glories of their profession.

III

The elder Jake Ruppert was born in New York on March 4, 1842, the son of Franz and Wilhelmina Ruppert, who had arrived from Bavaria in 1835. Franz spent ten years as a grocer but in 1845 he switched to the malting business. Five years afterward he spotted the old Atkien Brewery for a bargain and bought it. He reopened it under the name of the Turtle Bay Brewery and put a beer-garden in the backyard. The place was in Forty-fifth street between First and Second avenues.

Before Jake was ten years old, he was making himself handy around the brewery and by the time he was eighteen he was a journeyman. Those were arduous days for father and son. All the work was done by hand; there was scarcely a piece of machinery in the place. Soon Jake rose to be manager, but the venture was doing poorly, so he surveyed new fields. In 1867 he decided to branch out for himself. At that time George Ehret was working extra shifts at the then prodigious task of turning out 34,000 barrels a year.

Undaunted, Jake, who three years before had married Anna Gillig, daughter of another brewer, George Gillig, bought a piece of property just west of Ehret's. He cleared the ground of timber with his own hands and erected a little building, fifty feet square. This was the first Jacob Ruppert Brewery. One August night Anna gave him their first son. They called him Jacob after his pa.

The proud young father threw himself into his work. He toiled feverishly. He knew beer, and people were beginning to like his. He was all business. When that first year ended he had sold 5000 barrels. Years later he was to tell his son:

"Jacob, my ambition was to sell 5000 barrels of beer in a year and I did it."

"Pop," young Jake was to answer seriously, "my ambition is to sell 5000 barrels of beer a day!"

In 1877, when Jake had been ten years in business, he was producing 85,000 barrels a year. Meanwhile, Ehret's output had climbed to new heights; his 138,000 barrels paced all the brewers in America. Best & Company, of Milwaukee, were crowding him with 122,000 barrels, and Bergner and Engel were serving up 119,000 barrels in Philadelphia. Over in Newark, Ballantine had passed 100,000 barrels. Out in St. Louis, the E. Anheuser Brewery, which had a young man named Adolphus Busch working for it, was still struggling along with an annual production of 45,000 barrels.

But Jake Ruppert was coming along. He had a new building and the money was rolling in. Soon he was dabbling in real estate and profiting greatly; he bought a silk factory, a lumber yard, a stock farm and an ice plant. He saw the value of social contacts and signed up with every German singing society that had a place to meet. He fancied horses and bought a

string; an expert rider and a crack shot, he assumed the rôle of sportsman.

Beer, however, remained his chief interest. He drilled his squad of *Todsäufer*, lined their pockets with treat money, and equipped them with an assortment of stories. They rushed forth, scoured the city, flung the Ruppert money on the bars, went to all weddings and funerals, and regaled the mourners with their wit and Ruppert's beer. Sales soared.

Meanwhile, the Ruppert family was also growing. Now there were young Jake, George, Frank, Cornelia, Anna and Amanda. The father ruled. He was a hard taskmaster but not unfair. He sent Jake, ever his favorite, to Columbia Grammar-School. When the boy had finished there his formal schooling was at an end and he was put to work at the meanest job in the brewery—keg-washing.

But young Jake was willing. He had his father's romantic passion for brewing. He loved it with a tender devotion. He climbed through all the departments in the brewery and emerged in 1890 as general manager of the vast plant, now well past a half million barrels in its yearly turnout.

Young Jake cultivated the Tammany district men. He assembled celebrities for dinners still famed. He acquired the reputation of a gay and witty young beau. He drilled with the old Seventh. He was a joiner like his father, and his club dues each month presented a staggering total. Finally, Governor David B. Hill made him a colonel. Old Jake was proud of him; father and son were inseparable. Together, they made a fine picture—ruddy, robust, mustached old Jake and well-groomed Colonel Jake, Jr., with his round, plump, pink face, his slicked hair and strong, smiling mouth. Knickerbocker, Ruppert's Extra Pale, and Ruppiner filled the money chests.

Presently Anna Ruppert lost her heart to Brewer Schalk's young son, Herman, and old Jake gave her a swell wedding. But he strongly disapproved of pretty Cornelia's love affair. This romance began with glances exchanged between Cornelia, as she sat in a box at the Metropolitan, and a young violinist playing in the pit. The violinist, Nahan Franko, pursued his courtship through the personal columns of the newspapers and in 1895 the young couple eloped. They were barred from the Ruppert home and the marriage ended tragically with the death of Cornelia two years later.

As the century waned the Rupperts drew close to their rival, Ehret, and the race was neck and neck. Both were reaping golden harvests. The Rupperts, by now, were established in a Fifth avenue mansion and on great estates in the country. Tammany liked Colonel Jake and put him up for Congress. He licked Phil Low in 1898 and Tammany sent him back for another sitting in 1900.

IV

The dawn of the Twentieth Century found all the New York beer barons riding high into the dark days ahead. Whereas there had been scarcely more than 100 breweries throughout the land a century before, now there was that many going full blast in New York alone. Ehret and Ruppert were leading by handsome margins, but Doelger, Hupfel, Clausen, Bernheimer and Schmid, Jetter, Stein, Flanagan, Hawkins, Ballantine, Trommer, Mayer, Kress and the rest were doing nicely too. The town was lapping up the stuff at a stupendous rate. Beer-gardens, however, were rare, for *andante* drinking wasn't to the city's taste. It preferred to gulp.

Colonel, clubman, Congressman, sportsman and *bon vivant*, young Jake Ruppert was now the Prince of Wales of beer. He dressed extremely well but without ostentation. He developed a fondness for fine dogs and bought a pack of blooded St. Bernards. The newspapers wrote him up. He spent a great wad of money on a stable of race horses, thus incidentally incurring some inconvenience for his collectors, for whenever one of his horses lost a race the collectors would be greeted thus by the saloon-keepers: "Sorry, I can't pay today. I bet on the colonel's horse."

Jake collected rare books and hunted fine paintings. He was a bachelor and he had an eye for beauty. The newspapers were accustomed to send a gal reporter out periodically to ask him—"the town's richest, gayest, wittiest beau"—why he never married.

"Because," Colonel Jake would reply, "married women are the most charming in the world—if you are not married to them."

Old Jake contemplated the scene from his Fifth avenue palace with satisfaction. In 1906 he relinquished active control of the brewery to young Jake, who had by then completed a fourth and last term in Congress.

George Ehret, on the other hand, never loosened his grip, and until his death every decision of moment at his brewery was his. His sons, George, Louis and Frank, always respected his wishes. Old George was firmly established. He was held in high regard by all New York as one of its solid citizens. Nor was his life without its color. On his birthday German street bands from all over town would beat a path to his palace in Park avenue. The first might come as early as five o'clock in the morning and the stream would continue all through the day. Sometimes there

would be as many as thirty-five and all would join in a mighty tribute. Old George would appear and smile as a servant passed through the crowd and presented each musician with a dollar. Then there would be an adjournment to the brewery for free Franziskaner.

It was a grand life. Occasionally, to be sure, Adolphus Busch would drop into town, take over a floor at the Holland House, and make the local brewers look drab before departing with his pockets crammed with orders for Budweiser. But New York continued to respect old George and to admire young Jake.

Meanwhile, the brewers of the United States were not unaware of the disfavor accorded their trade in the drawing-rooms of moral bankers and Christian drygoods merchants. So the United States Brewers Association was formed, and presently it employed the scholarly pen of Gallus Thomann and instructed him to dignify the art of brewing. Without hesitation, Mr. Thomann dived into the archives, swam through the histories and came up a little breathless. In books published under the imprimatur of the association he set forth the glorious story of American beer. This country, it appeared, was literally born in beer. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock only because their beer ran out. Samuel Adams was the son of a brewer and himself one; so were the Revolutionary generals, Putnam, Weedo and Sumner. Dr. Thomann, tracing the records still further, contrived to elevate the trade so vastly that the brewers throughout the land shoved out their bellies in honest pride.

When, in 1908, they heard in convention a communication which ended ominously, "The saloon must go!", they shook the rafters with their laughter. However, a few foresighted ones put their fingers to

the wind and called for a "housecleaning",—that is, for a campaign to eliminate the bad saloon and the vices it fostered.

When they met again in 1910 there were more wrinkled brows. The W. C. T. U. ladies were beginning to make themselves heard. The brewers argued that beer, after all, was the medium of temperance; the trouble was that Americans didn't know how to drink it. So in Chicago, at the International Brewers Exhibition, a *Bierstube* was set up. The brewers asked the Hon. James J. Davis, later to be Secretary of Labor, to accept the honorary presidency of the exhibition. While they awaited a reply the Chicago pastors prayed publicly that he would refuse. But he accepted.

In the *Bierstube*, visitors were seated at tables and served beer at 45° Fahrenheit to the strains of Bach and Wagner. This, the brewers indicated, was the way to drink beer. But New York scoffed, gulped, and crashed its fist on the bar for more. Production went soaring.

In 1913 the Rupperts made their final great expansion. Forty-six years after he had erected his first tiny building on the same site old Jake watched the dedication of a huge, modern plant of 2,000,000 barrels capacity. Orators called it the finest in the world. It was worth more than \$30,000,000. The value of Ehret's plant was about the same. More than 1000 men were employed in each.

Great crowds attended the Ruppert opening and marveled at the marble lobby and the four great brew-kettles, each of 25,000 gallons capacity. Everyone had plenty to eat and the beer flowed like water.

Proud and happy, old Jake circulated through the crowd arm in arm with Pete McGinnes, who owned the saloon down at the corner and had bought the first barrel of beer Jake ever sold.

In 1914 America drank more beer than ever before or since. The following year, production generally slipped a bit, but Ehret held his own and the Rupperts kept on gaining.

When war was declared, old George was trapped in Germany and there he remained until the Armistice.

In 1915, Colonel Jake made a significant investment. He purchased the New York American League Baseball Club, and when legal beer passed at last it was the Yankees, and their Mr. Babe Ruth, who were to keep the money rolling in.

A year later old Jake died. He was seventy-four. Thousands attended his funeral and he was eulogized as a distinguished citizen and a public benefactor. He left a fortune of considerably more than \$6,000,000. Like Adolphus Busch, who had died three years before, he was spared the trials in store for Colonel Jake and the Ehrets.

Colonel Jake grabbed the throttle. In 1917, he touched a new high mark in production with 1,250,000 barrels. That was far beyond Ehret's best but still—and it was to remain—short of Busch's record, 1,650,000 barrels.

V

Colonel Jake saw, perhaps more clearly than any brewer in New York, the threat of the Prohibitionists. He launched a counter-campaign. He enlisted medical testimony that beer, all things considered, was safer than milk. It was, he argued, a tonic.

America's entry into the war knocked the pins from under every brewer in the land. Jake was dethroned as a hero and the United States Brewers Association came to be looked upon as a flank of the Hindenberg Line. The full force of white hot patriotism struck the brewers through

Arthur Brisbane's purchase of the *Washington Times*.

Ehret's Brewery had been seized by the government, although George, marooned in Germany, was an American citizen. The Alien Property Custodian found in the Ehret books a record of a \$50,000 loan to Brisbane. Young George was confronted with it. He explained that he and Colonel Jake had each lent Brisbane that amount.

The government men descended upon Jake.

"Sure," said he. "I gave him the money. But that's all right. He's good pay."

The net result of the episode was the indictment of the association of brewers, in the popular mind, as an agency of German propaganda. From that moment Ruppert and the Ehrets knew no peace. The temperance ladies gloried in this new and deadly ammunition as heaven-sent.

The war at an end, old George Ehret came home to fight for his brewery. It was returned to him after a battle. But Jake's good fight to stem the dry tide was unavailing. Bewildered, old George refused to consider Prohibition anything more than a ghastly practical joke, soon to be exposed and forgotten over a round of drinks. Prohibition went into its first, second and third years and still he held his ground. His great brewery stood there, its workers poised for the word which never came. In 1926, stripped of his glory, and scarred by the venom of the war, he went to his death—a sad patriarch of ninety-two. His son Louis closed the brewery. It stands today, poking its spires and towers skyward against the East river, a ghostly relic.

But Jake carries on. His great plant playfully dishes up a daily quota of malt syrup, near-beer, and hunks of ice. There is not enough work for the several hundred men, but it is Jake's creed that you can't fire an old hand.

LEAVES FROM A WASTE-BASKET

Babbitt in the Athenaeum

OF THE superstitions prevailing in the United States one of the most curious is to the effect that business men make good university trustees. Not infrequently—nay, usually—it is carried to the length of holding that they make the *only* good ones. It would be hard to imagine anything more untrue. In point of fact, very few men trained to business seem to be capable of grasping what a university is about: they constantly assume that it is simply a kind of railroad, or a somewhat odd and irrational variety of rolling mill. That it differs as radically from such enterprises as a string quartette differs from a two-ton truck, or an archangel from a United States Senator, or Betelgeuse from a baseball—this seems to be quite beyond their comprehension. Sometimes one hears that trustees must be business men because running a university costs a great deal of money, and they alone can raise it. But there is no proof of this last in the record. Most American universities, though they are run by business men, are always on the edge of bankruptcy, and if it were not for occasional windfalls they would slip over. The trustees seldom have anything to do with bringing down these windfalls; they are fetched by members of the faculty—either by making a noise in the world professionally, or by making a noise otherwise. In one of the greater American universities a single member of the faculty has raised more money during the past thirty years than all of the trustees combined—indeed, more than all of them mul-

tiplied by ten. This gentleman knows nothing whatever about business: his private check book has not balanced since 1885. But he has kept his university going for a generation, despite the complete failure of the trustees to finance it and their constant effort to ruin it by converting it into an outhouse to Big Business. I believe that the first American university which bars business men—and especially bankers—from its board will leap ahead so fast that in five years the rest will be nowhere. Let it substitute any other class of men it pleases—movie actors, Turkish bath rubbers, steamboat captains, astrologers, bootleggers, even clergymen. No matter which way it turns it will be on the up-and-up. Business men unquestionably have their virtues, and no sensible person would deny their great value to society. Many of them, in their private capacities, are highly intelligent. But there is something in their make-up which makes them distrust and misunderstand a university as they distrust and misunderstand the Bill of Rights. They are as out of place in the grove of Athene as they would be in the College of Cardinals.



Elegy on Journalism

WHEN the New York *World*, after herculean efforts to differentiate itself from the other New York newspapers, succumbed in the struggle for existence, the first thing some of those other papers did was to imitate, as closely as they could, all of its special characters. It was precisely

as if a gang of men, having seen one of their number run over and killed by the 6.12 express, should plant themselves upon the track and wait complacently for the 6.21.



Hippocratic Hymn

OF ALL the so-called learned professions only that of medicine has made any progress in 2000 years or is of any real value to humanity today. The clergy still mouth nonsense that was stale in the infancy of Sumer. Many of them, to be sure, are earnest and pleasant fellows, but all of them, though they may not know it, are swindlers at bottom, for they make their livings rescuing persons who are too scared to watch their pocketbooks from a Hell that doesn't exist. On the secular plane any such transaction would lead inexorably to the *Zuchthaus*. As for the lawyers, they suffer from the massive and inescapable fact that, at best, only half of them can be decent. Find me one who is defending a Mooney, and I'll show you another who is trying to railroad the same Mooney to jail, and a third on the bench who probably sympathizes with the second. In the United States the railroaders outnumber the defenders by at least five to one, and in many of the States no habitual defender can last more than a few years: his fellow lawyers always combine against him and have him disbarred. When, by some unintelligible accident, five of the nine justices of the Supreme Court uphold that Bill of Rights which they are all sworn to support, it becomes a public marvel and the newspapers give it circus headlines. But they never give circus headlines to a medical man who attends to his business, decently, faithfully and competently, for it happens far too

often to be news. In the other professions technical progress only does damage to the customer, but in medicine it works him good. One hears, ever and anon, that there are quacks. It is true, but I have yet to hear that they are admired professionally: their fellow practitioners never make archbishops of them, or recommend them for the bench. One hears, too, that medicine often fails. True again, but it fails less and less. In little more than a generation, despite the relentless opposition of the Lord God Jehovah, it has increased the average span of human life by probably 30%. Does anyone allege that the rev. clergy, during the same time, have diminished the population of Hell by 30%, or that the lawyers, in any such proportion, have succored the victims of injustice?



The Case for Babylon

DESPITE the black headlines in the newspapers, human life is much more secure in Chicago than it is in rural Mississippi. And despite the same headlines, the average Tammany magistrate is quite as honest and competent—and probably ten times as honest and competent—as the average village magistrate in any State you care to name. The notion that yokels are virtuous is a delusion that has lived too long. So far as I can make out, it is entertained nowhere save in the United States. Everywhere else it is well known that movable property is far less safe in the country than it is in the cities, and that wife-beating and other such brutalities are commoner, and that the illegitimacy rate is higher. The typical farmer, in truth, is highly anti-social. He can imagine no good save his own good, and he sees his own good in an appallingly sordid and stupid light. If the price of

wheat went up to \$100 a bushel tomorrow, and the people of the cities began to starve, not a farmer in the United States would offer to cut the price. In time of war, so we are told, the rustics are full of patriotism, and their young swarm to the colors. But this is a very romantic view of what happens. If the young yokels rush up to enlist, it is only because they are eager for any chance to escape from the farm, and get outside some decent victuals, and see the wicked city gals. The oldsters never offer themselves; instead, they stay at home and profiteer. The present sad state of the American farmers is largely due to the fact that they squeezed the country mercilessly during the late war, and then put most of their gains into more land, bought from the village mortgage sharks at preposterous prices. Today, trying to work it, they are ruined by interest and taxes, and so demand that the rest of us make up their losses. In other words, they demand that we reward them for robbing us. And if we agree to do so, then they will repay us by voting to continue Prohibition.



A Hole in the Library

EVERY week sees another book on the new physics, but most of them turn out on inspection to be mainly devoted to theology. All the more eminent physicists, at any rate in England and the United States, seem to be hard at work inventing new gods. Some of these gods are simply tangles of curved space, with no more form than principles, but others have a considerable resemblance to the Gaseous Vertebrate of Holy Writ. The more they resemble Him, the more their creators are applauded by the professional theo-

logians. Here, indeed, there is a touching *rapprochement* between science and divinity. A few hard-boiled physicists appear to be holding out, and among the theologians an occasional Cardinal O'Connell continues to belabor Einstein, but on the whole it must be plain that a get-together spirit is abroad. At least one American physicist has become so respectable that he has actually been invited to deliver the commencement address at a female seminary. Ten years ago this could not have happened. It would have seemed as immoral as inviting a gynecologist.

Meanwhile, physics suffers. The brethren are so busy describing their new gods that they have no time to tell us about the behavior of matter. Leaping at once from the electron to theology, they overlook such homely things as osmosis, which used to occupy a large place in their books. Not long ago, desiring to refresh my mind on the subject of elasticity, I found that all of the new physics books at hand were completely silent about it. Finally I got what I wanted in a school text dated 1895. Obviously, it was out of date, and probably so inaccurate as to be laughable. But it was the best I could unearth.

I suggest that one of the younger physicists seize the opportunity to write a book about physics that will really deal with physics, and not with theology. Let him put in a chapter showing why a rubber ball bounces, and another describing what happens when ice melts, and another on malleability, and yet another on magnetism. I promise to read the volume as soon as it comes out, and to pay cash for it. These things interest me, and physicists know about them. But when it comes to the nature of God I prefer to read Pastor Russell.

H. L. M.

OUR STREET IN CUERNAVACA

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

OUR street in Cuernavaca runs from a pink church on a hill to a pink sunset on a mountain, across the ravine surrounding the town. There is no real distinction in having the sunset or the mountain at the bottom of one's street in a place where all roads run down hill to the green tangle of the *barranca*, but no other street has a pink church set between twin cypresses at its top. There is something almost theatrically perfect about those dark green trees flanking the pink tower. This view is our jewel worn at the end of a long plain string of shabby houses. As you turn from the Avenida Morelos, the main thoroughfare of the town, into the narrow cobbled lane called Calle Arteaga, your eye follows an unbroken line of painted adobe houses, straggling up to the Church of the Tepetates that blocks the way. You look beyond the pink masonry to the background of purple hills and white topped volcanoes, and you know that this is the one street in Mexico where you must live.

We first went to Cuernavaca from Mexico City over the old road of cobbles and ruts that joggled slowly through the Indian villages of Huitzilac and San Mateo, and left one shaken in teeth and temper at the end of a three hours' trip. Even then, the expedition was well worth the jolts and fatigue because of the lovely panorama of mountain and valley all the way. Two years ago the new road, a superb piece of engineering, was finished. It climbs the Ajusco range at an easy grade

into the dark pines of the summit about ten thousand feet high, and descends by wide curves into the sunny valley of Morelos on the other side. The time is cut in half.

No one would have it shorter for the ride is one of the most beautiful in Mexico, with marvelous views of hillside, field and orchard. The roadside is glorious with wild flowers, tall sprays of purple-blue salvia and pink pentstemon, bright clumps of red bovardia, and great bushes of a yellow weed that looks like our goldenrod but is not. One's passage is sometimes blocked by flocks of sheep or goats and, remembering the Bible parable, I was ashamed to find the goats always more attractive than the sheep. They have whiter coats, better shaped bodies, and they scramble out of the way much more quickly than the sheep. There are always Indians on the road, some riding the little gray burros—"the short and simple animal of the poor"—but more plodding on foot, picturesque figures with their *sarapes* over their shoulders and their broad brimmed hats shading their patient dark eyes.

Gay is the approved adjective for a *sarape*, which is a hand-woven colored wool blanket worn or carried by every Indian, but dark blue or brown were the favorite shades near Mexico City. Sometimes there was a straw raincoat thrown over a magenta shirt, and once I saw an old man who had cut a hole in a tattered pink and white bed quilt, wearing it

sarape fashion about his neck. Every woman has a *rebozo*, or native shawl, wound around her shoulders. This strong scarf serves as market basket, baby carriage, and pocket equally well. Usually it holds a baby, but the Indian mother is lucky who has only one burden on her back. A really capable woman balances a baby, a load of wood, a hen, a bunch of flowers, and a live pig on her shoulders.

Cuernavaca was one of the thirty cities granted to Cortes by Charles V of Spain. Originally the chief city of an Indian province, it is now the capital of the State of Morelos and a favorite resort of Mexicans and foreigners alike. More than 2000 feet lower in altitude than Mexico City, it is protected on three sides by mountain ranges, so that the air is soft and the climate semi-tropical. As one first catches sight of it from the north, the little town seems lying in a golden bowl of sunshine. One looks down from the dark pine belt to a mirage-like valley of giant palms, fig orchards, green sugar-cane fields, Indian huts, great domes and shining towers, all guarded by blue foothills and the snow-capped volcanoes.

The road descends by easy terraces cut in the mountain side, through fields of maguey and pepper trees, between little thatched roofs where melons and squashes are ripening in the sun, past an old Indian church and a ruined sugar mill, into the main street of the town. There are no ugly suburbs or unsightly approaches, one is suddenly there, bumping over the old cobblestones between small blue and pink stucco houses. The compactness of Cuernavaca is part of its charm. Riding down the little avenue bordered with pink-laden *crêpe* myrtle trees, one sees at once the chief buildings of the place—the Cathedral, the Palace and the dome of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and

the straight road running on past all this to the green valley of the open country beyond. A sweep of the eye encompasses it all and gives one a subtle sense of possession. Mr. Berenson might be able to explain this feeling of holding the little town in the hollow of one's hand by his theory of tactile values. The Mexican sun gives, like Giotto, an "exhilarating sense of increased capacity in the observer."

The place is enchanting. One should stop with that word perhaps and not try to analyze a fascination that everyone feels and no one fully understands. The pessimistic traveller, whom one meets in Mexico as everywhere else, and who always finds the scenery over-rated, the plumbing poor, and the hotel food bad, will draw a sigh of satisfaction when you mention Cuernavaca. The town is crowded with visitors from the capital every week-end, although it lacks most of the attractions we associate with a resort. It has no water, no casino or country club, and no golf course. There are a few ancient buildings to see, a small pyramid on a neighboring hill to climb, and the potteries of San Antonio to visit, where the wheel runs all day long under flowering trees. Many places boast more than this but do not draw one back again and again as the little Morelian capital does.

Its beauty lies in contrast and surprise. The sun is hot but there is a sound of water always, for mountain streams rush under the stone-flagged pavements and keep green little gardens everywhere. Old weather-beaten walls are covered with climbing geraniums, narrow streets frame bits of blue hill and sky, and the shabbiest door opens into a sunlit patio, gay with tiled fountain and flowers. The cobbled ways are clean, but no restraining neatness spoils the abandon of tropical growth. Gardens sprawl with a higglety-pigglety

abundance, balconies overflow with vines, flower pots, bird cages, dogs, babies and washing. The slogan, "Spruce up your town," has fortunately not been heard in Cuernavaca.

The place is full of associations of Cortes. He captured it in the Spring of 1521, after an Indian spy had shown him and his Tlaxcalan allies how to cross the great ravine at its narrowest point by an overturned tree. Tradition says it was the *amate* which still grows in the neighborhood, and Diego Rivera in his fresco depicting the story on the wall of the Municipal Palace has painted this tree with its beautiful bluish-green spreading leaves. The Conqueror was lord of this whole luxuriant valley and cared enough about its development to introduce sugar cane here from Cuba and to start the first sugar mill of this continent. He built a "stately palace" in Cuernavaca which was said to be his favorite residence and is an interesting relic of the Sixteenth Century. It is used now for the State Legislature and with its castellated walls of red brick is a striking feature in the panorama to the north.

More beautiful in its outline is the Cathedral which the Great Captain inspired the Franciscans to construct. He worshipped here in person and in his will asked to have his daughter buried within its precincts. Like all early Franciscan churches in Mexico, the building with its high battlements and massive buttressed front, has more the look of a fortress than a cathedral. It dominates the view everywhere, but is most impressive when the low dome and graceful tower are seen across the red roofs of the town with blazing bougainvillaea in the foreground and palm trees behind them.

The Emperor Maximilian and Carlota made many visits to Cuernavaca, living

in the villa which Joseph le Borde, a rich Frenchman, built at great expense after he had made a fortune from the silver mines of Taxco. This Borda Garden, now an inn, is the show place of the town, with fountains, pergolas, basins, arbors and stone terraces sloping in dilapidated elegance to the great western *barranca* over which it hangs.

II

In the Spring of 1928 we spent a week-end with Sir Esmond Ovey, the British Minister to Mexico, at his home in Cuernavaca. I shall never forget my first glimpse of his little patio roofed with a great bougainvillaea vine, a tiled fountain in the center and enormous pots of geraniums everywhere. There was a garden beyond with orange trees, where a white butterfly as big as a bat fluttered over walls of pale blue plumbago.

After a Sunday spent under those orange trees, we endured the agonies specially reserved for the envious. We tried vainly to find something in Cuernavaca to rent, and finally bought the place next door to Sir Esmond's. It was tiny but it was a foothold on the quaint street leading up to the pink church which we had loved at first sight, and we had hopes of getting more land. Eventually, we bought three more plots adjoining the original piece and tied them together with stone steps, arches of adobe, and the *citarillas* or balustrades of shaped brick which are so common in old Mexican houses. We had about three-quarters of an acre in an irregular shape like a fattening S that sloped away on six levels with seven gardens of green loveliness and running water.

Let me catalogue the charms of each patio. An arched entrance lined with oleanders and palms led from the street into

the first one, where we ate all our meals on a broad piazza shaded by a big guava tree. The tiled fountain in the wall fed the second patio smothered in bougain-villaea vines, where lime trees and mulberries grew, making a shady spot to sit while we drank our coffee after lunch. A curiously shaped *ciruela* tree with a low twisted trunk offered an extra seat for the circle. Around the corner was the swimming pool enclosed in walls of pink climbing geraniums and tall heliotrope.

This third patio had an adobe arch at the lower end which led by broad steps past overflowing flower pots to our fourth garden, which I tried to name Aztec's Delight. It held young fruit trees,—*papayos*, *aguacates*, *chirimoyos* and bananas, and a proud blue and white tiled fountain with old Aztec rabbits dancing in the center, but it had been a desolate rubbish heap where dogs howled before we bought it and was never called anything but the Dog Run. A slice cut off from this made the Secret Garden, its entrance door completely hidden by a gloria vine, with a fountain of yellow and blue *azulejos* (tiles) at one end and a covered loggia at the other where Count René d'Harnoncourt, our Austrian friend, painted "*una vista panoramica de la muy bella y hermosa ciudad de Cuernavaca*." Fat cherubs in the sky held the conventional ribbon announcing this "panorama of the very beautiful and charming city of Cuernavaca." The whole town was there in the fresco, beginning at our street, and our Indian builder in his blue overalls stood at one side of the picture drawing the curtain in Seventeenth Century manner from the house that he had created.

The fifth patio centered about a *guamu-chil* tree, a thick-set shapely thorn tree with orchids growing in its branches. From here we had such a wonderful view

of Sir Esmond Ovey's palm trees and, hanging over our wall, an enormous vine of that heavenly blue flower called by the Mexicans *manto de la Virgen* (mantle of the Virgin) that someone suggested we should pay rent for the decoration. The last patio was full of hibiscus, passion flowers, and banana trees that grew so rapidly they were soon crowding out everything else. When the gardener started to transplant them a guest pleaded for a particular tree just outside his door. He said that he hung his mirror in a branch there every morning for "There is nothing like shaving under a banana tree to begin the day right!"

We built a house following the line of our seven little gardens. It was an experience comparable with marrying or having children in the scope it gave for imagination and understanding. Our neighbor Mr. Fred Davis supervised our plans, but like most people in Cuernavaca we did not have an architect. We used the master mason of the town, an Indian named Pancho Rebollo, to put up our little adobe play-house. He was a thrifty artisan who sold corn in the market when mason work failed, and he was the most obliging builder I ever knew. So often here in the north when I have asked for an extra closet or window the architect has answered "Impossible! the pipes go up there," but Pancho met every request with a smiling "*Como no? Si lo quiere*." (Why not? If you wish it).

A one-story adobe house in a warm country needs few pipes and presents a heavenly opportunity to a woman who wishes to change her mind. Pancho tore down the arch of the swimming pool three times and rebuilt it to my heart's desire so that the Cathedral spire could be seen through it at exactly the right angle. He reset the tiles in the yellow and blue foun-

tain four times, and he moved every window in the garden guest room till the draft and view were perfect. Little tiled bathrooms tucked into impossible corners were his specialty. Such mud-pie masonry delighted me.

We made a service wing and a living-room out of the original little house on the first piece of ground, and joined a long low building to it which held the bedrooms and had a deep colonnaded piazza looking out on the swimming pool. An outside staircase with an iron railing ran up the garden wall to a big *mirador* or conning tower open on all four sides to the marvelous panorama of the Morelos valley. In the lowest patio we put up a little guest house, detached and complete in itself, with a real outdoor Mexican kitchen hung with the *cazuelas* or earthen cooking utensils in circles above the charcoal stove of red tiles. They are always arranged with the tiniest piece in the center, so our glazed pots worked out like a glorified spider-web.

Pancho copied most of the doors and windows from pictures in a book of Spanish houses that we showed him. None of them was correctly spaced but all were charming with their dark blue woodwork and pots of flowers on the ledges. Our great triumph was a fireplace in the living-room, the only open fireplace I believe in the town.

"Why build a fireplace in a tropical country?" all the neighbors asked, and then rushed to sit by it on damp evenings in the rainy season. The whole front was made of blue and white tiles with the old pomegranate flower pattern on them and concealed an irregularity in the side wall. I might say here that everything in our small house was irregular but the haphazard architecture seemed to go with the picturesque little town.

Before the house was done we learned something about the number of fiestas in the Mexican calendar and the variety of excuses an Indian workman can offer. I had supposed up to then that an excuse bore some relation to the thing left undone; the connection might be slight but it must be there. I found that an Indian looks upon an excuse as a literary device, a story to mesmerize the aggrieved person so that he will forget to scold the offender. It was the man making the iron balustrade for our *mirador* who delayed us the longest and after he had endured illness in every part of his body he began to have suffering relatives.

"The Señora must not blame me," he explained pathetically one day. "I have not been able to work for ten days because my grandfather has been very ill."

"I am sorry to hear that, Juan," I answered as sympathetically as I could considering the many weeks' wait for the balustrade. "What has been the trouble?"

"He has sickness of the brain and of the teeth, Señora. He has screamed aloud every night."

"How dreadful!"

"Yes, it has been terrible. The neighbors have complained about the noise. He had his head tied up in a poultice of cabbage leaves to stop the pain."

"And did he have any medicine?"

"Certainly, Señora, tea made from the leaves of the Good Tree, and my grandmother gave him ginger root and herbs. And he was so weak someone had to turn him over on his *petate* (mat) and feed him."

"And what did you do for your grandfather, Juan?"

"I?" he repeated simply. "O Señora, I haven't done anything for him. I haven't even seen him. He lives in the next village!"

III

It took six months to build the house and start the seven gardens with the swimming pool in the center and the *mirador* climbing above it, and at first the stitches showed where we had pieced the patios together, but one rainy season mellowed it all down into a gay flowering whole—walls, tiles, arches, fountains, pots, vines, trees and blossoms. The white butterfly deserted Sir Esmond to live with us.

We furnished our little house entirely with Mexican things. The rugs were made on a hand-loom by a Texcocan Indian who could not understand my choosing quiet colors for the floor coverings. Upon every visit he offered various Aztec gods done in red, white and green, and was sad to see plain brown and blue patterns selected. We hung the walls with old *sarapes* of lovely faded colors, one or two old blue and white marriage bedspreads, and a charming pink embroidery from Papantla, done in the Indian pineapple pattern, which had been a wedding skirt. There were no pictures, but we put up many *bateas* (shallow wooden bowls) lacquered in old designs with the rich deep colors and soft lustre that only patient rubbing can produce. In our collection we had both old and modern *bateas*. A cross section of the *ahuehuete* tree is used for the new ones, which are mostly made in Olinalá, Guerrero, and the lacquer from stone or vegetable dyes is rubbed in by hand. It requires about six weeks, a whole family working, to make one large bowl. Think of the tired thumbs!

We had *tecomates* also, the wonderful painted gourds from Michoacan, covered with gay flowers and fruits and the tops neatly cut off to make covers. Most of our furniture was made by an Indian carpenter and decorated to match the few

old lacquered pieces we had found in Mexico City. There is a native chair in Cuernavaca with rush seat and painted back which is cheap and pretty, so I asked the man to make a dozen for me. He did not look at all pleased with the order, in fact he sulked and finally grumbled:

"Of course, if I have to make as many as that I must charge the Señora more for each one."

"More?" I asked. "In my country one gets a reduction for a dozen. Why more?"

"Does the Señora ask why?" he answered. "Because it is so dull to make twelve chairs all alike."!

This is a perfect illustration of a Mexican workman's attitude towards anything he makes. It is the antithesis of our feeling about mass production, which he would despise if he could understand it. He loves the pot, the toy, the *sarape* that he has in hand, he will not hurry over it, and he will always give it a touch of himself. This makes the charm and the despair of furnishing a house in Mexico.

Our experience in buying for the table was much like ordering the chairs; it was hard to get a complete set of anything. The glass came from the glass factory in Mexico City and the pottery from Puebla, for though it was on sale in the capital, it was more fun to go to the factory ourselves and see what was being made. The pottery was so pretty and cheap and amusing that we bought crates of stuff at every visit. For a few cents apiece there are delightful plates decorated with bright colored birds and flowers and fruit, there are jugs with green wreaths around them, platters with fantastic landscapes, and always dishes with sentimental mottoes. I could never resist pots saying "*Luz de mis ojos*" (Light of my eyes) or "*Adiosito querida Lolita*" (Goodbye for a little while, dear Lolita).

Certain things could only be bought at certain times. We waited weeks to get a tea set of pale green Oaxacan ware which was sold only at the *puestos* (street fairs) during the Christmas or Easter holidays. On our first trip to Puebla I bought some charming soup plates of pale gray with dark blue figures dancing at the bottom of each bowl, but I could never find any more like them, though we searched diligently for two years. To all my importunities the potters answered laconically "*Si no hay, no hay*" (If there aren't any, there aren't any).

The fascination of the little street never faded for us during the two years we spent week-ends at number 14 Calle del General Arteaga. In its color and charm and general gay shabbiness it was characteristic of all Mexico. The houses had broad painted bands of every shade to mark the doors and windows; there were white walls with blue trimmings, and cream with pink stripes, and rose with green grills and balcony. Fig trees and oleanders grew above the low roofs and there were always women in the sunny doorsteps sorting fruit with their babies at their feet.

Directly across from us was a *vecindad* or a house occupied by several families of the working class. There was a carpenter, a charcoal dealer, a grocer, a cobbler, and a tailor, all plying their trades opposite our garden gate. Their many children played together in the street and though I knew them all I never got the various brothers and sisters completely straightened out. They were always happy and smiling but the only toys I ever saw them have were an old ball and bead strings made of gray seeds known locally as "the tears of Job."

The *vecindad* by no means exhausted the various occupations of the street. Just

below us was a bathing establishment called the Baths of Eden, out of which a glistening procession of children used to pass, each one holding his pink egg of soap and the indispensable scarlet *jicara*. This is a half gourd painted red with a white bird nesting at the bottom which bathers in Mexico use for pouring water over themselves. Across from the baths was a boarding house with an unusually lovely arch setting off the garden. The four corners of the first cross street were occupied by a *ferreteria* (hardware shop), a *cantina* (wine shop) named La Antigua Línea de Fuego (The Old Firing Line) because a stand had been made there during the revolution, a bank, and a very handsome Mexican house. This last was distinguished from other residences in our neighborhood by big iron grills before the tall windows and heavy wooden doors carved with hanging pheasants that led into a large formal patio full of tiled pots and benches.

Under the shadow of this elegance an old fruit woman sometimes took her seat. She was a colorful creature in magenta skirt and pale pink blouse, who spread out on the pavement for sale half a dozen oranges and bananas with thirty peanuts propped in pyramids and passed a long leisurely day in getting rid of her wares. Her stand reminded me of the stores we used to have in the backyard as children with their limited assortment which only devoted grandmas and uncles would buy. Another habitué of the street was a rag-picker who came regularly offering me empty castor oil bottles with a conjurer's air as if some charm lingered in the empty glass. Vendors sold every form of *dulce* (sweet), especially the candied plums, limes and oranges which are marvelous in Mexico. But the peddler's cry most frequently heard was "*Paletas heladas!*"

These are ice-cream sticks that one sucks discreetly anywhere. We were not far from the market, so that flower hucksters trooped through with great sprays of tuberose, calla lilies, violets, tea roses, pansies, gardenias, orchids—every blossom that denotes luxury and high price at home sold for a few centavos.

But the Mexican market is a story by itself so it would not be fair to turn the corner of Calle Arteaga. Our street was not a thoroughfare, so that we had no long trains of burros, only a straggling few with charcoal and lumber on their backs. Sometimes an Indian riding home from the metropolis of Cuernavaca would carry so much that he seemed a moving booth from the fair, with chairs, chickens, hats, pots and children flung across his saddle bags. White cotton is the old costume for the peon but the past and future met occasionally on a donkey's back where a father in his traditional white with peaked hat held before him his little boy outfitted in blue overalls and a sailor's cap. The most exciting encounter that I ever saw beneath our windows was between a bull and a Ford car overflowing with passengers. The bull charged the car and like Horatius at the bridge held the narrow pass against unnumbered foes. After ten minutes of horn blowing and bellowing honors were still his. He was dragged away then, his head bloody but unbowed.

IV

The last day that we were in Cuernavaca we made a little fiesta and gave out toys to the children in the street. Our unofficial scouts told us that there were about thirty little boys and girls in the neighborhood;

we bought a hundred toys and a hundred and fifty children came, besides accompanying mothers and aunts. Little Rosarios, Guadalupe, Carmencitas, Auroras and Esperanzas, with Miguels, Fernandos, Salvadors, Jaimes and many Jesúses, trooped into our first patio and completely filled the big veranda. We had the presents laid on the dining-room table and my husband and I gave them out as fast as we could. The children were quivering with eagerness but no one pushed or shoved, even when it was seen that there would not be enough toys to go around.

We ourselves grew terribly excited and before the ordeal was over were presenting babes in arms with jumping ropes and motor cars and then handing rattles and dolls to the big children. There must have been exchanges in the street afterwards, but under our eyes nothing but exquisite politeness reigned and "*Muchisimas gracias!*" and "*Que bonita!*" rent the air. For the late comers we had only cookies and centavos, and finally Miguel the butler whispered to me that these would soon give out, for children from far beyond our quarter were running to the garden gate. We could not face any more wistful eyes, so we said goodbye quickly and got into the motor to return to Mexico City.

As we turned the corner I looked back for a last sight of our street in Cuernavaca. The beautiful church was in the background, hanging over the little houses like a blessing, and in the foreground stood that group of happy children, crowding the cobbles from curb to curb, each with a toy in his hand waving and shouting "*Adiosito, Embajador!*" (Goodbye for a short time, Ambassador!) "*Adiosito, Embajadora! Adiosito! Adiosito!*"

UNCLE SAM'S BALLYHOO MEN

BY J. FREDERICK ESSARY

I CONTEMPLATE a mass of papers on my desk. It is the desk of a Washington newspaper correspondent, and there are perhaps three hundred more desks in the town just like it. Each of the papers in the mass bears the imprint of one of the executive departments, one of the bureaus, or one of the countless commissions of the Federal government. Each is an official document—if one may so dignify it—and each was delivered to me by franked mail or special messenger.

The pile is high. It weighs perhaps ten pounds. In it are exactly ninety-six separate pieces of printed, mimeographed or typed matter, ranging in length from an eighty-three-page affair to a simple hundred-word statement. The pile has accumulated in a single day—an average day. A similar one accumulates every day in the week. Some days it is a bit larger than other days. And there are times when it is more diversified and interesting than other times—more diverting, more lively and entertaining.

It represents the twenty-four hour output of the great battery of government press agents—that is, of those who make a play for space in the daily newspapers. There is another and unmeasured volume of matter which goes out to the weekly press, and yet another which goes to the trade papers, and particularly to the agricultural papers of the farm and fireside variety.

Taken together, this mass production of “educational” literature distinguishes the

Federal government as the greatest propaganda establishment in the world. No other is so magnificently organized, or otherwise circumstanced to advertise its own activities so well. No other engages so much trained talent, or enjoys such resources in money and machinery.

The set-up is superb from all standpoints. There is the government in which every citizen has a stake. There is that elastic, not to say nebulous thing which we call the “public interest.” There is the corps of subsidized writers. And there are the newspapers, presumably panting for intimate news of the Rural Mail Service, the Bureau of Home Economics, the Board of Surveys and Maps, or the National Screw Thread Commission.

Unfortunately, there is no reliable record of the number of official press agents in service or of how much money they cost the taxpayer. The record is unreliable because the War Department, for example, uses many commissioned officers to serve its publicity needs, as likewise does the Navy. Other producers of copy are listed in the official directories as secretaries, or bureau and division chiefs, or merely as clerks. But the number does not matter so much. It is the material they supply that counts. And it is with that material that this monograph will deal.

Enough of it lies before me as a result of one day's harvest to fill to overflowing a week-day edition of the *New York Times*. Enough to make a standard book

of 600 pages. Enough, if every word and figure were read, to occupy the time of two men through an eight-hour day. Enough, if a digest or a re-write of each piece were made for publication, to keep two good reporters busy for a week.

The range of this literature is wide. It touches the home, the community, the farm, the factory, the mine, the mill. It goes beyond purely domestic interests and reaches to the far ends of the earth. A lot of it, of course, is the purest departmental routine, and a lot more is strictly local to some town or State. Some of it is merely dull documentation as, for example, the eighty-two page decision of the Board of Tax Appeals in the case of *Joseph H. Adams vs. the Commissioner of Internal Revenue*, Docket No. 32894. Perhaps a breathless nation has been long awaiting this great state paper. It begins with "the disclosures in a patent application addressed to those skilled in the art to which the inventions therein disclosed pertain," and ends with the decision that "a collateral attack may not be made in a proceeding before this Board upon the validity of a patent and, therefore, in the absence of controlling judicial determinations to the contrary, we must accept the patents as validly issued on the basis of the patent applications," etc., etc. I quote literally—and uncomprehendingly.

Hundreds of copies of this exciting decision were made. A room full of typists was needed to cut the stencils alone. Other clerks cranked the mimeograph machine; still others bound the thing and loaded it on a two-horse dray for delivery. Perhaps some Washington correspondent or other has read beyond the first page. If so, why he did so must remain a mystery.

Picking again at random, I fish up two gigantic pilot charts—of the North At-

lantic and of Central American waters. They come from the Hydrographic Office of the Navy, and no doubt they are of great value to men who go down to the sea in ships. Also they may help the young in the study of geography (if geography is still studied), or they may aid a searching mind to discover how infinitesimally small is that dot on the map marked Virgin Islands. Why they should be sent to Washington correspondents is not apparent. The most interesting bit of lay information visible on them is a note saying they are "founded upon the researches made in the early part of the Nineteenth Century by Matthew Fontaine Maury while serving as a lieutenant in the United States Navy." This at least goes to show that though the illustrious Pathfinder of the Seas may be gone, he is not forgotten.

For many months past Department of State press releases have dealt almost exclusively with melancholy matters—earthquakes in Nicaragua, revolutions in Central and South America, hell-to-pay in Cuba, rumors of war in China, deadlocked naval negotiations in Europe, and other such major or minor griefs. It is thus safe to assume that the Department embraced joyously the opportunity to give to the public something different—an opportunity that was afforded when the American Minister to Ethiopia sent on a translation from the Amharic of an article in the Emperor's state newspaper under the title of "The Harm Caused By Drink-Shops."

The article says that the Ethiopian soldiers are constantly being beguiled by music and girls into grog-shops, where they find much *tej* (the Ethiopian home brew) and promptly decide to buy and be merry. After their money is gone, their arms and even their cartridge belts are pawned that more *tej* may be bought.

Later on, perhaps, money is procured to redeem the side arms, but when the men "arrive at the shop they again find similar revelry. They forget the purpose of their trip and sit down to drink. They drink without limit. They lose their senses, and their arms remain pawned."

"Readers, you know what harm this causes the city," the royal ukase concludes. "Therefore we inform you that drink-shops should be forbidden as they have become the source of all sins."

Clipsheet of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals: Please copy!

II

Most of the new Radio Commission's hand-outs have to do with applications for broadcasting licenses, general orders and other technical routine, but once in a while we correspondents get something livelier. Among the four Radio releases in the present pile is one which reads:

Upon frequent occasions there has been brought to the attention of the Commission complaints against radio stations broadcasting fortune telling, lotteries, games of chance, gift enterprises and other similar schemes offering prizes dependent in whole or in part upon lot or chance.

The vigilant and moral Postoffice Department bars from the mails all such matter, but the Radio Commission merely expresses the view that "there exists a doubt that such broadcasts are in the public interest," with a gentle warning to broadcasters to watch their step.

A second release from the same source informs us pleasantly that "it has been found from experience that radio stations have become very important factors in connection with rum-running and other smuggling activities. Without these sta-

tions," it is further observed, "smugglers operations would be much harder for them and their apprehension much easier for Federal agents."

Although the Department of the Interior in these latter years has found itself bereft (by Executive Order) of many of its old-time activities—pensions, patents and mines, among them—the bureaus that are left want the world to know that they are still important parts of the governmental organism. There is none more energetic as a producer of press releases than the Office of Education. And none is more adept at selecting subjects with sure-fire thrills in them.

Here, for example, is one entitled "Dentistry As a Career." It tells all about how to become a dentist, adding that "America leads the world in dentistry and dental training." The official record, it appears, shows there are approximately 67,000 dentists, or one to every 1,700 persons, in America, although it is sadly added that not more than one-fourth of the population ever receive dental treatment. The fewest dentists are found in the South. There is only one Negro practitioner for every 8,500 members of his race. The average dentist's income is \$4,148 and no cents. One aspiring to be a dentist is told where there are good institutions, also the scale of fees. The cheapest training may be had in Illinois; tuition fee, \$155; the most expensive is at Columbia University; fee, \$460. The average annual maintenance of a dental student for all purposes costs about \$900.

The same Office of Education, remarking on "the recent school bus tragedy in Colorado," informs the nation that school buses now carry about 2,000,000 pupils daily, and that "the bus which became stalled in the Colorado snow was only one of nearly 50,000 such motor vehicles

which daily serve about 17,000 schools." We are further informed in another hand-out that "a four-year national survey of the school tax dollar will be launched" anon. The idea seems to be to find out where the school money comes from and where it goes.

Next comes a breezy piece from the Bureau of Indian Affairs regarding "a special buffalo dance to be given by the Indians of the Santa Clara Reservation, New Mexico, as a mark of gratitude to several officers of the Department of the Interior who were instrumental in obtaining for them a buffalo hide, for use in one of their ceremonial dances." It is carefully added, lest there be misunderstanding, that the deceased buffalo came to its death by accident. Much is said about the enthusiasm of the Indians when the green hide was unboxed and spread before them, and it is noted that "they did not believe that buffalo ever attained such size."

When one thinks of the Treasury one is apt to think of vast and complicated figures arrayed in terms of deficits, budgets, foreign loans, the national debt, the soldier bonus, bond issues, tax collections and the rest. And we Washington correspondents get a heavy daily dose of exactly that. Among other things, the celebrated Daily Statement of the United States Treasury is spread before us every morning, and to the connoisseur of statistics it is an everlasting joy. More solid information is packed into this four-page document than into any other published on the continent. It always begins with the gold supply (of which, incidentally, we had a total of \$3,657,695,005.44 on a recent morning) and it embraces all the details of Federal finances—receipts, expenditures, general funds, special funds, what-not. It is recommended to any one suffering from insomnia.

We are also often bombarded with other columns of Treasury figures. From the present pile I draw two great sheets, each half the size of a barn door, prepared by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. They show the tax receipts from tobacco manufacturers for the first nine months of the fiscal years 1930 and 1931, by States, and also the receipts from stamp taxes, including playing cards, for the same period. Other high-powered factual matter comes daily from the Comptroller of the Currency—all about new national bank charters, voluntary liquidations, new branches authorized, and occasional (more occasional than formerly) bank failures.

But it must not be supposed that the Treasury's activities for the benefit of the press are confined to figures. Not at all. Let it be remembered that the Public Health Service is a Treasury agency. I venture no opinion as to why this should be so, but so it is. And the Service issues an almost daily line of appealing "Health News." Two specimens are at hand.

One deals generally with the eradication and prevention of trachoma, often referred to, the bulletin states, as "granulated eyelids" or "red sore eyes." We are assured that this inflammation is not confined to any sharply delimited area, but is most prevalent in West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Much sound advice is offered to sufferers. Somewhat more romantic is a release from the same agency entitled "Parasites of Bats." I quote:

Some bats are used as food. The members of one family known as vampires attack man and live stock, sucking the blood and causing wounds that may become fly-blown and form portals of bacterial infection. It is popularly believed that bedbugs are distributed by bats, but this view is due to confusing the common bedbug

with closely allied bugs that live on bats and in bat haunts. Occasional bats are kept as household pets. Some bats feed on mosquitoes and thus contribute to a reduction of these pests and the diseases they carry, although evidence is lacking which would justify our building so-called bat roosts as a panacea against mosquitoes.

III

There are two divisions of the Department of Labor, the Women's and the Children's Bureaus, from which we hear regularly and to which we are often indebted for rare specimens of official press agency. There lies before me an article from the Children's Bureau on the cost of caring for families in need during 1930 in 100 American cities. This cost is estimated at more than \$40,000,000—nearly double the expenditure of the previous year. This release is remarkable only for the reason that no mention whatever is made of the depression or of unemployment. All that is left to the imagination.

An interesting discovery is announced in a statement from the Women's Bureau. This quotes Miss Mary Elizabeth Pidgeon, Director of Research, as saying "that no community in which contagious disease is rampant, or which is served by a contaminated water supply, can hope to maintain healthy families."

The Hon. William N. Doak is the new Secretary of Labor. Not long ago Mr. Doak delivered a brief address to a conference of business paper editors. In this he showed the kind of confidence in the veracity of the Chief that is becoming in a Cabinet officer. Here is what he said:

I have been deeply impressed by a statement made by President Hoover in the closing portion of his message to the last Congress, *because I believe it is absolutely true.*

There are many people far and wide, no doubt, who await with impatience the coming each day of the *Postal Bulletin*, official house organ of the Postoffice Department. In it one may find more statements of exact fact—names, places, dates, etc.—than in any other piece of official literature, save only the Treasury Statement. The *Postal Bulletin* now before me runs to four unusually large pages in small type, containing not less than 12,000 words.

Almost the whole of the first page is given over to an amendment to the Postal Regulations signed by the big boss himself, Postmaster General Walter F. Brown. This has to do with "claims concerning insured mail exchanged with foreign countries." It must be admitted that it is rather impersonal and dull, and so are an announcement regarding countries accepting "small packets," another about stolen money-order forms (no names given) and another suggesting more efficient methods of reducing undeliverable mail.

The document warms up, however, when we reach the heading, "Fraud Orders," whereunder Solicitor Horace J. Donnelly bars the Art Sales Company of Birmingham, Ala., and the Crown Medicine Company of Atlanta, Ga., from use of the mails. What is meant by a fraud order and how it is executed by the Postoffice is revealed to the uninitiated in this paragraph:

All mail addressed to said concerns and parties should be returned to senders, stamped: "Fraudulent Mail to this address returned by order of the Postmaster General" and no money orders in favor of said concern and parties should be issued or paid.

This is followed by a mass of items about the appointment of acting postmas-

ters, the establishment of stations and branches, postoffice changes, the mail-messenger service, and a lot more. It would make pretty good rainy day reading if the type were larger. The *Bulletin* is supplemented by many special hand-outs, maybe a score of them each week.

It is hard to get a kick out of most of the press matter issued daily by the War and Navy Departments and the Department of Justice. Once in a while, of course, a naval ship is hustled off to a sister Republic somewhere to the south of us, discovered to be in a state of revolution. The ship goes for the humanitarian purpose of protecting Americans who have retreated to the water's edge. Less often a Smedley Butler cuts a caper which causes all the correspondents to reach eagerly for the naval hand-outs. Still less often the Navy essays a bit of humor. Witness a release quoting the answers a second-class seaman gave on being examined for promotion. Here are some of his definitions of nautical terms:

Capstan—The commanding officer.
 Scupper—A utensil used for drinking.
 Hatch—Where the eggs are kept.
 Tiller—Officer in charge of the payroll.
 Binnacle—A bivalve which fastens itself to the bottom.
 Sextant—One who officiates at funerals at sea.

There is a suspicion here that the second-class seaman was spoofing the Navy—or maybe the Navy is spoofing us.

Only when the Department of Justice, through its newly-acquired Prohibition Bureau, launches a release on wine-making in the home, or announces a reform in its search and seizure process, or the Attorney General records the busting of another trust—only on such rare occasions are the Department's mimeographed productions of any interest.

We correspondents have learned to expect far more sparkling copy from the Department of Agriculture and even from the Department of the Interior. Among the documents now before me is an affecting "Sunday article" from the Department of Agriculture on the design for a Roosevelt (T. R., not Franklin) monument on the Continental Divide. It is to be an obelisk sixty feet high, and is to be erected at a cost of \$25,000 to commemorate the late President's forest conservation projects.

This department also exposes its agitation over soil erosion. It has been digging in thirty-four States and has found that the average depth of the farm soil is a mere nine inches. It is rain that does it. The Department also has unearthed a foul British plot. It seems that a British schooner bearing the celebrated name of *Arthur Balfour* recently arrived at Mobile. The alert customs officers were astounded to discover a Jamaica yam hidden on deck. Such vegetables are positively barred from our shores.

Worse, other illicit yams were found, nearly a dozen of them. One was wrapped in a sack and addressed to a Mobile woman. This discovery shows that the Department is always on its job. The master of the schooner was charged with violation of Federal Quarantine Regulation No. 29 and fined \$20. The yams were confiscated and destroyed without trace.

A story equally illuminative of the vigilance of the government is put out by the Interior Department. It tells of a great herd of deer in the Yosemite National Park that wandered down the mountain side to the verdant valley. There the herd was found industriously nibbling at Uncle Sam's wild flowers. This shocking depredation could not be endured, so a group of guards, reinforced by ranchers and rang-

ers, rushed up and shooed the deer back up the mountain. By that timely, not to say heroic act, the wild flowers were saved for a grateful country.

None among the executive departments matches the Department of Commerce in the sweep of its press service. Thirty separate releases have come in a single day from its Census, Mines, and Foreign and Domestic Commerce Bureaus—an average of ten from each. This superior publicity machine was created back in the days when Herbert Hoover was head of the Department and a candidate for the Presidency. He developed in it a degree of efficiency unequalled by any similar organ of exploitation in the history of the government. It is still operating on the momentum he gave it.

One eight-page release is concerned exclusively with gutta percha production in the Dutch East Indies. A glance at the closely typed sheets shows that nothing the most exacting gutta percha fan could want to know is left unsaid. Another hand-out is entitled "A Few Facts About Furniture"; it is a report of a radio address by Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce. His opening paragraph surely is worth embalming:

Today is Mother's Day and I think that few days in the calendar are honored with such tributes of reverence and deep affection. Mother is supreme in the hearts of every one of us, and we take delight in paying the warmest homage to her, wherever she may be. We cherish her as the great home-maker, the keeper of the household. She it is whose wish prevails in home arrangements and home furnishings, and in that field (as in most others) she and her sisters and daughters buy not less than 85% of the merchandise that is sold at retail today. She is an overwhelmingly important factor—among countless other things—in the American furniture business.

IV

The mind stalls when it seeks to absorb the endless information with which the Census Bureau overwhelms the Washington news writer. Turning hastily the pile of releases before me, I find a thousand words on the occupational statistics of Manchester, N. H.; another thousand on current activities in the cotton spinning industry; and still more on the manufactures of South Carolina, the number of families in Maine having radio sets, the foreign-born whites in the United States by their countries of birth, and the number of single, married, widowed and divorced persons in Michigan. There are also agricultural statistics by counties from Maryland (10,000 words or more); financial statistics from Lorain, O.; a report on marriage and divorce in Utah; and records of sales distribution in the bolt, nut, washer and rivet industry, and of weekly shipments of fabricated steel.

Finally, there are ten individual reports on the state of retail trade in ten towns, from Clarksdale, Miss., to New Haven, Conn. All are for release on the same day. It is perhaps worthy of note that in Clarksdale there are fifty-five retail establishments, of which twenty-five are listed as eating places. These places to eat engage eighty-eight full-time employés, whereas the other thirty retailers, all told, engage only eighty. The hearty Mississippian must have his victuals!

The innumerable boards and commissions now functioning as a part of the government machine compete skilfully and successfully with the executive departments for publicity. All of them have their press agents, even the dignified and aloof Federal Reserve Board. That board's statements do not come daily, but they come just the same.

The Federal Farm Board is one of the most prolific producers. It is a rare day that we correspondents do not receive one or more bids for space from that quarter. Some explain why so much wheat has been bought by the Board; others why it is perfectly proper, despite the Eighteenth Amendment, to finance Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt's wine industry; still others explain what is the matter with cotton, or why grain prices continue to sink.

The reorganized Tariff Commission has increased its pressure for space in the newspapers; so has the Shipping Board. The Federal Trade Commission, which was set up to do trust-busting on a large scale, now finds itself concerned mainly with unfair trade practices among small-bore commercial gougers and freebooters. A careful reader of its hand-outs will find his education in the matter of American business ethics vastly improved. He will discover, for example, how the Commission lately stopped the use of cotton thread in embroidery and crocheting advertised as silk. Also, how steps had to be taken to prevent the circulation of bogus testimonials endorsing certain cosmetics; what was done by the Commission to protect the trade name of a well-known antiseptic; how a crusade was launched against the use of "U.S." labels on watches and hairpins that had not, in fact, been made "under government supervision"; how "new hair" advertisements were dropped by a manufacturer whose product "could not make human hair grow"; how certain actresses' testimonials in behalf of certain hosiery were ordered discontinued; how a dealer in roofing materials was forced to modify his sales talk; how a vendor of "sensational books" agreed to stop representing himself as their publisher; how a certain magazine publisher was barred

from printing further matrimonial bureau ads; how dubious advertisements of cures for tonsillitis, skin diseases and nervous disorders were ordered dropped; and how love powder vendors withdrew their extravagant claims regarding "lucky stones, lucky bags and wishing bones."

A particularly interesting report was lately made by the Commission regarding a cleaning fluid advertised to remove grease spots from a piece of cloth without leaving a ring. The majority supported the manufacturer's claim, but Commissioner Humphrey insisted upon issuing a thousand-word dissenting opinion. A quotation from it will show how passionately some American officials champion the public interest:

The ring is always there. It is a question only of manipulation, and to so distribute by what is known as feathering the outer rim of the spot until it is not noticeable.

There is no dispute as to what the evidence shows in regard to all of these propositions. The sole question in this case is whether the respondent imputes the removal of the ring to the virtue of the product. If the respondent does, then it is guilty of false and misleading practices. It will be seen by this statement that respondent admits that it is the rubbing that removes the ring and the preparation that removes the spot.

Therefore, the majority argues that unless the buyer of a twenty-five cent bottle of this preparation takes time in a drug-store, mid the sale of hot dogs and cold drinks, to read twenty-four small pages in small type of instructions, and thus discover for himself that it is the manipulation and not the product that removes the ring, then said purchaser is guilty of inexcusable negligence.

I can only account for the confusion in this case on the theory that a couple of experts appeared before the Trial Examiner and went through a thimble rigging performance that made the Trial Examiner dead certain that he could pick up the shell under which the pea was hidden.

The President's Emergency Committee for Employment should not be overlooked. This commission, which was drafted to solve the unemployment problem, burdens the Washington correspondents with press matter. It comes almost daily and runs to unbelievable lengths. One hand-out tells of a California woman who was inspired by a mishap in her pantry to make a card index of all her cooking recipes. She advertised the advantages of the system among her friends and thought of the additional work for typists that could be provided if all women everywhere kept such records. The story goes on to say that this idea is now "sweeping" the country. The implication is that thousands of previously unemployed typists are now making their machines sing as they card-index recipes for tens of thousands of housewives.

V

All of these publicity-seeking organizations—departments, bureaus, boards and commissions—head up, of course, to the White House. They receive their inspiration direct from G. H. Q. The White House itself is the most successful publicity promoter of them all. From it we receive daily presidential speeches, messages, proclamations, pronouncements, executive orders, appointments, Rapidan guest lists, dinner and reception arrangements (not forgetting the flowers on the table), and tributes to deceased football coaches and foreign potentates. Also, some of the special bodies, notably that on Child Welfare and the Wickersham Commission, send their reports to the President for publication, to insure a hospitable reception at the hands of the press.

In order to strengthen the White House publicity machine, Mr. Hoover has out-

done all his predecessors in the matter of presidential secretaries. There is one whose primary duty it is to maintain uninterrupted contact with the news writers. There is another whose business is described as "research." He digs into the files, the correspondence and the newspapers for ideas to be used in the Hoover speeches, and in formal messages or less formal statements. There are two more secretaries to pinch hit for the others when occasion demands.

But with all the efficiency one might expect from a system perfected, as this is, along the most approved engineering lines, matters sometimes go wrong. The wires get crossed and fuses blow out, so to speak. And one such misstep may undo the good work of a whole season. A misadventure of this character developed during the process of "humanizing" the President, undertaken with new zeal about the time Theodore E. Joslin succeeded Secretary George Akerson.

Somebody (insiders pin it on French Strother) conceived the smart idea of inviting young Bryan Untiedt, the Colorado school boy who gained celebrity by his heroism in a recent blizzard tragedy, to be a White House guest. It was shrewdly calculated that this gesture would do much to endear the President to children everywhere, and what is more important, to their fathers, mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts. The idea was laid before the President, who officially okayed it and allowed it to be promptly and widely heralded.

In time the boy came. He was invited for two days. Secret Service men were sent to escort him. A White House car was at the station to fetch him to the Executive Mansion. He was given a hearty welcome and the ladies of the household were assigned to conduct his sightseeing excursions. By a coincidence a real King

and Queen (of Siam) were on hand to be peeked at. Although the boy's movements were carefully guarded lest he be "annoyed" by press attentions, official communiqués were issued twice a day by the secretariat regarding his goings and comings.

He had a very good time, and instead of staying two days he stayed five. When he was about to depart at last arrangements were made by the White House (without his knowledge or consent) for a select group of high-toned interviewers to interrogate him concerning his experiences. But the boy demurred. It was not through either timidity or modesty: it was because he had entered into an arrangement before he left Colorado to write his observations for a Denver newspaper. And business was business! So he went his way uninter-viewed, while the presidential secretaries indignantly denied all previous knowledge of the sordid aspects of his pilgrimage.

A more striking case of maladroitness, to put it mildly, on the part of the White House publicity machine involved the publication of the long-awaited report of the Wickersham Commission. That report was made to the President and given out by the White House. It was put forth one morning for release the following day. When the correspondents received the bulky document they found just inside the cover a loose-leaf, four-page bulletin entitled, "Conclusions and Recommendations."

These conclusions and recommendations were twelve in number and began with the statement that "the Commission is opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." They ended with the signatures of ten of the eleven members. The paper had a special confidential release

line of its own at the top in red lettering and signed by Chairman Wickersham and the Hon. George Akerson, secretary to the President. It was discovered in two minutes that these conclusions were bone dry. They might have been written by Bishop Cannon or Dr. Scott McBride.

Immediately most of the correspondents flashed bulletins to their papers announcing that a dry report had been made, and followed up the flash with the full text of the twelve conclusions and recommendations. That done, they sat back leisurely to read the 286 pages of the main report. As they read on and on they found to their amazement that no less than seven of the commissioners whose names had appeared on the loose-leaf release were wet and had said so in as many separate statements.

This discovery, which necessarily came hours after the original news report to the contrary, caused the utmost confusion in the newspaper offices of the country. Moreover, that confusion was compounded the next day when the President himself sent a message to Congress, asserting in effect that the Commission had handed him a dry report.

Unavailing efforts were made for weeks afterward to fix the responsibility for this duplicity. Individual members of the Commission angrily repudiated any part in it. The White House maintained a discreet silence. Finally, Chairman Wickersham suggested testily that the conclusions had been lifted from their proper place at the end of the report, and reprinted as has been described by some unauthorized Commission clerk, name not given.

Nothing has ever been said or done, however, to remove the suspicion that this stupid device to deceive the country was deliberately conceived in a higher quarter.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

NOTE on the decay of public morals in Santa Ana, from the *Register* thereof:

Ignoring the resolution presented by fourteen Santa Ana ministers urging selection of a school superintendent who does not smoke, the board of education last night elected Dr. Percy Davis, present assistant, for a term of four years. It was freely admitted that Davis uses tobacco.

LETTERHEAD of a Pasadena jurisconsult:

Telephone Wakefield 1233
Until Recently Practicing in All the
Courts of New York City and
State for 50 Years

SILAS ALDEN CONDUCT, *Attorney*
163 NORTH EUCLID AVENUE
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Office of
Memorizing of Scripture
For Children Under 14 Years of Age Who
Are Paid for Repeating Scripture
A National Organization
Answering the California Bar Association
I said:

I was the son of Silas Byram Conduct,
Who was the son of Silas Conduct,
a banker,
Who was a son of Ebenezer Conduct,
Who was a colonel in the Revolutionary
Army,
Who was the son of Ebenezer Byram,
a judge,
Whose mother was Abigail Alden,
The great grand-daughter of John Alden
and Priscilla Alden,
Who signed the *Mayflower* compact
November 20, 1620

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the Los Angeles
Times:

NOTRE DAME ATTENDED MASS—WAS THAT
WHY U.S.C. MET DEFEAT?

1. What if U.S.C.'s Team had also Gone to Church and Prayed?
2. Did the Virgin Mary Smile in Special Favor on the Notre Dame Team?
3. Did the U.S.C. Team Go on a Spree before the Game with Notre Dame?
4. Is Notre Dame just a Football School or a Real University?
5. Should our Supervisors vote \$10,000 for The Mission Play deficit?

Hear Dr. G. A. BRIEGLEB on the foregoing
Sunday 7:30 P.M. in sermon on
"Expecting the Lord to Pull Us Through"
11:00 A.M.—*"Ye Shall Receive Power"*
ST. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Jefferson Blvd. at Third Ave. "J" cars

COLORADO

THE worship of Yahweh in the rising town of Calhan, as reported by a staff correspondent of the eminent *Denver Post*:

A Bible marathon will be held at the Calhan Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday, during which an effort will be made to read through the New Testament. Starting at 5 A.M. the Rev. Maurice T. Habgood, pastor of the church, will inaugurate the marathon. He will be relieved by Mayor James Lair and forty-eight others. It is hoped to complete the reading by midnight. An invitation has been extended the public to attend at whatever time they can. There will be light refreshments at the conclusion of the reading.

GEORGIA

News item in the *Dahlonega Nugget* and the shrewd comment thereon of Editor W. B. Townsend:

A few days ago it was reported in the papers that three convicts had escaped from the Forsyth county gang. We were informed this week that the supposed three were seen by some one after dark in Daw-

sonville about the middle of last week. Anyway, the ones seen wore striped suits. The next morning, when Carl Vandiviere and C. Gilleland went to dress, their pants and pocket change were missing. So was Raimy Taylor's car, and the ones who wore chain gang suits were not to be found. They had likely watched through the window and saw where the two men put their clothes upon retiring. Having lost a couple of pair of pants a short time ago we know how to sympathise with the parties residing in our neighbor town. And we are really glad the 'victs didn't come higher up the road and make such a raid in Dahlon-ega. Although it is rather warm we are going to sleep in our breeches hereafter. Because if we were to lose our only pair of pants it would render us unable to meet and entertain our visitors without much embarrassment.

ILLINOIS

THE Associated Press makes a contribution to the Chicago saga:

A revelation of how a rookie policeman completed his work in the police training school, became a full-fledged patrolman and paid a fine of \$200 as a liquor law violator, all on the same day, was made today by Federal Judge Walter C. Lindley. The policeman is Benjamin Bernacchi. United States attorneys said that he was a bartender in a saloon raided by dry agents last May. His case was set for last Wednesday morning, but he failed to appear on time. Later that day he came into court, explaining that his absence in the morning was due to the fact he had been attending the graduating exercises at the police school.

IOWA

FROM the weekly *Herald* of the Central Church of Christ, Des Moines:

BIBLE SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

	Attendance	Offering
Cradle Roll	18	\$.56
Beginners	28	.54
Primary	56	1.34
Junior	48	1.26
High School Dept.....	40	1.50
Nightingale	30	1.25
Mrs. Riley	7	.21

Philo Christo	20	1.15
Maurice Mell	26	1.01
Happy Home Builders..	61	2.90
Business Men	18	.95
Finis Idleman	30	1.65
Berean	12	.50
Young Married People ..	30	1.15
Officers and Teachers ...	51	.60

Total	475	\$16.57
Average		.0348842

KENTUCKY

THE reporter's art as practiced on the Maysville *Daily Bulletin*:

Mrs. Kabler, who resided on the Taylor Mill road, spent her Winters in Florida, had been in declining health since the death of her husband three years ago, when he died from injuries sustained when a cow, struck by an auto, fell on him, with fatal results.

MARYLAND

THE Noble Experiment collides with the ancient Maryland *Kultur* in the grand old town of Cumberland:

Judge W. Calvin Chesnut, recently appointed to the bench, presided at the opening of the Spring term of the Federal court here yesterday, and among his first acts was to sentence Bryan Johnson of Johnson's, Garrett county, to four months in jail for bootlegging. Distinguished lineage was invoked in a plea for clemency by former State Senator William A. Gunter, who said Johnson was a great-grandson of Thomas Johnson, famous Revolutionary War Governor of Maryland, one-time member of the United States Supreme Court and choice of President Washington for the Chief Justiceship, which he declined to accept.

MICHIGAN

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Detroit:

Edward Argot, 17-year-old orphan, lost in the Wayne county jail for nearly nine months, has been found and released, and given a home. Born in Poland, Edward was taken to Canada by his parents as a baby. His father was killed in action with

the Canadian forces in 1917. His mother died in 1925. Edward made his own living selling newspapers in Montreal for five years. One dark night about a year ago, he crossed a railroad trestle near Buffalo, N. Y., and entered the United States. He was arrested by immigration officers here for entering the United States illegally. Efforts to deport him failed when it was discovered there was no record of his birth in Poland. Then immigration officers forgot about him, and he remained in the jail. Two nights ago his sobs as he sat in his cell attracted the attention of Albert M. Bacon, a turnkey. Through his efforts, aided by Calvin Blair, the jail barber, immigration officials resurrected the case and agreed to release the boy on probation.

MISSOURI

MORAL progress in St. Louis, as reported by the local press:

After viewing "Lysistrata," at the Orpheum Theater here last night, Prosecuting Attorney Harry P. Rosecan declared it to be, in rather large portions, "indecent and salacious." Rosecan said he would recommend to the management the striking out of the parts he considered objectionable. "It probably will not be necessary to close down the production," Rosecan said, "but I feel that such parts of the play as are harmful to the ideals of our citizens should be eliminated. I am really surprised at those Greeks."

NEW YORK

THE Uplift hits the State National Guard:

HEADQUARTERS 71st INFANTRY

NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD

Park Avenue and 34th Street
New York City

General Order

No. 5.

It is a recognized fact that behind any accomplishment or worthwhile effort, there must be an incentive; some driving force or power to give us the necessary momentum to accomplish our object. We must have the will and desire to lead our life in such a manner as will develop our char-

acter and make us morally clean, honest and real men. Thus are brought to the front the finer instincts of life and we can set an example to others. If we do not do this it is because we have drifted away from the influence of Divine love and mother love.

This regiment can lay no greater nor stronger foundation than that on which to accomplish our duties as soldiers and citizens. What finer tribute can we pay to the highest in life than to demonstrate to the world at large that as an organization as well as individually we respect, acknowledge and look with reverence upon our God and our mother. After all, we owe everything in life to them. In the hurried everyday life we are liable to neglect them both. We can always find time to devote to pleasure and many things that do us more harm than good. Let us from now on give more thought and service to God and mother.

The annual church parade of this regiment on Mother's Day offers us an opportunity to show the public that we can be not only an efficient military organization but one that stands for the finest and greatest things in life. It should make us march with just pride.

The Commanding Officer respects every man's religion and desires to encourage each to be true and steadfast in the faith of his acceptance, be it what it may, but he does insist upon every man in the regiment respecting his God and his mother and, frankly, does not want any man in it who does not.

By Order of COLONEL DeLAMATER,

E. FRANCIS HERTZOG,

Adjutant.

OHIO

FROM the music columns of the Columbus *Citizen*:

The recent death of Eugene Ysaye, whose tall and impressive figure is remembered from many a Memorial Hall recital or symphony concert, has reminded many concert-goers of the occasion when Mrs. Amor Sharp shared a programme with him for the Women's Music Club. He carried two valuable Stradivarius violins, and she was

allowed to hold one in the dressing room while he was playing the other on the stage.

OREGON

SCIENTIFIC note from the eminent *Catholic Sentinel* of Portland:

State of Oregon, County of Multnomah,
SS:

I, Henrietta Marshall, of Portland, Oregon, being first duly sworn, dispose and say: That I have suffered with a fibroid tumor since 1924; that I had been informed by Drs. Ben L. Norden, C. O. Boyer and Bond of this city, and Dr. Lewis of Salem, Oregon, that the only remedy was to have an operation; I did not wish to have an operation, so prayed and prayed all the time for relief. I finally started to attend the Tuesday evening Novenas at the Holy Redeemer Church, Portland, Ore., starting the Novenas on June 17, 1930; I had to walk with a cane to attend the devotions and on the seventh Tuesday of the first Novena, I became very ill and thought I would die; I suffered intense pain and the next morning passed a fibroid tumor weighing ten pounds; the doctors named above were astounded, and told me that the ligaments still remained and that the tumor would return; in November, 1930, however, the last of the fibers passed, and I have kept them in a glass to show; I now feel better and am regaining my strength; I further say that I was x-rayed both before and after I passed this tumor, and the plates show that I had the tumor as stated above and the last plate shows that the tumor is now gone.

(Signed) HENRIETTA C. MARSHALL,
Subscribed and sworn to before me

(Signed) AARON B. TOUHEY,
Notary public for Oregon.

My commission expires September 12 1931.

In obedience to the decree of Urban VIII, we declare that whatever is extraordinary in this case is to be accepted only the sense understood by Holy Mother Church.

REDEMPTORIST FATHERS,
Portland, Oregon.

TENNESSEE

CULTURAL note from the Union City *Commercial*:

George Smith, twenty-year-old Negro, was hanged by a crowd of several hundred citizens at 2:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon from a tree in the Courthouse yard because of an attempted criminal assault upon Miss Ada Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Howard, at 1:30 o'clock Saturday morning.

The Negro was taken from the officers at the county jail and dragged to the Courthouse yard, where he was hanged. Entrance to the jail was effected by breaking the doors with sledge hammers. . . .

The hanging was one of the quietest affairs of this sort ever witnessed in this section, with no disorders of any sort taking place.

GENERAL

HISTORICAL discovery by the alert United Press, printed in the Chicago *Tribune*:

Rhodes is of age old antiquity and Homer makes frequent mention of the island and of Cæsar and Cicero's lives there.

LEAFLET issued by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union:

APPLES ARE GOD'S BOTTLES

The sweet juice of the apple God has placed in His own bottle. What a beautiful rosy-red bottle it is! These red bottles hang on the limbs of a tree until they are all ready for us to use. Do you want to open God's bottle? Bite the apple with your teeth and you will taste the sweet juice God has put in His bottle for you.

GRAPES ARE GOD'S BOTTLES

These purple and green bottles you will find hanging on a pretty vine. See! So many little bottles are on a single stem! Put a grape in your mouth and open God's bottle. How nice the juice tastes! Some men take the juice of apples and grapes and make drinks that will harm our bodies. They put the drinks in glass bottles, but we will not drink from such bottles. We will *DRINK FROM GOD'S BOTTLES*.

National W.C.T.U. Publishing House
Evanston, Illinois

THE FINANCE COMPANY RACKET

BY ULRIC WHITAKER

WHEN John Jones buys an automobile, radio, or refrigerator on the dollar down plan, he seldom pays much attention to the papers he signs, and in the event that he does look at them, it is quite unlikely that he will understand their full meaning and purport. They usually consist of a personal statement to obtain credit, a conditional sales contract or chattel mortgage, and a note with power of attorney to confess judgment. To them may be added an assignment of wages.

These papers may be made out to the dealer who actually sells the goods or to the finance company which discounts the notes for him. In the event of a contest on the ground that the agreement is tainted with usury—and the rates of such contracts are usually from 35 to 50% *per annum*—the finance company is very quick to set up the wail that it is an innocent party, a *bona fide* purchaser for value, and that in any event the merchant merely charged a credit price higher than his cash sale price. The courts have commonly sustained such pleas, even though the ability required to figure out the true meaning of such contracts is far too much to expect from Jones, especially when there is no mention of interest as such, and the payments are divided into equal instalments. The joker lies in the fact that interest is usually calculated on the sum due at the beginning of the transaction, and not, as it should be, on the unpaid balance.

Another peculiar thing is the first clause in the personal statement that must be furnished by the purchaser in order to establish his credit. This clause recites that credit is extended by reason of reliance on such facts as are furnished by the purchaser in answer to the questions propounded in the statement, and that he warrants the same to be true. This makes it possible for the finance company, if there are any inaccuracies in the statement, to throw the purchaser in jail on charges of fraud. But as a practical matter, such a thing is hard to prove and is seldom attempted. The main purpose of the statement is simply to obtain a moral hold over the buyer, sufficient information to enable the finance company to trace him in the event that he is suddenly filled with a desire to leave the country without paying his debts, and a line on his financial responsibility. The questions asked are almost identical with those contained in the questionnaires that are shot at prospective employes by the large industrial corporations.

Another tricky instrument is the note with power of attorney to confess judgment. This means that at any time during the life of the note, upon default, the holder may go to any court of record, and without notice to Jones, or trial, or doing anything more than filing some papers, obtain a judgment for the amount due on the note. The holder can then garnish Jones's bank account or wages, levy on

and sell his household furniture, and in a great many other ways make him lament the day that he was ever enticed into the spider's web of easy payments.

The conditional sales agreement or the chattel mortgage, as the case may be, is an instrument pledging the property as security for the debt. The difference between the two is largely a matter of fine-spun legal theory. The practical result of this hair splitting may be an advantage to the finance company when it has one form of instrument as security instead of the other. Thus, the Supreme Court of Illinois has held that a conditional sales contract does not have to be recorded in order to be good as against third parties claiming under a sale or an attachment. The result is that the finance companies in that State prefer a conditional sales agreement to a chattel mortgage. In any event, the finance company retains title to the property as security for its debt.

The assignment of wages is a business that the courts have long looked on with disfavor. The grounds have been aptly stated in a case wherein such assignments of wages to be earned in the future were held void as against public policy because they led to the impoverishment of the individual. In some States the statutes provide that assignments shall not be effective six months after the date they are given, but the finance companies get around this by having the purchaser sign several assignments, leaving the date blank in each instrument. Then the company dates the assignment as of the day when it is mailed to or served on the delinquent's employer.

The assignment of wages gives the company a right to sue the employer in the event that he does not turn over the wages of the debtor. As a practical matter, however, the company will not bother with any such proceedings—not when it can

confess judgment on the note and institute garnishment proceedings. However, the employer and the employé can get together and beat either an assignment or a garnishment by a purported advance payment of wages or a loan made before the time of the receipt of the notice of assignment or the service of the garnishment summons. For if the employé either has no funds coming or actually owes his employer money, the latter naturally cannot be compelled to turn any wages over to a creditor.

II

After the sale of the article is completed (the finance company having satisfied itself, by investigation, as to the reliability of the purchaser), then the papers are turned over to the company and the dealer receives the actual balance due on the sale. He receives no part of the so-called enhanced credit price. Nor does the dealer endorse the note, or guarantee unconditionally the buyer's performance. As competition is very keen between the finance companies to obtain his business, he gives only a general assignment. This assignment merely guarantees that the signatures are genuine, that there has been an actual sale, and that the price and the down payment are as represented.

Sometimes a dealer tries to raise some cash by giving the finance company bogus paper with fake references. The signatures of responsible people are forged to the notes and the whole thing is made to look like a gilt-edged credit risk. When the company finds out what has been done things start happening to the dealer. His place of business is likely to be tied up by an attachment and his carcass thrown in jail on charges running from obtaining money under false pretenses to forgery.

Once the finance company has the dealer locked up and his property attached, every effort is made to get money from him or his relatives. If funds are forthcoming, the company obtains his release from custody and avoids being implicated in the compounding of a felony either by filing an affidavit that the whole thing was a mistake or by having the dealer's attorney slip the prosecutor some money to withdraw the indictment. But first the company takes a release from the dealer, in which he agrees not to sue for false arrest and imprisonment or to bring any other action against it for his incarceration.

When the company has completed a transaction with an honest dealer, a notice is sent to the purchaser telling him to direct all payments to the company's office. Experience shows that dealers make poor collectors. In addition, a number of other notices and another questionnaire are delivered to the purchaser. One of these notices informs him that the company is a *bona fide* purchaser for value of his note and hence free and clear of any rights that he may have as against the dealer. Also, that it is a criminal offense to remove mortgaged property from the State without the consent of the holder of the mortgage. The notice fails to add that a criminal intent to defraud the mortgagee is usually necessary in order to secure a conviction and that a mere joy ride across the State line and back in a car bought on the instalment plan is not evidence of such intent. The questionnaire is usually just another scheme to deprive the buyer of his rights against either the finance company or the dealer.

The usual practice is for the company to place and pay for the fire and theft insurance covering any article on which it has a mortgage. In this way it controls the settlement in the event of a loss and

also makes sure that there will be such insurance and that it will be in force. The questionnaire asks information as to license or motor numbers, as to whether or not the down payment was partly in notes to the dealer or all cash, and as to where the property is kept, and also demands that the purchaser state that the article was in perfect mechanical condition at the time of delivery. This to protect the dealer in the event of a defect or breach of warranty.

Obviously, it is to the advantage of the finance company to make down payments as heavy as possible, for the greater the payment, the greater the security. But the current competition for instalment paper is so keen that, in addition to employing salesmen to solicit business from dealers and merchants, the companies have been forced to lower the limits on down payments.

Once started on his payments, Jones is not bothered so long as he keeps them up. But let him delay a few days and things start happening to him. It is at this point that the pull men—according to a recent want ad they must be “over six feet tall and weighing over two hundred pounds”—enter the picture. These men are employed for the purpose of obtaining “peaceful repossession” of the mortgaged property. In practice this repossession may be anything but peaceful. They are paid about \$5 a repossession and the high-powered finance company executives see to it that they seldom earn over \$150 a month. The principle of the thing may be best explained by the old proverb that a hungry dog catches more rabbits.

If Jones becomes delinquent in his payments the collection manager studies the case with an eye to making money out of the situation. He checks up on the amount of property in Jones's possession

and finds out whether or not he is working, and if so, how much money he makes. Then the account is turned over to the pull men with instructions to go out and get the goods.

Under the mortgage the company is entitled only to a peaceful repossession, but as the pull man is paid only when he shows results, he is likely to do anything. He thinks nothing of wiring around ignition locks, towing away locked cars, breaking the windows to get into a locked house, or using a bolt cutter to remove the padlock from a garage door. Frequently he and the purchaser get into a fist fight, and there are few pull men who don't tote a gun. That such acts frequently amount to burglary or larceny bothers the pull men but little. Recruited as they are mainly from the lowest order of hoodlums, they are quite willing to take chances in order to earn \$5. Also, they know that the average person is not likely to get after them. Once in a while, however, they run into a tartar.

In one case the purchaser happened to be a Republican precinct captain. The finance company was, unfortunately, in complete ignorance of the fact. The purchaser told the pull man that there was a mistake somewhere and that he wanted to ride to the offices of the finance company and set matters to rights. In the meanwhile, he had tipped off the nearest police station and a squad car full of detectives was waiting around the corner. When the precinct captain and the pull man drove past, the detectives stopped them and took the pull man to the station on the ground that he was a suspicious character. As he had a police record and was carrying a gun without a permit, the company was glad to drop the case.

Another purchaser was even more cunning. He gave two \$10 bills to a brace of

policemen who were off duty that night. Then he put his car in his garage, locked it, and put a cheap padlock on the door. Then he saw to it that the pull man heard that he was not likely to be at home that night and that the car was in the garage. That night the pull man came down the alley, broke the padlock, opened the garage door and started to remove the automobile. About this time the purchaser and his two policemen grabbed him. At the station he was booked on a burglary charge and signed a confession after he had been given a thorough going-over with a rubber hose. In his confession he stated that he was merely following the orders given him by Mr. So-and-So of the Such-and-Such Finance Company. The Such-and-Such Finance Company was only too glad to settle the case with a substantial payment to the purchaser.

But the majority of those who make use of "consumers credit" are not nearly that cunning. And the pull men have little difficulty in their business unless the purchaser pulls up his stakes and leaves for parts unknown, taking the property with him. Of course, taking mortgaged property out of the State with intent to defraud the mortgagee is a crime, but the old problem of catching before hanging here enters the picture.

This question of tracing skips, as they are called, is one of the most vexatious things about the repossession and collection end of the racket. The larger companies maintain squads of girls who do nothing but make telephone calls, endeavoring to learn the whereabouts of the missing party. His references and relatives are called up and a great deal of deception is practiced. The call is ostensibly from some one of great interest to the purchaser. Fake offers of employment, old friends, or the So-and-So Trust Com-

pany trying to locate missing heirs are among the dodges resorted to by the skip tracers. The reason for the use of feminine telephone artists is that they are more successful and cost the company less money. For some reason or other people have less fear of talking to a woman than they have of talking to a man.

The expenditure of time and money is so great that the pull man usually makes little attempt to locate the missing party. Also, it is difficult—more so in connection with collection work on a percentage basis—for a pull man to obtain a correct accounting from the collection manager. For instance, if the pull man locates Jones and the resulting garnishment brings \$10, the collection manager may say that \$10 is all that is obtainable and that the employer fired Jones on receipt of the garnishment summons. The truth may be that Jones came in and settled up. Of course, the pull man might check up on this, but the upshot would be that he would find himself in search of another job.

III

After the repossession, whether by court action or by a so-called peaceful retaking, the company perfects its security by a sale of the article to the highest bidder. The sale, under the laws of some States, may have to be advertised, but such advertising is usually of the most formal nature—merely a few notices posted on an out-of-the-way bulletin-board in the courthouse and a small paragraph in a legal newspaper. A notice of sale, of course, is sent to the purchaser, but the notice means little. If the purchaser shows up, he is often informed that the sale is just over and that Mr. Doe purchased the car and is gone with it. Mr. Doe is usually an

undercover employé of the company. If a suit follows the question as to whether a sale actually took place and, if so, at what time, it becomes a matter of the purchaser's word against the testimony of the employés of the company. And the company's employés are usually more accustomed to testifying in court.

Following the sale, a statement of its yield and costs is sent to the purchaser. The costs are deducted from the alleged sale price of the article and the purchaser is given credit for the balance. Theoretically, he is entitled to any surplus, but the finance company sees to it that there is never a surplus. In some States a detailed statement showing the sale price, the name of the purchaser, the price brought by each article sold and the expenses incurred by the proceedings must be sent to the person whose property has been sold. Indeed, if such a statement is not furnished him within a definite period—the statutes usually say ten days—the mortgage holder becomes liable in damages to one third of the value of the articles sold. All of this, of course, is by statute. But there is no means of securing truth in such a statement when all of the witnesses to the transaction are under the control of an interested and unscrupulous party.

The sale price is usually set down at the lowest possible figure that the company thinks it can use without laying the transaction open to impeachment on the ground of fraud. Even the worst block-head would be likely to raise a tremendous howl over a proceeding by which the company actually kept the article and yet sued him for the rest of his payments. What the company does is to keep the value of the repossessed article as low as possible and then go after the purchaser for the amount remaining after deducting the supposed result of the sale from the

amount of the payments still due at the time of repossession.

All this may make some wonder why the courts tolerate such goings on. Well, just consider the situation of the parties. On one hand is a powerful, well-heeled organization with lawyers who have specialized in the legal aspects of the business, and on the other hand is an individual who is having a hard time to keep a roof over his head or else he would have kept up his payments. Then again, cases of this sort are usually brought up in courts of inferior jurisdiction, and such courts are often corrupt. For instance, think of the city magistrates of New York, or the Municipal Court of Chicago, with its judges' names found in gangsters' strong boxes. Not infrequently judges are *sub rosa* stockholders in the smaller finance companies or at least are very friendly to the company attorneys, who contribute to their campaign funds.

After the repossession the matter of the deficiency or difference between the so-called "repossession sale price" and the "balance due on the contract" becomes a matter of importance. The company starts out to collect it by confessing judgment on the instalment note—with added costs and attorney's fees—and then scouts around for assets of the debtor. A levy on his household goods may be resorted to, but usually some instalment furniture house has a chattel mortgage covering everything on the premises. Also, the exemption statutes are usually sufficient to protect the debtor. So the usual method is to tie up the purchaser's wages with a garnishment.

The finance company is not likely to put much reliance in the assignment of wages. Why should it when it can confess judgment on the note and get an additional attorney's fee that it can collect

and keep? Especially when the company has lawyers working for it on a salary basis. In the event that the employer ignores the assignment the finance company has only a right to sue him, and no finance company likes the prospect of a suit with a defendant who is amply able to take care of himself.

Some employers require an employé to show cause why he should not be discharged for causing them to be annoyed by such proceedings. Others require him to settle up on pain of summary dismissal. Still others will help the employé beat the garnishment by fixing up a fictitious advance payment of wages, or a phoney expense account, or some other dodge that will enable the employer to come into court and show that instead of having funds of the employé in his possession, he has really advanced the employé money. One large oil company has a questionnaire blank to be filled in by prospective employés that includes the question: "Will you consent to having your wages so arranged as to defeat any garnishment?" The employer's position is quite clear in such matters, as it costs him from \$10 to \$20 to file answer to a garnishment in addition to the nuisance the thing is to him.

Among the leading lights in the racket are certain mail order jewelry men. They are in the business of making instalment sales of small and readily concealable articles to purchasers scattered all over the United States. They advertise in the cheaper magazines and send catalogues describing their wares to the far ends of the earth. When the purchaser is a bit behind on his payments for a "lovely diamond solitaire engagement ring" or something of the sort (possibly he has tired of the lady) the company goes after him with a series of letters that inform him that he

has used the United States mails to defraud it. Unless he pays immediately it will have him in a cell before the week is over.

IV

Nearly every American town has a credit bureau or association that numbers most of the town merchants as members. Some of these organizations have a perfect system for collecting deficiency judgments. It is sometimes described as "refinancing the individual." When a purchaser bites off more than he can chew in the shape of radios, clothes for his family, instalment payments on a house in Swamp Manor, or the inevitable automobile, the situation is brought to the attention of the credit bureau manager. He will usually have an interest in what is now called sonorously an Industrial Loan Bank. Formerly such institutions went by the name of loan sharks. As the accredited representative of the village merchants, he will be listened to with respect by the community charitable organizations.

The unfortunate purchaser will first lose such portable articles as his radio set and automobile by the repossession route. The usual "sale" and notices will follow. Then the credit bureau, representing the merchants, will use its influence to turn the purchaser's employer into a collector. If the employer can't make the purchaser come across, then his employment is very

likely to terminate. After losing his job, and having his credit cut off at the local stores, he will try to find another position. But the credit bureau manager can usually start a silent but effective boycott against him. At last, starving, he may apply for charity, but here again the credit bureau manager is ahead of him.

Then the credit manager will send word for him to come to his office. Here the purchaser has the situation put up to him in plain terms—he can either pay up or starve. If he can't raise the money it is suggested that he go to the Industrial Loan Bank. Here he is forced to borrow money at rates of interest in excess of 35% *per annum*. Thus usury is added to usury. Also a determined effort is made to force him to obtain the signatures of his relatives as co-makers. As they are usually of the same social and economic position that he is, *i.e.*, poor people with large families, they sign rather than be forced to support him and his family. In the end they frequently have to pay the loan, the interest, and the added attorney's fees.

The whole trouble with the system is that a purchaser who has been through any such scheme of "refinancing" is likely to develop buying habits that will somewhat resemble the habits of the natives of Aberdeen, Scotland. Indeed, some of the lack of prosperity that is troubling the country today may be caused by too great an amount of "refinancing of the individual."

CHORAL

BY ELIZABETH LINDSAY

O H, stronger than the arms of love,
More bitter than the taste of tears,
And deeper than pain—
I will return to you, old mother,
To the cold and darkness of your green
secret caves,
To the quiet that underlies all sound and
chaos.

Out of you came life, oozing with slow
steps
Over shale and sand,
Forgetting you never.
The highest mountains are bone of your
making,
And all valleys nursed at your breast.

You are fierce and unbroken.
Man and his ships are your playthings:
Your heart is ice, and your ways not his
ways.

You are a hard mistress,
Laying relentless hands on shrinking shore
lines,
And devouring while you caress the earth.

Yet there is no music
Like the eternal
Plunging of waves, and the slow whisper

Of foam sucking back on the sand;
No dream sweet as the tang of salt air;
No tenderness
Like yours
For anemones
In sunlit pools of brown water.

Nothing human so clean and decent
As your crested disaster,
Which kills quickly
Or purges the soul
Of all but perfect endurance.

Ask the white bones on any tropic island,
Or the dim galleons, where the fishes play.
Ask the gray gulls
That cry along the coast of Cornwall
Out from Tintagel, in the Irish Sea.

My heart is full of the strange rightness
Of their song and its sorrow—
Hungry for the wake of a boat,
And its mottled green marble;
Sick of speech that could not be heard
In the knife-edged wind at the prow;
And sped like an arrow
To a horizon that is four-fold
And infinite in beauty,
In face of infinite space
And the peace of lost places.

THE DEMOCRATS MUST GO NATIVE!

BY JOHN HEMPHILL

THE present and increasing strife among the aspirants to the privilege of putting Mr. Hoover, next year, to the test of gnawing those chicken bones that three years ago he promised to keep on the back of the stoves in all of our two-car garage homes—this combat will unfortunately becloud, but it must not be permitted to obscure, the clear and essential obligation which rests upon the Democratic party. A sound, courageous and unequivocal platform is imperative. Of infinitely more importance than the scramble among the candidates is the necessity to vigorously and vehemently rededicate the party of Thomas Jefferson to its original creed, with due emphasis upon the doctrine of States' Rights. This is the Democrats' obligation of honor and heritage; it is likewise their privilege and opportunity. At one and the same time a strong and sound Jeffersonian platform will redeem with honor and reward with expediency. If the party dares to temporize or compromise with its inherited basic creed, now more than at any time within the past seventy years coming into its own, finally and rightfully, it will earn defeat and humiliation greater than it has ever suffered, even though its standard-bearer be an ideal one. But if it is faithful to its historic position, a justly deserved success is inevitable.

America does not need two Republican parties—one is plenty. The Democratic party must go native. It must return to its

early moorings, or a very large percentage of the voters of the United States, already dissatisfied with Republican centralization and the tendency toward empire, will likewise be disappointed in the Democratic party, and so seek salvation through the medium of other parties, some of which are sure to be unsound and dangerous to a constitutional Republic.

Yet every day and in every way, instead of waxing stronger and bolder, many of the Democratic leaders are growing more and more timid. As Mr. Hoover's leadership and the Republican party in general decay and disintegrate these Democratic leaders, fearful lest something be done that will impair the success that now seems almost assured, are inclined to shrink from the obvious and imperative duty, to the party and to the country, of a clear and courageous declaration of Jeffersonian Democracy. This cowardice seems to be almost the only thing working for Mr. Hoover and his reelection.

The leaders of the party in the South are reported to be reconciled to the choice of a nominee who is known to be wet, but they will not tolerate, it is said, a States' Rights declaration returning the police power involved in the regulation of intoxicating liquors where it belongs, to its only safe and sane repository—the several separate units of the sovereign States. They say they need a spineless, straddling platform for local consumption. Oh, shades of John C. Calhoun, harken unto that!

To avoid the logical consequences of the Democratic doctrine they and some Northern Democrats are attempting to set up other issues. Of course, there are other issues. But they are not controlling, and they will not even be important if this essential issue of States' Rights is to be cowardly avoided. For it is the keystone into which all the other issues dovetail.

The tax increase, the almost unbearable cost of government, offers a splendid example of the manner in which these other issues weave themselves into the pattern of States' Rights. The reason for the excessive cost of government is simply excessive government. We have too much centralization, too much bureaucracy, too much paternalism, too much interference, all of which is costly. The obvious cure is decentralization. Government is conducted more cheaply and more responsibly and responsively if Home Rule is emphasized.

Still another link is added to the chain, still another pressing issue dovetails into States' Rights, when we consider the present deplorable condition of economic maladjustment. Centralization, bureaucracy, the tax burden, governmental interference (as in gambling in wheat futures), unfair and uneconomic tariffs, and all the other things that have come to us with the Republican denial of States' Rights have played their part in bringing on the present depression. And the wastage of national Prohibition has increased both taxation and economic distress.

II

The four most urgent political issues of the day unquestionably are Prohibition, the tax burden, industrial maladjustment, and the tariff. Faithful adherence to the doctrine of States' Rights would work an absolute, and probably the only, cure for

the Prohibition muddle; it would work a substantial relief from the tax burden; and less obviously, but as surely in the end, it would relieve our industrial difficulties. Simplicity and economy in government, along with a tariff of reason instead of ruin, could accomplish a great deal toward relieving periods of depression and unemployment.

In their effort to avoid the Prohibition issue, some Democratic leaders argue that the depression should be the principal issue of the campaign. That is waving the bloody shirt inside out. That is the full dinner pail argument in reverse. And it is just as unfair and contemptible to bring it forward thus as it has been for Republicans to do the same thing in their own way, for lo, these seventy years. Of course, it is but human to rub a little turpentine into the wound of an opponent, and there naturally will be a lot of talk about Mr. Hoover's guaranty of permanent prosperity. But the depression in and of itself is not a political issue, and it would be just as unfair, just as contemptible and sordid, to try to make it one as were the practices of the Republicans who in the decades past attempted to associate hard times with Democratic administrations, that they might discredit their opponents and the sooner return to a theoretical full dinner pail, and the actual overflowing money bags of protectionists protecting politicians that politicians might protect protectionists.

It is true that there are certain political issues, such as the tariff and international relationships, that underlie this depression and economic maladjustment. Such basic things deserve and should have attention in the platform and the campaign. But no attempt should be made to make depression a major issue. Hundreds of thousands of votes will gravitate to the Democratic party in 1932 because of unrest and unem-

ployment. That natural flow should suffice. It would be unconscionable to attempt to augment it by ballyhoo.

What other issues are there comparable to the essentially basic one of States' Rights? What others have to do with the entire scheme of government? True, there is a growing demand to regulate more stringently the public utilities. But much of this propaganda comes from charlatans and self-seeking politicians; the truth of the matter is that the regulations are adequate now, if honestly and conscientiously enforced. Few people want to pass through another trust-busting period, such as that which ruined the railroads. There was some reason for it in Roosevelt's day because of the lack of regulations. But there is no need to be upset with that again, for we have all the regulations we need, and more beside. There is some doubt as to whether or not we are required to pay too much for electricity and gas. There can be no doubt that we pay too much for beer and wine. We spend a considerable portion of our resources trying to enforce a law to the defeat of which we devote a large part of our remaining means. America's boast of business efficiency has been laid low by America's hypocrisy and sentimentality. Compared to Prohibition the utility issue is, if not a myth, then a midget.

Nor does Senator La Follette contribute any vital issues when he suggests Federal aid for unemployed and provision for maternity aid. With the United States government failing to do what it has undertaken in Prohibition enforcement, it should not be ambitious to extend Federal paternalism to the unemployed and to mothers.

Nor does Senator Walsh contribute any vital issue when he suggests legislation providing for a five-day week. Business,

not government, must work out that problem. Premature meddling by law will only confuse things. The government should not enter this field until a proper exercise of police power requires it, and, when that happens, it should be done by the States, not by the nation.

Nor does Senator Hastings contribute anything, unless it be humor, when he argues that the issue of the coming campaign will be "education," which, so he explains, means that the people should be taught to appreciate Mr. Hoover!

III

So what have we for the issues of 1932? What have we for the Democratic platform? We have the same things that we had in 1840, when, for the first time, the Democratic party adopted a platform at Baltimore. The first two paragraphs of that document were as follows:

1. *Resolved*, That the Federal government is one of limited powers, derived solely from the Constitution, and the grants of power shown therein ought to be strictly construed by all the departments and agents of the government, and that it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional powers.

2. *Resolved*, That the Constitution does not confer upon the general government the power to commence and carry on a general system of internal improvements.

These two paragraphs are just as valid, just as sound, and just as compelling today as they were in 1840. More so in fact, for recently we have been faithless to this sound advice and have accordingly brought about a degree of chaos and corruption which can be cured only by a speedy return to the founders' principles. To republish these words in 1932 would be ideal. Little else would need to be covered, and we could avoid the silly habit that politi-

cal parties have fallen into of indulging in long, prolix, evasive and meaningless literary meanderings about the landscape, from Alaska to Armenia. Brevity, clarity and straightforwardness would tend to persuade the people that at last a political party was actually standing firmly and courageously for its principles, instead of attempting to catch a net by spreading a general confusion of bait.

The Democratic platform of 1840 contained 529 words and said something. The Democratic platform of 1924 ran to nearly 6000 words and said very little. A brief, clear and courageous declaration upon the vital and urgent issues, eliminating all platitudes, rhetorical evasions and lengthy argumentations, would command attention and respect from Maine to California.

There is no more need for a lengthy discussion of Republican corruption, as was indulged in in the 1924 platform, than there is for a recitation of the shocking facts of Prohibition corruption, hypocrisy and degradation. Everybody knows about both. There is no need to decry the practice of polygamy, which, according to the Prohibition platform of 1884, the Republican party was winking a jaded eye at. There is no need to declare in favor of peace on earth, as did the La Follette platform of 1924. There is nothing to be gained from lengthy dissertations upon "economy in government" and "orderly government" as in the Republican platform following President Harding's death. Nor is there any profit in tiresome outbursts upon matters as to which no civilized person would dissent, such as being fair to Mexico, Ireland, Armenia, Porto Rico, Alaska, the Philippines, Hawaii, Asiatic immigrants and various new nations, thus taking the risk of offending by omission England, France and Germany, as was done by the Democrats in 1920.

There is another failing of Democratic platforms. It is the "we denounce," "we condemn," "we deplore" complex. If a majority of the all too numerous paragraphs commence with these words and indulge in lengthy carping criticisms of opponents, the net result is that an atmosphere of defeatism permeates the entire document, and that which is affirmative is not retained in the memory of the reader. If broadsides at the enemy are in order, and they were never more so than today, let them be fired somewhere else. With the platform itself kept concise, such critical comments might be embodied, if the Republican state of health is not so low as to make playfulness brutality, in a resolution offering the perpetual prosperity gives a platform for their own use. Many things suggest themselves for such a platform. The following planks would no doubt be acceptable to Claudius Huston, if he can be found:

1. The Republican party declares that the office of President should be filled by a business man and engineer, and that every American family should at all times have a chicken on the fire and two cars in the garage.
2. The Republican party prides itself upon the useful discovery of housing the Cabinet in a roundhouse, so that the business recovery may always be seen just around the corner.
3. The Republican party's interest in foreign lands has been demonstrated by our driving, with our gigantic tariff barriers, the erstwhile protectionist manufacturer, who no longer contributes to us, out of our country to other lands, where foreign laborers may be employed with profit to him and American laborers may be thus protected against over-exertion.
4. The Republican party takes just pride in the fact that our Attorney-General declared it within the law to manufacture intoxicating liquors within the home before the Supreme Court declared it to be a crime to buy a cork at the store.

5. The Republican party takes just pride in the fact that it defeated the laws of supply and demand by gambling in wheat futures and by holding the wage scale intact by presidential manifesto when all else was deflated. It is promised that the party will soon overcome the law of gravitation.

6. The Republican party is pleased to announce that Mrs. Willebrandt's employment by the California wine-makers will not impair her interest in or usefulness to great Christian agents such as the Republican party, Bishop Cannon, and their allies.

7. The Republican party declares that the success or failure of the Noble Experiment cannot be judged accurately until it has grown whiskers and has been drawn about the walls of Troy.

IV

Clearly, the time is upon us to deflate political platforms. Likewise, the time has come when neglect or compromise with the sound doctrine of States' Rights will be suicidal for the Democratic party.

Since 1800 the party has accepted the responsibility of being the spokesman for and custodian of the decentralization theory of government, and since its first platform of ninety years ago its faith has been republished every four years. But the platforms of 1920, 1924 and 1928, although still containing broad and vague assurances of fidelity to this creed, neglected to apply it in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment and Prohibition. This inconsistency, this failure to square the declared theory with existing facts, was occasioned by political expediency and cowardice, both of which are qualities that deter public confidence. The party ceases to be a useful instrumentality of government if it fails or is unable to apply its theories to facts. A hundred and thirty years of work will go for naught, twenty national platforms will become meaning-

less words, and millions of followers and believers will find themselves betrayed if the party again fails to do the needful and courageous thing of applying the doctrine of States' Rights to national Prohibition, the open sore in our body politic.

If such a miserable neglect of duty, such a cowardly betrayal occurs, it will be brought about by reason of the fact that certain aspirants for high office have found it expedient to be timid. If the platform is straddling or evasive these self-seeking individuals must stand responsible for the party's treachery to its creed and its failure to grasp its opportunity. Every one of the contenders must think logically and with fidelity to party principles. Such of them as fail to announce the conclusion which must follow application of the theory to the facts will be richly entitled to the defeat that will follow inevitably. The defeat of such individuals who oppose a clear and courageous platform declaration at the convention will be the best possible insurance against defeat of the party at the election.

Soon or late the nation is going to require of some party a faithful and courageous adherence to the Jeffersonian concept of constitutional democracy. It is now the proud possession of the Democratic party, but if Democrats neglect it or forsake it, they will lose it, and in the losing they will be ruined and some new party will be made. It was fortunate for the party that it had a courageous candidate in 1928, for it then had a spineless platform declaration on this vivid and vital issue. That bold man saved the day for the party; saved it from the shame of cowardice and hypocrisy and infidelity to its principles. But it cannot happen again so fortuitously. The party platform itself must be clear and bold this time, and hereafter until the troublesome question of regulating intoxicants is returned to the

States for their control and management. Complete courage is essential; anything short of it will be ruinous.

The people of the United States will not stand by another four years while the Democrats ponder further as to whether or not they wish to be faithful to their ancient and honorable creed of Jeffersonianism. No, the very essence of the party professions of a century and a half will be stolen from them while they blink their eyes if they attempt that. The people are too thoroughly aroused to put up with dilatory tactics of local political expediency when the very peace and security of the country are in jeopardy. The folly of national Prohibition has been established as a fact. Its fallacy has been proved in practice. The hideous price the country pays in money and order precludes any

further delay in returning to sanity. The burden of the error is too great to long endure. Patriotic people are impatient to undo the mistake and to progress to better things. So naturally such courageous Republicans as Senator Morrow of New Jersey are going to insist that in 1932 the party of Jefferson must either be faithful to his sound and ancient creed or reconciled to losing it. It is a case of shoot or give up the gun.

The individual contenders for the presidential nomination are relatively unimportant as compared to the platform. It will be a most sacrificial and historically inexplicable act if the Democratic party fails in 1932 to lead the nation away from the corruption and chaos of Federal usurpation and back to the honesty and sanity of true constitutional democracy.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Engineering

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

THE writer on bridges in the new Encyclopedia Britannica passes over the Brooklyn Bridge with a single reference, and dwells on the relatively lesser achievements that followed it. It is almost fifty years since the Brooklyn Bridge was opened, and however this monument may look to the Britannica writer, it is still perhaps not only the most satisfactory object of Nineteenth Century engineering in America, but one of the best that can be shown anywhere. Our ignorance of the life and work of the men who created it is worthy of a nation that lets the inventor of the airplane languish in neglect in Dayton whilst it salutes with endless adulation the first Boy Scout who flew the Atlantic.

The Brooklyn Bridge was the conception and achievement of two men: John A. Roebling and his son Washington, loyally supported by a corps of workers whose dangers and difficulties they intimately shared. In order to understand the monument itself, one must know a little of the characters and personalities that stood behind it.

John Augustus Roebling was born in Mühlhausen, in Saxony, in 1806. He received his degree as an engineer at the Royal Polytechnic School in Berlin, after having studied architecture, bridge construction, and hydraulics: according to another biographical memoir, he studied philosophy with Hegel, "who avowed

that Roebling was his favorite pupil." After spending three years obligatory service with the state, as Superintendent of Public Works in Westphalia, he emigrated to the United States in 1831. He had \$3000 in capital, and with a few fellow immigrants he founded the village of Saxonburg, about twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh. Here Washington Roebling was born in 1837.

Those were the days when canal-boats made their way through the Alleghenies by means of long overhill portages, the whole boat being pulled up the steep incline. The ordinary Kentucky hemp rope used in such hauls frayed too quickly, and Roebling, whose first job was that of assistant engineer on the slack water navigation of Beaver river, invented the steel wire rope to take the place of the weak hemp, and set up a cable manufacturing plant. He had first seen a chain suspension bridge on a student tramp at Bamberg, and suspension bridges formed the subject of his graduation thesis in Berlin. He presently invented a suspension aqueduct to make the portage of a canal over a river, and using cable instead of chains, he built it in record time. Another step brought him to the design of the first cable suspension bridge, at Pittsburgh in 1846. In 1849 Roebling removed his wire-rope factory to Trenton, N. J. He was the architect of his own plant; he designed every piece of machinery in it. Like many other early industrialists—such as Robert Gair, the paper box manufacturer, for instance—he was a man of iron regularity

and inflexible will: he would call off a conference with a man who was five minutes late. He disciplined his family, apparently, with equal rigor. Indeed he anticipated the customs of Erewhon by regarding illness as a moral offense, and penalizing it severely.

But he was also an eager student of the new scene: in the midst of his inventions he read Emerson and wrote a long metaphysical treatise, over a thousand pages of manuscript, entitled "Roebing's Theory of the Universe." This manuscript and *Washington Roebing's life of his father* have both apparently been lost. Washington Roebing, after being graduated from the Rensselaer Polytechnic in 1857, assisted his father on the Allegheny Suspension Bridge; and during the Civil War he built suspension bridges for the Union Army and did balloon observation.

Manhattan Island needed a bridge connection with Long Island to supplement the ferries. The bitter Winter of 1866-1867, which froze the East River entirely and blocked ferryboat traffic, brought to a head the plan for a bridge, which the elder Roebing had broached in 1857. Nothing but his experience, his personal power, and his immense authority could have made the plan go through: a suspension bridge with towers 276 feet high and almost 1600 feet in the central span had not been built anywhere in the world, and even Roebing's success with the Niagara Suspension Bridge was no complete guarantee of success. By 1869, the design had come into existence. Unfortunately, as a result of an accident on a ferry, John Roebing acquired lockjaw and died, leaving behind little more than the sketch that Washington was left to work up into their masterpiece, provided he had the power to grapple with the many unsolved problems of construction.

Washington Roebing's heavy bullet head reminds one a little of Grant's: what it lacked of his father's granite intellectuality was made up for by an equally massive will. He threw himself into the work. In 1871 the foundations for the Brooklyn tower were sunk. The building of the New York tower involved a drastic decision: should he waste a year and possibly many lives in digging to bed rock, or should he let the sand distribute the weight of the caisson? He risked his reputation and his fortune on the decision; but he faced the possibility of seeing his tower slip into the river. That possibility must not have been absent from his mind until the cable and span were fixed.

The whole work of building the bridge was full of martial decisions and heroic sacrifices; the Civil War itself had been easier on Colonel Roebing. A fire took place in the caisson in 1871; and Roebing, who has spent more time than any of the workmen under compressed air, and who directed the fighting of the fire, acquired the bends, or caisson disease. He retired to a house on Columbia Heights; his wife used to sit at the window with a telescope and report on the progress of the work; and from his bed he directed every detail through his letters. In 1872, fearing that he might not live to finish the work, and knowing how incomplete all the plans and instructions were, he spent the Winter writing and drawing in all the details. A year later, after a cure in Wiesbaden, he was still too weak to talk for more than a few minutes.

Such heroism was not lost. The work went with a will. The little man on a white horse who commanded at Austerlitz never had a more devoted army. When the carriage for winding the cable was ready for trial, the first man to test

it out was not a common workman, but Frank Farrington, the master mechanic. As many as 600 men were employed at one time. More than twenty were fatally hurt. Several succumbed to caisson disease. But the granite towers rose: the nineteen strands were spun back and forth across the river and anchored: the girders were riveted: the bridge stood.

In 1883 the battle was over. The bridge was opened, and the Brooklyn Bridge took its place with the Eads Bridge at St. Louis and the Pont Garabit in France as one of the great victories of modern engineering. But it was more than that. If anyone doubts that a bridge is an æsthetic object, if anyone doubts that it reveals personality, let him compare the Brooklyn Bridge with the other suspension bridges on the same river. The first is classic. Like every positive creative work, it eludes analysis, in that its effect is disproportionate to the visible means, and it triumphs over one's objections even when it falls short of its highest possibilities.

There is no better appreciation of the bridge, so far as I know, than Montgomery Schuyler's contemporary estimate. His whole appraisal, in *American Architecture*, is worth examination; but here is the nub of it:

It is an organism of nature. There was no question in the mind of the designer of "good taste" or of appearance. He learned the law that struck its curves, the law that fixed the strength of the relation of its parts, and he applied the law. His work is beautiful, as the work of a shipbuilder is unfailingly beautiful in the forms and outlines in which he is only studying "what the water likes," without a thought of beauty. . . . Where a more massive material forbade him to skeletonize the structure, and the lines of effort and resistance needed to be brought out by modelling, he has failed to bring them

out, and his structure is only as impressive as it needs must be.

Still, to say that the masonry might have been better is a different thing from being able to point out a single architect who might have done it better. The Richardson of 1885 might have qualified, but the young romantic architect of 1870 would, I fear, have made a horrible botch of it. Schuyler objected to the towers on the ground that the stone does not reflect the passage of the cables over the cushions on which they rest; perhaps the greatest weakness is in the heavy rustication of the granite and the character of the stone cornice. But, particularly from the waterfront below, the piers are simple and convincing; at all events, they are the high water mark of American architecture in the period between the design of the Washington Monument and the last phase of Richardson. The stone plays against the steel: the heavy granite in compression, the spidery steel in tension. In this structure, the architecture of the past, massive and protective, meets the architecture of the future, light, aerial, open to sunlight, an architecture of voids rather than of solids.

The Brooklyn Bridge was both a fulfillment and a prophecy. In the use of steel in tension is disclosed a great range of new possibilities; for the great mission of steel as a building material is essentially to span and enclose space, and to remove the inconvenient bulkiness of bearing walls and stone columns. In its absence of ornament, its refusal to permit the steel to be other than its own unadorned reality, the Brooklyn Bridge pointed to the logic and æsthetics of the machine and it did this far more rigorously than its later rival, the Tour Eiffel in Paris, with its early Art Nouveau treatment of the base. Finally, the bridge

existed in its own right, independent of its influences and potentialities, as a work of art—a delight to artists and poets, but equally well appreciated by the man in the street.

This was not the first work of engineering to be a work of art; but it was the first product of the age of coal and iron to achieve this completeness of expression. It needed a man of John Roebling's intellectual and philosophic capacities to conceive such a clean untrammelled work; it needed Washington's courage to make it an actuality. Washington Roebling lingered on, once his great life-work was fulfilled, a soldier who had not the good fortune to die on the battlefield. He collected minerals, and found life a little bitter and sardonic, according to reports before his death in 1926.

The firm that John Roebling founded remains, too; but the heroism and the exploit of an untried problem has been diminished a little by routine: the new Hudson River Bridge is doubtless a mighty work, but in comparison with the knowledge, experience, and mechanical

powers available in 1869, the first is still the grander accomplishment.

If the lesson of the Brooklyn Bridge has been less potent in our engineering and our architecture than it should have been, it is perhaps because our engineering schools have had a narrower conception of the engineer's vocation and culture than John Roebling had. Their simple factual statements, their respect for materials, their willing anonymity are all fine qualities: in them is the making of a modern architectural vernacular. What is needed is an application of the method and attitude to something more than the bare mechanical problem.

But the lesson of the Brooklyn Bridge has not been altogether lost; far from it. Dams, waterworks, locks, bridges, power plants, factories—we begin to recognize these as important parts of the human environment. They are good or bad, efficient or inefficient, by something more than quantitative criteria. The Roeblings never used the word *aesthetics* in this relation, perhaps; but it was their great distinction to make it visible.

Surgery

SODIUM AMYTAL AS AN ANESTHETIC

By J. SHIRLEY SWEENEY

IN ATHENS, GA. in 1842, Mr. James Venable received a bill for \$2 from Dr. Crawford W. Long for an operation performed on Mr. Venable's wife. In this modest fee was included a charge for the first general anesthetic ever used—ether. The use of anesthetics is now such a universal practice that we hardly realize conditions prior to Dr. Long's discovery. Before it was made soporific potions were the only known means of securing any in-

sensibility to pain. The unfortunate patient was then tied and held forcibly while the harried surgeon hastily performed his operation. The use of ether by this obscure Georgia practitioner, unheralded at the time, marked the change which made modern surgery possible.

In 1854 a bill was pending in Congress to award the sum of \$100,000 to the "real discoverer" of anesthesia. Dr. Jackson of Boston had suggested the anesthetic properties of ether to Dr. William Morton, who gave the first public demonstration of its use at the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1846. Both physicians claimed the

Congressional award. But while the controversy was at its height, Senator Dawson announced Dr. Long's prior claim. Dr. Long had written to the Senator hoping to settle the dispute; he had no desire for any reward. The bill was therefore allowed to die.

With the successful demonstration of the use of ether in 1846 a new condition had been observed, a state of insensibility to pain, for which the prevailing terminology had no name. The scholar and physician, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, suggested the word anesthesia for the condition, and the term anesthetic for the substance. Morton and Jackson had attempted to patent ether under the name of "leth-con". Its use soon became general and in the next few decades rapid progress was made in the field of anesthesia. Probably the most notable early development was the use of chloroform as an obstetrical anesthetic by Dr. James Y. Simpson of Scotland in 1847. This doughty practitioner waged a valiant battle for the next few years against incredible opposition on religious and moral grounds to such interference with "Nature's course" in childbirth.

The next discoveries followed: the revival of nitrous oxide, suggested first in 1800 and used unsuccessfully as early as 1844; the first use of cocaine for local anesthesia in 1879; the continued experimentation since 1885 with various sorts of spinal anesthetics; the widely advertised twilight sleep—morphine combined with scopolamine—for obstetrical use; and the comparatively recent use of ethylene gas. Since the announcement and demonstration of these different anesthetics, they have been used singly and in combination in an effort to find some completely satisfactory agent. Their number and variety and the constant experimentation to im-

prove their use bear witness to the fact that the ideal anesthetic has not yet been developed.

The principal requisites of a general anesthetic are in the main twofold—first, to induce the state of anesthesia with a minimum of disagreeable mental and physical reactions; and second, to do the least possible damage to the body in the administration and elimination of the drug. A recently developed substance, sodium amytal (sodium iso-amyl-ethyl barbiturate), seems, at least as a supplementary or induction anesthetic, to fulfill these requirements with a marked degree of satisfaction. This drug is one of the so-called barbituric acid series, which were first used experimentally as anesthetic agents in 1920. Some of the barbituric acid derivatives sold today as proprietary preparations are barbital, veronal, allonal, ipral, luminal, neonal, amytal and their respective sodium salts. All the members of the group possess anesthetic properties in varying degree. They were once considered unsafe and had been virtually abandoned until 1929, when Drs. Zervas and McCallum of the Indianapolis City Hospital reported the successful induction of general anesthesia with sodium amytal in about 300 cases of general surgery. Since then the drug has been increasingly refined and is now marketed as an anhydrous crystalline powder which dissolves readily in water. It may be administered orally, rectally or intravenously, and in each case produces, if given in appropriate quantities, profound hypnotic sleep and insensibility to pain.

Sodium amytal has been used in various ways and various dosages in an effort to determine its value. Its use has been reported in nearly 3,000 cases. There is general agreement in regard to its usefulness as an anesthetic, but some divergence of

opinion as to the details of its administration. Further clinical experience is undoubtedly necessary to determine its right place in the list of accepted anesthetics, but the accumulated experience of many observers over a two-year period seems to justify a review of the results recorded.

For many minor procedures, such as reductions of fractures, curettages, and rectal operations, sodium amytal has been used as the sole anesthetic agent without any untoward effect. In fact, in some of the earlier trials of the drug it was used as the only anesthetic in major operations. But because of the difficulty in controlling its toxic effects, should they occur, it has become more or less the general practice to use it as a supplemental anesthetic, principally for inducing sleep. In such practice, nitrous oxide or ethylene gas, or ether, depending upon the degree of anesthesia desired, is used with it. In all cases a much smaller amount of them is required, the amount being diminished in some instances by as much as 80%.

There is very little agreement at the present time as to the dosage of sodium amytal. This is obviously due to the varying purposes for which it is employed. In the average patient, sleep can be induced within three to five minutes by approximately five grains, given slowly into the vein. Many observers have attempted to compute dosage on the basis of body weight, but this is rather difficult, due to individual susceptibilities. When it is given slowly, at the rate of about one-and-a-half grains a minute, the physical reaction of the patient to various stimuli is perhaps the best index to the degree of anesthesia produced. Generally speaking, the optimum dose for satisfactory induction is from seven to ten grains. The intravenous method of administration has been used and preferred in most cases.

To obtain the maximum anesthetic effect, preliminary medication is usually employed. Some surgeons use only morphine, and some morphine and atropine, while others use a hypnotic called chloretone, one hour or so before the operation. It is generally agreed that morphine, when given as a preliminary, renders the action of the sodium amytal more uniform. The effect of the latter when given intravenously is almost immediate. The patient becomes drowsy, yawns, his eyelids drop, his eyes focus with difficulty, his speech becomes slurred, and he passes rapidly and peacefully into a quiet sleep.

The pharmacological effects of the average dosages are not marked. Metabolically, there are only slight changes in the blood non-protein nitrogen and blood sugar, and in the carbon dioxide combining power. The urinary output is definitely decreased temporarily, but this depression is compensated for in that patients who have received sodium amytal are able to take water and other fluids much sooner than those who have received only ether, because of the absence of the usual post-anesthetic nausea. The blood pressure is almost uniformly lowered, dropping on an average of 30 points in most instances, when the patient loses consciousness. This effect contraindicates the use of the drug in certain conditions. It should be added, however, that the fall in pressure can be easily and effectively controlled. There is a mild effect on respiration. Breathing is usually regular in rate, but reduced.

The period of unconsciousness varies of course with the dosage used, lasting anywhere from three to twenty-four hours. As the effect of the drug wears off, there is a brief mildly restless period. The patient is disoriented and talks incoherently. On regaining consciousness, he may carry on a sensible conversation, but remembers

nothing of it when questioned later. In the hours that follow there is much drowsiness and the patient sleeps at short intervals, but upon being aroused is normally coöperative. Practically the same effects produced by intravenous administration can be obtained when the drug is given orally or rectally, but the time required to bring about the same degree of anesthesia is considerably longer.

One may ask at this point, What is the advantage of introducing a new anesthetic into the list of successfully used agents? The answer is that in its rôle as a means of inducing profound sleep and partial narcosis, sodium amytal has very definite advantages, both from the standpoint of surgeon and from that of the patient. Most patients contemplating a surgical operation have a distinct dread of the mask necessary for an inhalation anesthetic. Sodium amytal permits the induction of natural sleep without the disturbing and apprehensive struggling of a conscious patient. An equally undesirable feature of any operative experience is the post-operative nausea and vomiting, always made more nauseous by the stifling odor of ether. This is practically obviated by the use of sodium amytal, since the quantity of ether or other inhalation anesthetics used is so materially lessened.

The prolonged post-operative somnolence in sodium amytal cases is a distinct advantage in convalescence. It is believed also that in very sensitive individuals the operative shock is greatly diminished because of the avoidance of much of the disagreeable preliminary experience. It is the practice with very nervous patients to give the sodium amytal in the patient's own room. In this way he is not conscious of being transferred to the operating-room, and is entirely oblivious to further pre-operative preparation.

The administration of sodium amytal intravenously has some disadvantages. Among these are the danger from too rapid administration or from administration by inexperienced persons, the depressing effect mentioned above on respiration, kidney function and blood pressure, and the contraindication of the drug in individuals with abnormally high or low blood pressure, generalized arteriosclerosis, and such pulmonary diseases as bronchiectasis and lung abscesses. In general, it may be said that patients who are poor risks for any type of anesthetic may be considered poor risks for the use of sodium amytal as a preliminary hypnotic. The necessity for extra nursing due to the possibility of the patient's swallowing his tongue, and the importance of having him turned frequently to prevent pulmonary congestion constitute other disadvantages. Some of these disadvantages may be partially overcome by the oral or rectal administration of the drug. It is probable that it will come to be used largely in this way, reserving the intravenous method principally for emergency cases.

In addition to its use as a surgical anesthetic, there has been a small beginning made in the use of sodium amytal in obstetrics. Drs. Zerfas and McCallum and their associates have recorded its use in more than 100 cases. Their object in administering the drug has been to abolish pain, or at least the remembrance of it, during labor. Their conclusions, which other published evidence seems to corroborate, are that labor in most cases can be rendered practically painless with no evidence of harm to the mother or danger to the child. They did not find that sodium amytal had any appreciable effect in slowing either the rate or intensity of the uterine contractions. Its advantages over inhalation anesthetics in obstetrical opera-

tions such as Caesarean section on patients with tuberculosis or the toxemia of pregnancy are obvious. It has also proved of great value in eclamptic convulsions.

The chief disadvantage to its obstetrical use seems to be in the control of the occasional very restless patient. One death of a foetus has been recorded in a series of thirty-three cases. The cause of this death was not definitely determined but it was classified as being due to the use of the drug. There seems to be no evidence otherwise of any danger to the foetus when the mother is anesthetized with sodium amytal. Two investigators have conducted extensive experiments on white rats showing that it is not transmissible in any detectable degree from mother to foetus, and that it may be therefore used in labor without any danger to the child.

Its possibilities in the field of medicine as opposed to surgery and obstetrics are numerous. Until recently comparatively little has been written in this connection. Its greatest usefulness seems to be in controlling recurrent and protracted migrainous headaches associated with nausea and vomiting, in convulsions, and in certain otherwise unmanageable mental cases. It is generally considered as a specific in strychnine poisoning.

In summary, it may be said that there is sufficient reason to consider sodium amytal a valuable addition in the field of anesthesia. Its most useful rôle, however, will probably come to be that of a hypnotic, used primarily as a pre-anesthetic agent. Even in this limited application, it is a most acceptable and valuable adjunct to surgery.

PREPARING FOR THE NEXT WAR

BY HERBERT CLAIBORNE PELL

THERE is a good deal of talk of a possible war against the United States.

In the great wars of the past, we usually can see on one side a group of static nations, satisfied with things as they are, anxious to preserve their place in the best of all possible worlds, uniting against a dynamic challenger, whose expansion threatens their place and their preëminence. The new power of the intruder interferes with the comity in which they all live and which they call civilization, founded on the necessity of getting on somehow, and supported by a balance of hate and fear. The excuse for each struggle is different, but the circumstances are exactly the same. In our day, Europe headed by England fought off the challenge of Germany in the war which was to end war, and make the world safe for democracy. Another combination, headed by England a hundred years ago, fought the Corsican ogre in the cause of legitimacy, as it had fought Louis XIV in the interest of the balance of power, and Philip of Spain to protect Europe from the Scarlet Woman.

We may look back to the year 1900 and consider what indications there were at that time which should have shown an observing world that within twenty years there would be a union against Germany and its friends.

German shipping was challenging on every sea the old preëminence of England. German manufacturers were expanding

their trade in every country in the world at the expense of the long-established commerce of other nations. German banks were extending their control over foreign countries. The German financial organization, which had been practically non-existent in 1870, and had since then been almost entirely occupied with domestic affairs, was beginning to seek outside influence. All this aroused the hostility of Great Britain, based on the fear that the dreamy land of beer, hazy romances, and murky philosophy, which for centuries had furnished a large part of the human cattle whose slaughter had brought into the British Empire India, South Africa, and Canada, had suddenly begun to be a dangerous commercial competitor.

German finance practically controlled most of the industry of Italy and was developing a strong, though not a great place, in the economic structure of France, Spain and Russia. Everywhere the rising forces of this new nation bubbled against old inefficiencies made privileged by time. Those who were obliged to share or to surrender their preëminence resented the intruder.

The German foreign policy was usually conducted in the interests of the great German commercial enterprises, varied with sporadic explosions designed to affect internal politics. The Kaiser's outbursts against foreign countries were usually planned to draw votes away from the rising Socialist party at home.

At the same time, the great increase of

prosperity in Germany flooded the rest of Europe with a horde of eager and often ignorant tourists. There was hardly a restaurant in France or Italy where the regular customers did not resent the arrival of groups of Germans, who would come in with ponderous self-confidence and sit for hours, vocalising their food and swallowing their words. German professors measured the graves of heroes; German tourists picnicked in holy places. German museums and private connoisseurs had representatives at every sale in Europe.

The Germans spoke of themselves at this time as the innocent victims of envy and malice. If it could get the position in the world that it deserved and if the honesty of its motives would only be trusted, good old Germany would not hurt a fly. The fact that German policy, German business, and German people roused the fear and the dislike of all the rest of Europe appeared to them as not only unjust but utterly incomprehensible. Why should they be suspected? Why should they not receive the position in the world which was due to their manifest qualities?

On the other hand, no European industry could be sure that it was not going to be struck down by German competition in the near future. Every politician in Europe feared the demands of a Foreign Office desirous only to serve the big business interests of Germany and backed by the second fleet in the world.

There were many, however, who said that there could never be a war between England and Germany. Von Moltke's saying was much quoted: "There are many ways of getting an army into England, but no way of getting one out." Bismarck jovially laughed at the idea of a fight between a whale and a bear. Much was made of the relations of the Dear Queen and the Germanic affiliations of the British Royal

Family. It was unthinkable that there could be a fratricidal war between the divisions of the great Teutonic race. There would be something too monstrous, something against nature, in a war between England and its traditional friend.

But gradually the force of circumstance changed all this. The men who had expressed their horror at the degenerate frog-eaters' ill treatment of Captain Dreyfus now began to formulate the *entente cordiale*. The race which in 1908 sickened with horror at the wickedness of Leopold II, who had under their noses snatched a great colony in the Congo, soon had nothing but praise for gallant little Belgium.

II

Most of these things exist today in the foreign relations of the United States. Our country has certainly expanded its place in the world. Thirty years ago European politicians thought of the United States less than today they think of Bolivia. It was a far distant country to which many of their compatriots had gone, in which a few of their more adventurous financiers had placed the money of some of their friends. Occasionally, a prosperous traveller of an unusual type would pass by who would be recognized as an American, but on the whole the United States was scarcely ever in the minds of the European politicians of the '90's. To the vast body of the people it was a sort of fairyland as far removed as the moon, in which roast pigs wandered up and down the golden streets. This idea was fostered by the fact that the emigrants were not of a class that wrote home frequently, and that European travellers in America, even when not interested in promoting some financial ballyhoo, usually saw only the successes.

When our navy annihilated two Spanish

fleets, the more astute and observant people in Europe began to realize that the United States had become a power to be considered. At the outbreak of the Spanish War, most of the continental countries believed that the Spanish Army and Navy were infinitely superior to ours. The English, who had more investments in the United States, and also a greater interest in non-European affairs, alone realized that the Spaniards would find a stronger enemy in the United States than they had in Montezuma.

About 1900, the United States found itself for the first time able to finance its own development, but until 1914 its financiers still confined themselves almost exclusively to domestic enterprises. At the outbreak of the European War the United States had a manufacturing organization quite equal to that of any other country, but it was almost entirely occupied with satisfying domestic wants. Except for raw materials, no very great proportion of our produce was exported and, although obviously economically at least as strong and self-sufficient as any other country in the world, we were not a serious competitor of the European nations in their scramble for undeveloped markets. Our economic system had destroyed our shipping.

As soon as the war broke out, the dominant fleet of the Allies took command of the sea. The manufactures of the great civilized nations of Europe practically ceased. The economic resources of the United States were called on to supply England and its allies with war materials and also with what they had previously imported from Germany, or produced by the labor of the men now engaged in war activities. South American demands, which in the past had been filled in Germany or in England, had to be met.

The natural result was that the American commercial system was tremendously

speeded up, its production enormously increased, and that in payment for the one-sided commerce of three years, we not only received back most of the American securities which in the past had been absorbed in Europe, but also a great number of evidences of new debt owed to us. We became at one stroke a creditor nation. We now have a manufacturing plant that can produce as much as all the rest of the world put together. A nation of little over a hundred million, we consume almost as much as do all the rest of the two billion human beings on earth.

Thus the United States in fifteen years has changed from a golden myth to a dominating power, and Uncle Sam from Santa Claus to an ogre. In a speech delivered in Congress in 1920 I prophesied that in a few years there would not be a politician in Europe who would not blame the United States and its rapacity for the hard times of his country, and for the results of his own extravagance and inefficiency. This prophecy has been only too well fulfilled. There is not a financier in London who sees the rise of the United States as anything other than an attack on the position that England has held these hundred years. There is not a manufacturer in all of Europe who sees his export trade cut into by American business who does not feel that he is the unjust victim of the grasping Yankee. Every government in Europe, in its effort to make the tax burden more palatable, is trying to show to the slowly recovering nations that a large part of their burden comes from the effort to satisfy the demands of the United States.

There can be no doubt in the world that the unsettled question of the war debts is poisoning the relations of the United States with the rest of the world, and forcing a genuine union of Europe against us. It may be the judgment of history that Mel-

lon will have been more successful in uniting Europe than was Woodrow Wilson.

The Allies feel that the United States was their partner in the war, that we had an interest in it equal to that of England. Victory, they believe, meant as much to the United States as it did to them and it seems only proper that the United States should bear willingly and without complaint its share of the burden. France does not expect England to send men to replace those killed in the war. England does not expect France to build a fleet for the British owners who lost their vessels by the submarine warfare. Why, therefore, should the United States ask payment for money and war materials advanced for the common cause?

If we accept their premiss—that the United States was equally interested with them in the war and its prosecution—then we must also accept their conclusion. The truth is inconceivable to Europeans. No Englishman or Frenchman can possibly be made to believe that up till 1917 the people of the United States took about the same interest in the war as they did in the Davis cup, that when Mr. Wilson delivered his war message to Congress, at least four-fifths of the people of the United States would have voted for peace if it had been put up to them, and that at that time no one had the remotest idea that the war would involve the United States in anything more than a naval demonstration and the raising of a volunteer army. They cannot understand that to this day the vast majority of the people of the United States resent the very fact of the war, that they feel that the United States was bamboozled into helping to an enormous extent a cause in which it had no real interest, and that those who deluded us with propaganda and gained from our sacrifice are unwilling now to bear their share of the burden.

This difference is irreconcilable, not because either or both sides are pig-headed and wrong, but for the far more serious reason that both sides are calm, open-minded, and right.

This question of international debts is and will remain an unclosed sore into which all of the venom of commercial rivalry will be poured. It is becoming more and more apparent to Europe that no one nation can make head alone against the United States. There is today every indication that there will be formed in a few years another union of static nations to oppose the advance of another challenger.

The people of the United States cannot be made to feel that they are doing a wrong in taking that which the Lord has given them. The people of Europe feel that they are justified in trying to keep that which America is taking from them. Both are right, and each side is conscious of the justice of its position. No one could criticize the propriety of the United States' claim that it is entitled to the fruits due to its economic power, nor can we complain of a European desirous of holding that which he has held in the past. Both aspirations are legitimate and honorable, but they are utterly inconsistent. We cannot expand *in vacuo*.

There is not in Europe a manufacturer of bottles or of carpenters' tools, of expensive silks or of picture postcards, or any of the products of human industry, who does not realize that with another turn of the wheel America may do to his export trade—and export trade, it must be remembered, is more important to the European manufacturers than to our own—what it has already done to the export trade of every automobile manufacturer in Europe. To-day in France you will see French cars and American. In Germany you will see German cars and American; in Austria,

Austrian cars and American. No European typewriter ever crosses a frontier, but American writing machines are to be found everywhere. This is the American menace—the Yankee Peril.

The problem of the American invasion and the necessity of uniting against it is apparent to every European. Some of the great industries, notably steel and oil, are uniting without regard to international boundaries, to protect themselves from American competition.

III

The change in European public opinion about the United States has been perfectly extraordinary during the last ten years. In 1918 there was not a forward-looking person in the world, among the Allies, or on the other side, or among the neutrals, who did not turn to the United States with hope for encouragement, assistance, and inspiration. Our foreign policy has changed all this. Ten years ago we were contemplated with admiration. Through successive stages of bewilderment, misunderstanding and contempt the attitude is turning to dislike.

For ten years our foreign policy has been directed, as was the policy of Germany in 1900, to the sole purpose of advancing the interests of American Big Business, with occasionally prostitutions to domestic political needs. American speculators and concessionnaires in Central America, fomenting revolutions for their own profit, have found the armed forces of the United States turned over to them for aid in their exploitation of unfortunate and feeble peoples. Our attitude toward the great nations of Europe has been directed almost entirely by the strength of their organized vote in America. We fling a deliberate insult in the face of Japan in order to affect

the elections in a couple of California counties. We offer Italy a low rate for its bond settlement and demand a high one of France, because there are more Italians voting in the United States than there are Frenchmen. Our government has refused to recognize the obvious connection between reparations and debts, because it has feared for the Republican vote in Milwaukee. The enormous capital of respect, admiration, and affection for the United States, accumulated in 1918, has been almost entirely spent, partly to serve our dominant financial interests and partly as a political party contribution.

In the meanwhile, the huge crowd of American tourists, in spite of the amount of money they spend, are not exactly casting oil on the troubled waters. In most cases the criticism of them is unjustified. The vast majority of them are serious and rather intelligent people who are really anxious to see foreign countries and quite willing to understand foreign points of view, and to suit themselves to foreign customs. The American, as a rule, is more adaptable and more willing to understand than is the citizen of any other country. As a nation, we have not the insular self-satisfaction of the English, who usually regard everything not done as "at home" as being *ipso facto* wrongly done, or the intolerant bumptiousness of the old travelling German, or, save in a few cases, the blank ignorance of a foreign point of view that is so usual in France.

There are, however, among so many, a considerable number of American tourists as vulgar, conspicuous, and arrogant as any I have ever seen from any country in the world. Unfortunately, it is from such people that we are judged. The serious American traveller is hardly recognized as such. The Americans who are studying or seeing sights, resting or attending to their

own business, will attract little attention. Those who know them will probably like them, but nevertheless, the ones who, unfortunately for us, are regarded as the typical product of our civilization are the men and women who on almost nightly drunken orgies rush from one vile resort to another. It is a fact that most of these places are kept open almost exclusively for this type of American tourist, and are practically shut down when the tourist season ends. They loudly complain at every European custom, rule of life, or article of food, to which they are unhabituated. Their shouts against the hours and the diet of other countries they have the impudence to call patriotic.

It is a difficult matter to convince the average Frenchman that the noisy gang that he sees is only a very small proportion of the Americans in the world, and not even a very large one of the Americans actually in Paris. There have been thousands of American women who have seen the sights of Italy. The average Italian considers them nothing but women, possibly foreign women, but certainly not particularly as Americans. Recently a group of girls rushed shouting into an Italian church, and one of them proceeded to sit on the altar and rouge her lips. It is from this exceptional type that the Italian will draw his opinion of our people.

No nation is ever judged by its best, but by its most conspicuous and most offensive. It is quite certain that if a large number of English, French, German, or Italian travelers were to appear in any American town, the people would regard the worst as being the average.

Most intelligent observers in Europe understand this condition and are being driven by necessity to prepare for it. Consciously or unconsciously, old rivalries and hatreds are being pushed into the back-

ground. Jealousy is being swallowed up by fear. It is becoming more and more apparent that there is no third possibility: Europe must unite, or live under either American commercial control or Russian political domination.

The most practical and intelligent proposal is for a very considerable decrease in the intra-European commercial duties, coupled with a high rate against the products of non-European nations. This would give the European manufacturer a market of approximately the same area as the American, and with about twice as many customers. He would then be able to afford those expensive economies that make American cheap production possible. Europe, united commercially, would be able to present a solid front to the United States, and once the fear of American competition was removed, hatred of America would be materially lessened.

Europe, in spite of its increased interest in America, still has a tendency to look on our prosperity as a product of magic, either black or white, and, with slightly more justification, to accept what we say of it. The Europeans believe that the prosperity of the United States is due to a protective system, and fail to realize, as in fact do most Americans, that the high standard of living in the United States is only possible because America is the largest free trade area in the world. The American manufacturer in New England can buy cotton from Texas or from Georgia; his machinery is mined in Minnesota, smelted in Ohio, fabricated in New York, and finally set up in Rhode Island. His product is then turned out on a market of a hundred and thirty million people. Naturally, he is able to pay his hands more and sell his product for less than the European manufacturer. He is practically in the position in which a Dutch manufacturer would be who bought

his cotton in Egypt or Morocco, and used an engine made in Belgium, of metal smelted in France and mined in the Hartz mountains, and then found that he could sell his product throughout Western Europe without the payment of a cent of duty.

The alternative before Europe unquestionably is to unite or perish. If the beginnings of a commercial union are made soon, there should be no danger of a war, but if no such union is attempted, the hostility begot unconsciously by commercial rivalry and fear may get out of control and result in an armed collision.

IV

There is always a tendency in any country to regard the acts of the citizens of any other as being the result of a profoundly considered policy. The idea that, in foreign countries, one man does as he wants and so does another, without regard to each other's interests or even against them, is very difficult for the average man to understand, no matter where he lives, and if he finds himself suffering as a result of these actions he is certain to think that they are part of a coördinated design.

On the other hand, it is very rare to find a man who will be able to realize that there is any pattern or tendency at all in his own country. All he can see is the bitter competition between his compatriots, who appear to him to be a struggling and contentious group fighting against the well-organized foreigners. An American who would roar with laughter at the suggestion that Ford, Studebaker, and General Motors were united in a brotherly and loyal band, organized with the deliberate purpose of ruining particular European industries, cannot be made to realize that there is such a thing as business rivalry across the frontier. The same thing is true everywhere.

Europe today is convinced that there is in the United States a well-worked-out plan to expand politically in Central and South America, and economically throughout the world. To support this belief there are adduced scattered facts and quotations which seem to be as cogent and certainly are as convincing as those gathered by the English propagandists twenty years ago against Germany and which may well be used for the same purpose.

There is, however, one new factor quite different from anything which existed in 1900 and that is the Soviet Republic. Every nation in Europe realizes that a war against the United States, even by the strongest possible coalition, would be difficult, costly and arduous and that, during its course, both sides would suffer reverses, and that the reverses of the European countries would be Russia's opportunity.

It would be difficult to induce those who fought for four years in order to end war and have since lived on the dole, to respond with any great enthusiasm to further exploitation, and the supply of continental dupes will be very low for a long time. The relatives of the Frenchmen who died to enable England to rule over East Africa and over the Pacific, whose blood was spent like water to reestablish the British thalassocracy, will not again be gulled.

It is perfectly apparent that no attack can be made on the Western coast of the United States without the assistance or at least the connivance and sympathy of Japan and also that our Atlantic coast cannot be approached by any hostile nation without the active aid of England. I do not mean to say that it will be impossible for any country to pester the United States or to spend a certain amount of its time in bothering us in small ways, but an actual war against the United States unaided by England is inconceivable. It is as impossible as

would be a war between Bohemia and Bolivia; there is no possible way in which a physical contact between the fighting forces could be made. No Italian government, for example, would dare to send a serious number of soldiers or a large part of the Italian fleet through the Straits of Gibraltar unless it was absolutely certain that England would let them back. This would be as true of a war between Italy and Venezuela as it would be of a war between Italy and the United States. The French could not leave their African colonies bare of soldiers unless they felt absolutely certain that the English would not grasp the opportunity offered them.

What I am stating is a physical fact and is not dependent on the character of the nations involved but is a necessary inference from their strength and from their geographical situation. The rule, of course, works both ways. The United States could not send a corporal's guard to attack Albania or Siam unless we had the assurance that the English or the Japanese, as the case might be, would not interfere. In the same way, we could certainly say that no nation without the consent and the approval of the United States could venture to attack Mexico or Cuba. During the time that the United States was engaged in the Civil War such an expedition against Mexico was tried by the French, but as soon as the Civil War was over it had to be abandoned.

Now it is perfectly obvious that at the first relief from pressure on the Far East, the Russians would move into Manchuria and Korea, and again become an active threat to the Japanese; and as far as the English are concerned, it is more than likely that the last English transport headed west would not be clear of the Channel before the first fur hat began to peep over the Himalaya mountains.

For this reason a strong Russia cannot help being of great value to the United States. Twenty-five years ago I remember being severely criticized for my openly expressed hope that the Russians would win the war against Japan. I was then asked how it was possible for a man of democratic beliefs to hope for the victory of the tyrannical government of the Czar. I answered then as I answer now when I am asked how it is possible for a man of my belief to hope for the success of the wicked Soviets, that it makes no difference whatsoever what type of government may be in control of Russia—Russia by its position will always be an aid to the United States. The strength of Russia under any kind of government is a threat to all the physically possible enemies of the United States. I do not say probable, but possible enemies. Nothing could be more stupid than for the United States to finance anti-Russian movements or to make the way hard for the Russian government. Russia cannot by any conceivable possibility strike the United States, and it will always be a threat to any nation seriously opposing us.

Russia, under whatever government, is more than half of Europe and almost a half of Asia. Russia, Empire or Republic, rules over the greatest contiguous area in the world. Without colonies, it extends from eternal ice to palm trees; from very near the Atlantic and the Mediterranean on the one side to the Pacific on the other; the old Russian Empire covered very nearly ninety degrees of longitude. Dinner will not begin at Leningrad until after tomorrow's breakfast at Behring Strait. The huge inchoate and ill-organized force controlled from Moscow is deprived of all outlet to unfrozen seas and, under Czar or Soviet, the desire for the unfrozen sea is and must be the vital inspiration of all Russian foreign policy.

From this, it is kept primarily by those nations which are the necessary physical basis of any attack on us.

If the power of Russia should roll toward the Pacific, it would be met with the armies of Japan, and if it should lurch to Constantinople or toward the Persian Gulf, it would be the fleets and armies of England that would check its advance. Always and under whatever government, Russia must look with a hostile eye to those powers which block its expansion toward open water and must always see in their weakness a circumstance of favor. They in their turn must always consider the danger of a Russian avalanche when composing their foreign policy.

The Imperial Russian fleet in the Hudson may some time be succeeded by a Soviet air squadron, inspired, as was the fleet, by the realization of a common interest. I want also to commend this point of view to the admirers of England—a strong Russia will do much to preserve our friendship with Great Britain. The Japanese, it may be remembered, were the “Yankees of the East,” “gallant little brown men,” polite, courteous and friendly until after the fall of Port Arthur and the surrender of Kuropatkin. It was not until then that we heard of a Japanese menace. As long as there was across the Yellow Sea a power which they regarded with fear, their attitude to the more distant United States was

courteous and charming in the extreme. Among the Atlantic nations, as long as the German fleet remained above water, we heard much about the *entente cordiale* between France and England, and over here we heard much about the mother country and the common tongue of Milton and Shakespeare, but the *entente cordiale* sank at Scapa Flow with the fleet which created it, and the Anglo-Saxon race is heard of today only in the mouthings of the Ku Klux Klan and of the English Speaking Union.

Blood is thicker than water. The Russian Army may take the place of the German Fleet as a thickener of blood. We may be quite certain that if the Five-Year Plan works, blood will be like molasses.

For the last ten years, our government has offended every great nation in the world to placate one group of stupid and selfish citizens, and to placate another it has stripped the country of its proper means of defense.

There is no reason for living in a fool's paradise. Whatever our motives may have been, we have succeeded in arousing suspicion and dislike, and we must do one of two things: either reestablish the friendship and respect of ten years ago, or prepare to fight against a united Europe, which is the inevitable consequence of the continuation of our present policy.

SENATORS INVESTIGATE INDIANS

BY ERNA FERGUSON

C^{RISTINO} from Jemez was on the stand—a fat fellow with a perpetual grin on his swarthy face. In a dirty pink shirt, overalls and moccasins, Cristino had come to tell his troubles to the senatorial sub-committee on Indian affairs, sitting at Albuquerque. He complained that by order of the governor of his pueblo he had been deprived of part of his land and denied enough water from the communal ditch to irrigate the rest.

Cristino and his interpreter faced five United States Senators. Senator Frazier of North Dakota presided. His large bald head topped a huge still body, and his face and mouth were so unmoving that one could not be sure when he spoke. Beside him sat Senators Wheeler of Montana and Thomas of Oklahoma. Senator Thomas, quiet, dignified, and with a buttoned-up mouth, spoke little and then only to learn definite facts about how Indians live and work, and what might be done to make their lives easier, their work more productive and better.

Senator Wheeler was the heckler. His fuzzy hair haloed around a bald spot and his keen, mobile face was expressive of disgust, amusement, boredom, impatience. The other two were the Senators from New Mexico, Messrs. Bratton and Cutting, sitting as courtesy members. Senator Bratton is a young fellow with red hair and a judicial manner, a good balance to Senator Wheeler's quick partisanship. Senator Cutting speaks with a Harvard accent, ren-

dered even more æsthetic by a slight impediment.

Senator Wheeler asked most of the questions.

"Why did the governor deprive you of your land?"

"Because I did not pay the fine."

"What fine?"

"The fine the governor put."

"What fine did the governor put?"

"\$150."

"Yes, yes," waving his glasses in annoyance, "I understand that, but *why* did the governor fine you?" Then to the interpreter, "You ask him why he was fined. What was his offense? You understand, don't you?"

One of the principal advantages of speaking through an interpreter is that inconvenient questions can be evaded. There was much that Cristino did not care to go into. The Senators learned, however, that he had been fined because he went to Gallup to dance after the governor had forbidden the young men to go. To *dance*? Yes, to dance.

The Senators showed no understanding of the fact that an Indian dance is a prayer—that these young men, dancing for money in a white man's show, were desecrating their religion. However unworthy the governor's act, it represented the effort of a dying people to protect their religion and maintain their right to practice it. This right was guaranteed to them by the United States, which ever since,

through Indian schools and the intrusion of missionaries, has tried to wean their children away from the ancestral faiths. Naturally, the old Indians fight, and fight hard, to preserve them.

The Senators were indignant over Cristino's wrongs. The religious aspect of the case was not explained to them. They summoned the Indian agent to explain why he did not prevent such injustice. The agent, very polite, explained that the government of the United States has very limited powers in the internal affairs of an Indian pueblo. These little mud villages are, under treaty, almost as apart from the United States and from the State of New Mexico as though they were foreign and sovereign states. The Indian agent, as the representative of the United States may, and does, advise. The Indians then do just as they please.

"Maybe," said Senator Wheeler, smiling, "maybe that's why we find the Pueblos so much more advanced than any other Indians."

The Senators promised Cristino relief, if it should take an act of Congress to protect him.

All unknowing they had come to the brink of the great chasm which separates the Indian from the American. These primitive people are living in the communal stage of development, on the borders of barbarism. The modern notion of individualism is centuries away from them. Their entire religious and social organization is founded on the concept of the group. Individual Indians, forced or weaned away from this communal life, are bewildered and unhappy. With few exceptions, they cannot adjust themselves to a civilization in which every man is on his own.

But under the new administration of Indian affairs this is just what they are

expected to do. Dr. Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, has announced that within twenty-five years the Indian Service will have worked itself out of a job; all the Indians will have been absorbed into the white man's life. By government ukase, according to the Secretary, these primitive people are to skip several centuries of normal development and become units in the Industrial Age. Then they will have all the advantages of civilization, including unemployment. Secretary Wilbur overlooks the fact that the advance of a race cannot be hastened by merely saying that it shall be so. The senatorial sub-committee, when it first came to New Mexico, overlooked it too. By the end of the visit there were unmistakable signs of the seepage of light into the senatorial cranium. But on the first day the Senators' questions were like this:

An Indian agent on the stand.

SENATOR WHEELER—How many of these Indians get jobs when they leave the schools?

THE AGENT—Very few. I don't know how many.

THE SENATOR—Why don't they? Why don't you know? Don't you try to place them?

THE AGENT—We place very few. We have no employment agency.

THE SENATOR—Why don't you? Don't you think you should have an employment agency? What do these educated Indians do?

THE AGENT—Most of them go back home and farm.

THE SENATOR—Do you mean to say that you let these Indians drift back to their villages and revert to their old ways?

The agent, always polite, did not ask the Senator why it is reverting for a man who is a farmer to go home and farm. Would this be true of farmers in Montana? When they choose to farm are they reverting? Nobody asked the Senator.

II

In the pueblo of Santo Domingo the Senators met the Indian governors. In a large adobe room a long table had been provided for the committee and the stenographers, and chairs for the visitors. Blankets, silver belts, woven garments, and fox skins hung against the white-washed walls. Men walked about with dried sun-flower stalks which they lit at the corner fire-place and passed to the smokers. The floor was strewn with dried corn husks with which the listening Indians rolled their cigarettes, lit them from the glowing tip of the sunflower stalks, and smoked.

The audience was more picturesque than in Albuquerque. A few interested whites had come: artists from Santa Fé, Indian Service people, writers from Eastern magazines and newspapers. The Indians were of every type from the product of the schools to old men with noble heads rising from their blankets. Young men in store clothes listened with dark eager faces, understanding everything, not in the least awed by the Senators. The old men listened as attentively as though they understood. Now and then a young man would interpret for an old one in a quick guttural Indian tongue.

The governor of Cochití was called. He was a tall youngish man in a flowered silk shirt, a scarlet head-band. He was José Alcarío Montoya. Most Indians in the Rio Grande valley have Spanish names, due to several centuries of Catholic baptism. José recited his grievances and demands. Cochití wanted a larger school, the right to cut timber for houses, a highway into the pueblo, a telephone, daily mail service.

"You seem to be a very progressive people," remarked Senator Frazier.

"We try to be," answered the modest governor. Internal affairs, he said, were good. But he spoke too soon. A young man arose in the back of the room and asked to speak.

"I come from Cochití," he said. "We have fractions in Cochití, and I represent the progressive fraction."

According to this unsolicited witness, the internal affairs of the pueblo were not as serene as the governor had indicated. The Progressives, nine families, were not notified of elections, were given no accounting of pueblo funds, were discriminated against in the matter of water for irrigation. The governor, called to defend himself, said that the accounts were open, that the Progressives refused to do as they were told. He implied that they were a good deal of a nuisance at best.

Senator Frazier suggested that they should organize and get control. If they could not do that, "then," he told them, "you are just where you are now. Your vote wouldn't count if you did have it, anyhow."

Thus one Progressive to another.

Senator Wheeler was somewhat more drastic.

"See here," said he, "it's up to you fellows to get along together. You can't expect Congress to do anything for you unless you can get along together." Excellent advice for Progressives—in an Indian pueblo. Then to the governor, "These fellows have got to have a square deal. If we hear any more about your discriminating against them, Congress will have to take some action —"

Threat and promise. The senatorial mind at its best.

The governor of Jemez was called. Three men came forward. The governor, José Toledo, was a gentle-faced man of the old school. He walked with the dignity

of one who represents his people before an august tribunal. He held a blanket about his body and he carried two canes decorated with ribbons. The interpreter, a much younger man, also wore a blanket. The third was a tall heavy man with a countenance which might have been the original Great Stone Face: heavily lined and with a mouth shirred into rigid lips. A straggling moustache emphasized its stern hardness.

His position was not explained, but those in the know recognized the power behind the governor and the council at Jemez, the old boy who could probably give Tammany lessons.

The governor and the interpreter were sworn.

"Y'sweartellwholetruth, nothinbuttruth?" rattled Senator Frazier. "Yunstan?"

The governor and the interpreter understood. The Senators were interested in the canes the governor carried. One was inscribed, "A. Lincoln, Jemez Pueblo, 1863." Every pueblo has one like it. A dime dangled among the ribbons. "That is for United States," explained the interpreter. On the head of the other, or Spanish, cane was a symbol the Senators did not understand. "It is a cross," the interpreter explained courteously.

The interpreter, speaking for the governor, made a formal statement. The Senators hastened that. They were ready for Jemez. This was the governor who had so misused Cristino. Question after question was shot at the interpreter, who painstakingly translated.

"Did you deprive this man of water?"

"We did."

"Why?"

"Because he did not obey."

"What did he do?"

"He did not pay the fine."

"Why was he fined?"

"He did not obey the council."

"How did he disobey the council?"

"He did not pay the fine."

"But why did they fine him? For what?"

"He did not obey."

After about an hour of this, laboring in two languages to bring forth nothing at all, the Senators began to weaken. The governor, the interpreter, and Great Stone Face stood quiet, calm, and self-possessed. The man was fined because he did not obey. That was all. Demands. Threats. Senatorial bluster. Increased calm on the part of the Indians. Delight among the audience. Whites who knew something of Indians, and Indians were equally amused. Even Cristino, the culprit, the wronged one, rolled against the door jamb in pleasure at seeing his people triumph. Even Cristino, who might be whipped next week for his participation in this hearing, demonstrated that he, as one of an Indian commune, preferred to stand with his own against the world.

At last the governor condescended to let go one bit of information.

"They stole dance costumes."

"Well," said Senator Wheeler, "you've got to stop such punishments for such trivial matters."

The desecration of a people's religion, the selling of the properties of that religion, the defiance of properly constituted authority are trivial matters—in an Indian pueblo!

The governor had had enough. Slowly, word by word, the interpreter made his final statement:

"If you want to know more details, we cannot tell you. It is private matters."

Senator Wheeler mopped his brow wearily.

"That fellow," he said to a newspaper man, "is worse than Will Hays."

III

The next day the Senators elected to sit in Santa Fé. Maybe they felt safer in a courtroom—or more at home. They heard the governors of many pueblos. When all the Indians had had their chance, the Senators settled down with white witnesses into a mass of detail about Indian land and water rights, about the encroachment of white settlers, about the proper compensation due the Indians for losses they had suffered because of the negligence of their guardian, the United States.

Late in the afternoon the Indians began to go home, leaving their destinies, as they are fated to do, in the hands of white people.

A young man from Laguna rose and asked to be heard.

"Can't hear you," said Senator Frazier. "You Indians have all had a chance to be heard. You're too late."

"Just one minute, please, Senator."

"Oh, all right. Make it snappy."

"We are from Laguna, Senator. We have come a long way to tell you of our people, of our problems, of what we need. We thank you that you have heard us so well, that you have come so far to give us a chance to speak for our people. We thank you. We go home now. We are glad to meet you. We hope you will come again to New Mexico to see us. We thank you."

"Oh, all right," said the Senator.

THE EXQUISITE AMERICAN

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

EVERY now and then somebody makes me feel very embarrassed by taking it for granted that I, as an Englishman, must have a much better command of the language than Americans. This is not primarily because I happen to be a professor of English literature. Most people have already dimly discovered that professors rarely have a real understanding of literature, and a few people even guess the cause: that the dreary researches necessary for obtaining a Ph.D. degree generally destroy any love that the candidate may have had for the beauty of words. At the end of the process he emerges with a dissertation—and a ruined sense of style.

I get of course, as does every professor of English, a letter from time to time that solemnly seeks the authority of my decision on some grammatical point. For instance, not very long ago I was consulted by one of the heads of a Western railway who wanted to know whether a locomotive could be spoken of as he or (on the analogy of a ship) as she. My reply suggesting a careful examination of the engine's bearings before deciding so delicate a matter, was, I fear, regarded as being in bad taste.

But I am not referring to consultations of this sort. In a much larger sense I find it assumed that an Englishman writes and speaks his language much better than an American.

I can readily comprehend how Frenchmen, or Italians, or Spaniards living here

can entertain this idea. They have in many cases learned the rudiments of our tongue in their own country; which means that they have endured a severe drilling in grammar. Moreover, the precision of their Latin minds makes them notice every lapse from correctness. All round them they hear Americans using constructions and terms that they cannot find in their dictionaries, so they naturally rate English English higher than American English.

Why Americans should do the same thing puzzles me a good deal. Lest I should be thought to be exaggerating I hasten to add that this notion prevails only among the better educated among them. The others, if they think about the matter at all, have no doubt that, just as Americans do everything else better than Englishmen, so they speak English better. People who listened in to the King speaking over the radio wondered if they had got the right wave-length. For His Majesty, strange to say, never dropped any h's, and actually spoke the King's English.

Any thoroughly literate person who has read up to this point will hardly need my disclaimer against being a master of prose style. While I have my little bag of parlor tricks and am able, on the proper occasion, to indulge myself in a few airs and graces, I am aware that my manner of writing is, even at its best, far from being a model, and that often, owing to the hasty way I am obliged to write, it is on a deplorably low level. That, however, is not just now

the question. I am still wondering why so many Americans should so exalt educated Englishmen, and to their own disadvantage. For as I grow increasingly impressed with the literary power visible in America, I am less and less inclined to accord the writers of my own country a position higher than American writers have won, or are winning.

II

The United States has not yet of course produced a man in the same class with Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dickens. Nor has it produced more than a few writers of unquestionable greatness. Even during the last hundred years the American literary output has been decidedly inferior, both in quantity and quality, to the English. Only now is America catching up. But that it is doing so is the important point.

I do not intend, however, to make any effort to compare the respective merits of contemporary writers on the two sides of the Atlantic. It is enough for my present purpose that I have indicated my own opinion. I have other fish to fry at this moment, and I am going to try to find out what are the distinguishing characteristics of American writers, what is the nature of the American creative genius.

First let me say that I believe the current literary fever, the *cacoethes scribendi* that has seized so many people in America, is symptomatic of something else beside an obvious incidental futility. This perfectly appalling torrent of writing can, I know, be partly accounted for on several grounds that have no connection with that creative energy which I surmise. Far more people go to college in America than in any other country in the world; there is therefore a very wide dissemination of culture. Being

myself a professor, I am painfully aware how superficial this culture of most college graduates is; and that, as Mr. Taft once said, in every class five per cent pass *cum laude*, and fifty per cent *mirabile dictu*. But still a vast number of people are exposed to culture; and it is too often the mark of the half-baked man that he wants to write.

Many of these are under the illusion that they will be able to make money with their pens; and they do learn a formula in their courses in the short-story that enables them to sell a few stories before growing too sterile even for the popular magazines. But others, suffering from the unfortunate effects of a badly assimilated education working upon their vanity, struggle for the fame which they imagine awaits them.

A good many of these subside into the literary circles of women's clubs, or into the little theatre movement, or even into the poetry magazines, where they are able to exercise what talents they have without doing the world any special harm, even if they do it no special benefit.

These ineffectual souls have their own sort of vision; some spark of divine fire has touched their brains to keep them going at all. Yet apart from the tens of thousands of such hangers-on of literature, America manages to support thousands of men and women who can consider themselves professional writers. It is true that most of them have some additional means of livelihood; otherwise they would speedily starve. But they find writing to be a not unremunerative side-line, and in some instances they produce work of real literary merit.

The magazines are their chief means of support; and there are so many magazines in America. The charge that they set a premium upon uninspired competence is to a great extent true; but compared with

the magazines Europe perpetrates (if we make a dozen or so exceptions) their contributions are positively distinguished.

America does at least demand a decent level of efficiency. In no department of activity would she tolerate the kind of hopeless duffer whom you will often find in high places in my own country. Lord Randolph Churchill was no duffer; neither is Mr. Lloyd George: on the contrary, the one man was a brilliant amateur, and the other is a brilliant humbug. But they will serve to illustrate my point. Churchill, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, upon being questioned in the House of Commons about some figures in his budget, breezily confessed concerning decimals that he did not know what the "damned dots" meant. And Lloyd George, in the days during which, having tripped poor Asquith up, he went out to save the country, when tackled over some statement of his about "forty per cent", broke down in his explanation, and let everybody see that he was not quite clear as to the import of the phrase. That sort of thing could never happen in America. The most hill-billy Congressman would be better informed.

And so, in every department of what is sometimes called the writing game (with the exception of journalism) the American is never allowed to do his job so badly as many an Englishman does his. No American publisher would look at the rubbishy books which appear in cartloads every year in England, and therefore (one must suppose) find a market. Even if the American higher literary levels are not so high as the English (which I question) there can be no ground for argument that the English low levels are yards below the worst that the United States can be accused of.

I am not attempting, however, to rest any case on this. I mention it merely in

passing, so as to clear the ground, as I have also mentioned that large class who never do more than achieve a dull average. My point is that the enormous literary output of America, though mechanically stimulated by a widespread education and easy opportunities for publication, is ultimately to be traced to a very genuine hunger for literary expression. Bewildered, side-tracked or prostituted as it may be, it stands for something creative. Toward what goal the artistic soul of the nation is making is now the question to which I must address myself.

III

My firm belief is that the natural bent of Americans is toward fastidious delicacy rather than toward that elemental forcefulness upon which Americans often like to plume themselves. Since the days of Jefferson Brick, and no doubt before those days, there have always been people who liked to shout that the libation of Freedom must sometimes be quaffed in blood. Americans are forever characterizing themselves as a people of phenomenal virility—masterful, untamed he-men. This, I take it, is due to the national memory of the days when the wilderness had to be subdued by bold, rough-handed men among whom the gentler graces of life could have very little sway.

What is overlooked is that such men never thought of themselves as red-blooded, two-fisted he-men. The only men they met were men like themselves, brawny and brave; and they supposed that only such men existed. Directly a man becomes conscious of his virility you may know that he is deficient in that quality.

The vast majority of Americans think of Europeans as effete. Europeans do not think of Americans as effete, though they

might with some justice do so did they understand to what extent the older stocks of the country need the replenishing vigor of those immigrants who now do most of the obscure hard work of the nation. Europeans do, however, regard—and with a good deal of surprise—such Americans as they encounter at close quarters as being somewhat lacking in energy. They see that Americans are immensely vivacious; but also observe that they put far more of themselves into their play than into their work.

Life in truth has dealt altogether too easily with Americans. Their prosperity was not won without effort, and prodigious effort; but to retain it no great effort has been needed. They live more softly than Europeans, and show it.

What I am trying to say is that America is living upon the great legend of Daniel Boone and the Leather-Stocking Tales, while giving most of its thought to the refinements of civilization. Americans in a happy dream walk about as though they still had powder-horns at their belts, while busily surrounding themselves with porcelain bathtubs, radios, electric iceboxes and motor-cars. I am far from denying that these are good things in their way (though there are some things still better); but I do say that this heaping up of comforts is sybaritic. Indeed, I am sure that Americans themselves realize this, however dimly. How else are we to account for the enthusiasm with which millions of them deliberately rough it every Summer in camp or log-cabin?

But we may notice how every year the shacks become more luxurious. The porcelain tubs and the radios and the frigidaire are imported to the wilds of Maine or Wisconsin. Soon the only thing rough about the decidedly commodious log-cabins will be their unfinished exteriors. The uneasy

he-men will have to keep alive their virility by wearing lumber-jackets, swearing with increased emphasis and ingenuity, and chewing tobacco. How else are they going to retain faith in their abundant virility?

It must not be supposed that I am objecting to the cult of the camp. I far prefer that sort of thing to the luxurious dismal hotels of Atlantic City. But I do believe that the conscious seeking of it is ominous. I am afraid that it will end by the pretense breaking down, and Atlantic City spreading itself along the entire length of the Atlantic seaboard.

I should be afraid of this, did I not cherish, for reasons of my own, a hope for other things to happen. America would eventually come to find herself lapped in slumber among the *débris* of her comforts were there not in her a spiritual stirring which I, with some confidence, expect to see fulfilled.

In other words, and more explicitly, I am looking for the American genius to be devoted less to practical and more to speculative matters. The two-fisted he-men who are now so thoroughly cowed at home by their women folk, and who can call their souls their own only in their offices, will pass, along with all the symbols of Babbitry; and in science and art America will make her great contribution to the world. That, at any rate, is my dream.

Accordingly I note in her literature the two tendencies—the one, which I believe to be false, toward a rowdy celebration of democracy and sweat; the other, which I believe to be true, toward an exquisite sensitiveness. Anybody who likes to do so may take Whitman as a representative of the first tendency, and Henry James of the second.

I have deep respect for Whitman's gargantuan powers of expression, but since I

was eighteen I have not been able to read him without a feeling of unutterable boredom. This is because I believe what he is saying is very largely nonsense. He reduces himself to absurdity in a hundred different places.

To cotton-field drudge or cleaner of
privies I lean,
On his right cheek I put the family kiss.

I believe in the liberty, equality and fraternity of democracy; but really, if I am to be asked to embrace Whitman's cleaner of privies, I must be excused from being so democratic as all that. And I cannot feel convinced that Whitman is so democratic as all that either. What he is really doing is to put his mythical Americano upon a mystical pedestal, so that effete Europe may be dumbfounded with wonder. I am no more persuaded by this kind of thing than by that teetotal novel which in his youth he wrote upon the stimulation of gin. He remained, in fact, throughout his life, all ginned up, though, being at bottom an extremely shrewd fellow, he soon saw how vapid were his early sentimental lyrics (the feeblest poems ever written by a great poet) and decided to make a legend of America and himself. "Bearded, sun-burnt, gray-necked, forbidding, I have arrived"—the perfect he-man. He will therefore tell you that to him the scent of his arm-pits is an aroma finer than prayer, and sound his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

But his real gift is expressed,—though even there somewhat too wordily, in my opinion—in such splendid poems as "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking", and "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed". Here we have the roll of those waves to which he listened on the shores of Long Island, and that almost tremulous tenderness which was far more genuine

than all his deliberately assumed violence. He was very fond of throwing out hints about the many children which he, red-blooded fellow that he was, had begotten; but nobody, so far as I know, actually saw these children. My private guess is that they were mythical, that Whitman was probably incompetent, and that his pose of virility was assumed in order to conceal his deficiency.

I am always suspicious of professions, of whatever sort, that are too loud. It is monstrous good fun to wait until one can catch a writer of the hard-boiled school off his guard, and discover that, when encountered at the right moment, he is rather more sentimental than most people. In the same way, after Carl Sandburg has finished bellowing in most strident tones a poem about "Chicago, hog-butcher of the world!" he will creep away by himself and note with a delicately observant eye the fog coming over the city on soft cat-like feet. Out of the blaring rag-time of "The Congo", Vachel Lindsay manages to alchemize a thing made of gossamer spangled with dew:

And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,
Knee-skirts trimmed with the jessamine sweet,
And bells on their ankles and little black feet.

It must be understood that the last thing in my mind is a wish to make any complaint about this: on the contrary, I applaud. But without a particle of malice I feel somewhat amused. For after the American's conception of himself as a great big strong fellow with hair on his chest, who eats beefsteak for breakfast, and can lick any wop in the world with one hand tied behind his back, it is distinctly

pleasant to find that his special aptitude is for finesse.

About the writers of the great New England school I shall have a word to say later. But those closer to ourselves, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Cabell, Hergesheimer, Elinor Wylie, Robinson, and Willa Cather are all characterized by extreme delicacy of expression, sometimes of an exceedingly fine-drawn order. Even the bucolic Frost, for all his easy conversational tone, must be included here; for he will be seen, upon close examination, to be exact, and exactitude is the most delicate of all things. His passion for precision is not less than Henry James's, if his style is much less tortuous. Even Sherwood Anderson, fumbling and stumbling to say what he has in his mind, possesses the same temper. There are many wonderful passages on the craft of letters in "A Story Teller's Story" which show an artistic sensitiveness as acute as that of Flaubert. Here is one of them:

There is no reason at all why I should not have been able, by the instrumentality of these little words, why I should not have been able to give you the very smell of the little street wherein I just walked, made you feel just the way the evening light fell over the faces of the houses and the people—the half moon through the branches of that old cherry tree that was all but dead but that had the one branch alive, the branch that touched the window where the boy stood with his foot up, lacing his shoe. And there was the dog sleeping in the dust of the road and making a little whining sound out of his dreams and the girl on a nearby street who was learning to ride a bicycle.

These the materials of the story-writer's craft, these and the little words that must be made to run into sentences and paragraphs; now slow and haltingly, now quickly, swiftly, now singing like a woman's voice in a dark house in a dark street at midnight, now viciously, threateningly, like wolves running in a Winter forest of the North.

Now and then there is a certain awkwardness, but the feeling for delicacy is unmistakable. Poor Dreiser has it too, though upon the whole I should describe him as being, rather than an American tragedy, a Teutonic muddle.

I do not find in the English writers, to the same extent, this agonized hunger for delicate exactness. It is true that nobody ever wrote English prose more perfectly than Max Beerbohm, or English verse more perfectly than A. E. Housman; but, apart from these and other notable exceptions, the tradition of English men of letters is that of a good deal of indulgence toward untidiness. From Chaucer down they nearly all show a decided tendency to sprawl and let those who do not like it go to the devil. But as contrasted with American writers they possess a portentous fecundity. They are coarse and reeking in their robustious energy. We may take as their symbol the hand of Scott that from the opposite window was watched moving over the paper from morning to night without pause. It was this titanic strength that produced "Woodstock" in three weeks; and it does not stand alone. We see it in Dumas sitting all day in a shop window in Paris smoking cigar after cigar and writing page after page; and, but little diminished, we find it again in Wells beginning a novel on the same day that he finished one, or in the prolific Chesterton dictating an article over the telephone.

Where shall we match that in America, unless it be in the astonishing fertility of Eugene O'Neill? And, after all, playwrighting calls (I imagine) for less physical effort than any other form of writing. "Give me a condor's quill! Give me Vesuvius' crater for an inkstand!" shouted Melville; but his energy was insane and destroyed him. Most American writers are much more modest in their demands.

IV

At its commencement American literature was frost-bitten with Calvinism and paralyzed with a sense of its inferiority to the literature of England. The superb commonsense of Franklin, and the fact that he made no pretension to being a man of letters, saved him; but for a long time American writers cultivated an artificial elegance. Even Cooper's first novel was written in imitation of the insipid English romances that were his wife's favorite reading. Trying to be well-bred, it succeeded merely in being negative.

This could hardly have been otherwise. For the circumstances of the man of letters were dreadfully arid, as Freneau and later Bryant complained. The macaberesque genius of Poe battled bravely but in vain; for America had hardly yet grasped the idea that literature might possibly be an American thing.

Even the later writers had a sense of spiritual isolation, which resulted in a good deal of mild eccentricity. Thoreau went off to his woods, and Emerson hitched his wagon to a star. Hence there was that curious hodge-podge of marble fauns, Spanish romance, English squires, and Oversouls that constituted the American literature of the early Nineteenth Century.

Yet precisely because it did not deal as a rule with the alien facts of American life, American literature was accepted on nearly equal terms by England. Lowell and Holmes and Hawthorne and Longfellow were read as largely abroad as at home.

Even at that time, however, the English were always hoping that American authors should be as wild and woolly as their nationality demanded. Sometimes they got what they were hoping for, and then they took Artemus Ward to their bosoms. But their suspicions were never fully justified

until Whitman started bellowing about his *Americanos* and *camarados*. This made them blessed beyond their fondest dreams. Here was the perfect American author—or one perfect except for his missing lariat and revolver.

The thing still goes on. Englishmen are always secretly disappointed when they find Americans to be (whether in life or literature) highly polished, as they nearly always are. They have to extract a half-hearted consolation in catching these unaccountably fastidious people in solecisms of diction and grammar, which they then scornfully label *Americanisms*. And the best of them, it must be confessed, yield matter on this score, either ignoring the proper use of the subjunctive or (more gorgeous still) flourishing it while obviously incapacitated for understanding that English mystery. And—heavens above!—what do not the Americans perpetrate in the way of adverbs! A few cultivated ones, echoing the English sniggers, gave President Harding's *illy*, like his *normalcy*, a derisive intonation. But Harding was not the only one to use *illy*. Melville has it; and Cabell (that beautiful stylist, despite Mrs. Gerould and Mrs. Grundy) actually writes, though I doubt whether he says, *kindlily*!

The search for the American savage is, after all, poor sport; but it continues. Vachel Lindsay once spoke bitterly to me of the way his English publishers, without consulting him, brought out his volume "The Golden Whales of California" under the title of "The Daniel Jazz."

Yet, apart from these strictures, England has usually treated American authors pretty well. It is true that now and then she neglects an important writer (but she does that with her own); and Mr. Robinson, though he is lectured upon at the Sorbonne and treated with immense respect in the

French high-brow reviews, is hardly known among my own people. On the other hand Frost arrived in England an unknown man, and returned to the United States a couple of years later famous because garlanded with English praise. He had busily written in the lovely English countryside poems that reflected only the loveliness, and the tartness, of his stony New England hills.

The English are almost wholly innocent, whatever exasperated Americans may think, of any anti-American feeling in literary affairs. Melville was discovered by Masefield and Barrie. And I heard on two separate occasions Mrs. Meynell—the most exacting of critics—speak of the superiority of American women novelists to their English sisters and—this seems a little too much!—admire a copy of Mr. Braithwaite's anthology of magazine verse. "We couldn't produce", she said, "a book of the sort nearly so good here."

V

Americans have been periodically exercised about the production of an authentic literature since Emerson wrote his famous essay on the American scholar. It deals with the question only in very general terms, and the acute critical intelligence of Van Wyck Brooks was needed for the analysis of the conditions under, and against, which the American writer must work. All the same Emerson had a number of sensible things to say.

He stood in a middle position between Longfellow and Whitman, both of whom discussed the same problem. Longfellow in his dialogue on an American literature, also showed himself full of Yankee shrewdness, and his argument that American literature is not an imitation but a continuation of English literature would be unan-

swerable except for one fundamental misapprehension. He held that Americans "are, in fact, English under a different sky." But he could not foresee how radically the racial stock in the United States would be affected by immigration, and he did not allow sufficiently, I think, for the influence that a different sky (and a different landscape) were destined to have.

Whitman, standing at the other extreme, divined the truth that America was something in many respects fundamentally different from Europe. But he proposed to make a clean sweep of everything European, which was *his* mistake. Yet his genius, despite all its aberrations and limitations, came nearer the mark than the rich culture of Longfellow. "The Americans", he writes, in his preface to "Leaves of Grass", "of all nations at any time upon the earth, have probably the fullest poetical nature. The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem." But in "Democratic Vistas" he does worse than indulge in harmless hyperbole: he gets on the wrong track:

America demands a poetry that is bold, modern, and all-surrounding and kosmical, as she is herself. . . . It must bend its vision towards the future, more than the past. Like America, it must extricate itself from even the greatest models of the past, and, while courteous to them, must have entire faith in itself, and the products of its own democratic spirit only. Like her, it must place in the van, and hold up at all hazards, the banner of the divine pride of man in himself.

And to return to his preface again, he makes the largeness of the country, "its mighty amplitude", an index of the largeness of the spirit of its art.

Here, I think, he is talking nonsense. What has the mere size of America got to do with the kind of literature she is to produce? Canada and Siberia are even

larger; but I have yet to hear of any overwhelming artistic feats performed in those countries. China and India, on the other hand, have contributed much to the various departments of art—and have specialized in intricacy rather than in majesty of design; while Athens and Palestine achieved their greatest triumphs in effects of unsurpassed grandeur. In the city state of Florence burned the majestic imagination of Dante. In the little island of England arose the geniuses that could produce “King Lear” and “Paradise Lost.”

America has never produced a work of titanic vigor. Carving colossal figures on a mountain-side does not necessarily mean that imaginative splendor is released. And, in literature, America’s two works on the grand scale, “Leaves of Grass” and “Moby Dick,” show signs of excessive strain, and in each case exhausted the theme and the author.

If I write as a prophet I write also as a diagnostician. In our literature England will continue to give the gusto—more than ever if she loses her empire and concentrates her creative powers at home; while America will contribute the grace, the

subtlety, the exquisiteness, the delicacy, the dainty sophistication. Though I have never thought it wise for so many American artists to live abroad—since they depart with the evident idea that art is an exotic thing—I believe that they are guided wisely to this extent: they almost always choose to live in France instead of England. For they dimly recognize that the genius of their country is Gallic rather than (to use a familiar but exceedingly silly word for the sake of clearness) Anglo-Saxon.

America might well produce a Jane Austen; she will never produce a Dickens. She has produced (with every right to glory in the fact) a Poe and a Robinson; she will never produce a Byron or a Browning. And lest anybody should imagine that I purpose disparagement, I add that I read Poe and Robinson with quite as much pleasure as I read Byron and Browning, and Jane Austen with quite as much admiration (and nearly as much pleasure) as I read Dickens. But the large, expansive, and (to quote Whitman) “kosmical” style in literature is English; where the fine, delicate, subtle style is American.

RIO GRANDE

BY HARVEY FERGUSON

IV. *The Rise and Fall of the Mountain Men*¹

WHEN civilization penetrates a new country mountains are always the last barriers to be surmounted and the last areas to be settled and tamed. In fact, mountains are never wholly subdued as valleys and prairies are. Even when cities sit at their feet they still keep in their hearts some unconquerable wilderness where roads cannot go and the earth will yield nothing to human labor.

Few mountain ranges have more of this resistant quality than the Rockies. Only a tiny fraction of their surface is arable and all of their upper levels are buried under deep snow more than half the time. In the North their Summer is only a few weeks of feverish warmth and color and then they are ravished by torrents and by slides of earth and snow, like a world in the travail of creation. The Arctic Zone of their summits reaches south as far as Santa Fé and recurs again on the giant peaks that stand over Mexico.

It was at the mountain barriers that the Spanish pioneering in the Old Southwest stopped. The wave of civilizing energy that surged northward from Mexico City just sufficed to reach and settle the Rio Grande valley and conquer the valley tribes before it spent itself. For two centuries after the conquest the moun-

tains remained unmapped and seldom crossed, and the Indians who lived in them and beyond them were a scourge that descended from the heights and went back to their impenetrable security.

Both the Spanish and the Mexican governments were evidently aware that their pioneering had failed in this respect. The Spanish government had various plans for crossing the mountains and exploring the prairies to the east and north, and a few attempts were made. One of these was the expedition of 1806, led by Facundo Melgares, who found and arrested Lieutenant Z. M. Pike, the advance agent of the American invasion and conquest. But there was no sustained effort to explore the mountains, or to map them. No settlements were established in or beyond them. None of the mountain tribes was ever subdued. When the Spanish empire collapsed the Rockies still belonged to Indians and wild animals.

When Mexico became a republic, the Mexican government made grants of land in the mountains and east of them to members of the aristocracy. These *ricos* were supposed to settle the wild lands, building a line of communities and great *haciendas* between the valley and its foes to the east. They were to stop both the prairie Indians and the greedy infidels from beyond the Missouri. But these grants of land, some of them as large as

¹ This is the fourth of a series of six independent articles. The fifth will be printed next month.

European kingdoms, were for the most part never even seen by their owners. The *ricos* had lost all the old capacity for pioneering.

If the West as a whole was ever to be a part of civilization—and few believed it ever would be—men must be found who were not afraid of the mountains, who would learn all the mountain trails and fight the mountain tribes and finally open roads and settle valleys. It was a task in primary pioneering of the most heroic kind, like Boone's crossing of the Alleghenies and de Soto's march to the Mississippi. It called for the kind of man who can leave everything behind except a weapon, who can go for years without woman or bread or the support of organized society.

No ordinary comfort-loving man can do this—the task calls for one who is possessed of a demon. He must have a tension that will not let him rest. He may call himself an agent of God, as both Boone and de Soto did, or he may profess to be seeking his fortune, or he may be too simple a man ever to need a conscious motive, but the sign of his curse is that he cannot stop. He turns away from the very thing he seeks and squanders wealth when he wins it. He turns instinctively away from woman, for she is the enemy of his urge, who can bind him down and take the tension out of his body. He avoids organized society as he would a trap. He lives by his needs and not by his satisfactions.

The Spanish Empire produced such men for a while, and then no more. The sons of the conquerors were content with love and farming. But when they dropped the task, men came from the East to take it up—men different in almost everything except the possession of this same urge. Mysteriously, an impulse died in one race

and was reborn in another. The Spanish pioneers were men of a religious discipline, for whom gold was the material talisman. The mountain men were for the most part godless individualists, and fur to make hats was their excuse for courting death and hunting the unknown.

Beaver hats became the rage in London. It is said Beau Brummel started the fashion. If so, the camouflage of trivial chance that often hides the moving forces of human destiny never had a more striking manifestation than this of a dandy strutting down Piccadilly in a great shining tile and thereby sending a thousand hardy men to explore a wilderness. At any rate, beaver fur became as good as gold and almost worth its weight in silver, and the Rockies contained an untouched store of it.

For generations after the great trapping period, beaver were almost extinct in the mountains, but lately they have come back to their old range under rigorous protection. It is easy to see what myriads of them must have existed a hundred years ago and how perfectly they were distributed to lead men into every part of the mountains, through every pass, up every river to its source and down it almost to the sea. Their only needs are running water and deciduous trees with an edible bark. Almost all the creatures of the mountain region are distributed in zones of elevation, but the beaver live at every level from just below timberline where the streams are born to the lower reaches of the Rio Grande and the Gila, where muddy rivers make trees grow in the desert.

They are still being trapped in the gorges of the Colorado, and in the Rio Grande where it marks the Mexican border. They can build houses and survive seven months of ice and snow, and they

can dig holes in the bank and live where the water never freezes. In the high country they cut aspen, and down on the flats cottonwood and willow. They are prolific and relatively helpless. Men with traps can gather them almost as boys gather melons in a field.

II

It was in this period of the beaver hat that the great fur companies were formed, and men of money sent highly organized expeditions into the mountains. They recruited almost any kind of men and led them like soldiers. But in addition to the organized companies there were many free trappers and traders and these were the true mountain men. Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Joseph Meek, Lucien Maxwell, and almost every other remembered pioneer of that period served his apprenticeship and learned the trails and the Indians as a free trapper. These were the men who afterward led the official "explorers" and the troops that conquered the savages, pointed the way for wagons and railroads, built houses and planted corn where none had ever dared to live before. And hundreds who died unknown did their share of the work.

The mountain men ranged and trapped from Canada south to Chihuahua and from the headwaters of the Missouri to the Pacific coast, but like nearly all other westering men they were bound to the Rio Grande region by peculiar ties. The chief of these was Don Fernando de Taos, a settlement which has had a hundred and fifty years of vivid life and is still officially only a wide place in the road, without any kind of government. Lying just south of the border of what is now Colorado, Taos was then the most northern of the Mexican settlements. It was in the

heart of one of the best beaver regions, and it occupied also a cherished place in the hearts of mountain men. It was the one place in all their range where they could expect to meet civilized women and buy bread, coffee and sugar. From the time they left the old Rocky Mountain House in St. Louis until they struck Taos, they lived at best like savages, at worst like wild animals. It was in Taos that they briefly and violently renewed their contact with society, gorged themselves on its fleshpots, and then turned again to the wilderness, except for an occasional renegade who could not tear himself away from the arms of some sighing Mexican girl.

It was in Taos that the two American civilizations first made contact. Pike had reached Santa Fé before the mountain men were many, and so had a few traders, but the gangs of trappers riding into the little mountain village were the first regular visitors from the East. Certainly there was never a ruder invasion outside of war. These men were all poachers and interlopers, for it was against the Mexican law to trap in the Mexican streams. The Mexicans knew well enough the value of beaver and intended to keep their own beaver streams as preserves for their own people. But none of the Mexicans would trap or could. The aristocrat was too lazy. The *paisano* had neither arms nor traps nor any tradition or experience to fit him for such a task. Among all the regular trappers there was only one Mexican, and he completely repudiated his own people. "Me no Mexican. Me mountain man—waugh!" so Ruxton quotes him.

As poachers the mountain men ranged all over Mexican territory and even sold their furs in Taos, bribing the *alcalde* to close his eyes. Later Governor Narbonna

agreed to issue licenses to American trappers provided each party would take along a certain number of Mexicans to learn the trade. It is not of record that any Mexican ever went, but this ruling opened the way for more bribery. Milton Sublette and Ewing Young, both famous mountain men, got a license from Narbonna and came back to Taos with many bales of beaver. Meantime Armijo had succeeded to the governorship and he revoked the license and seized the furs. Finding them wet, he spread them in the sun to dry before the garrison in Santa Fé. Sublette came single-handed and took his furs and hid them in a house across the street. Armijo blew trumpets, shouted orders and turned out his entire military force to hunt for the trapper and the furs, but neither could be found, even under the governor's nose, because nobody had the courage to lay a hand on them. In the night Sublette and Young departed for St. Louis.

It has been said that the mountain men held their annual rendezvous at Taos, but I am inclined to believe that the great annual gathering which brought together thousands of Indians, trappers, and traders, including representatives of the Northwest Company and the American Fur Company, was always farther north. Certainly a favorite place was at Brown's Hole, in the Green River Valley, which was near the center of the whole vast fur country. There, when the beaver trade was at its height, whole tribes of the mountain Indians came to trade, stringing their white teepees along the river for miles, turning out in their finest buckskin trimmed with beads and porcupine quills, filling the night with the rumble of their drums, dancing themselves into a frenzy. Traders came, driving pack trains loaded with whiskey, powder and lead, sugar

and coffee, knives, beads and cloth. The free trappers drifted in singly and in groups, each with three or four horses and mules packed with baled beaver fur. Lanky blond men from Kentucky and Virginia, French-Canadians, half-breeds, a few Swedes and always a few men from New England—especially from Connecticut, for a Connecticut Yankee or two would be found in any Western gathering.

Trading was fast and lubricated by a steady flow of corn liquor. Indians and mountain men alike were cheated by the traders. The mountain men traded quickly, getting what they needed of powder and lead, traps and knives, then letting all the rest go in liquor and gambling. The air was filled with the dust of incessant horse races and blankets were spread on the ground for games of coon-can. Everybody would bet on anything. Indian girls rode up and down on their ponies, with tinkling bells in their hair and about their necks. They were bought and sold like horses and men fought for the prettiest. There were innumerable fights in the traditional rough-and-tumble style of pioneer America, with kicking, gouging and biting of noses and ears. Sometimes there were duels to the death with rifles, and Kit Carson fought a boastful French giant on horseback with pistols and brought his adversary down.

Some trappers dropped as much as three thousand dollars in a week, and as the liquor ebbed in the kegs the atmosphere became more and more that of a primitive orgy where every lust and hunger, denied for months, had its undisciplined innings. For this was the rhythm of the mountain man's existence—first a long time of privation and hardship, sometimes of absolute solitude, often of semi-starvation, and then a week or two of splendid drunken

release. There were a few shrewd and careful men among them who made money, but typically they spent everything at every rendezvous and even had to ask credit for the powder and lead that would keep them alive till the next year. They divested themselves of goods and money as of a superfluity that weighed them down, hampering the act and spirit of their essential destiny.

Taos probably saw no such great gatherings as Green River for it was a place where a man could trade, drink, dance and make love any time he could get there. Small groups of mountain men were in and out of the town at all seasons but especially in the Spring and Fall. When a gang of them arrived, they would first hire a hall and give a dance and almost always the dance would end in a fight between the Mexicans and the mountain men with the girls for a cause of war. The mountain men, fighting one to five or six, would generally rout the natives and pay the *alcalde* damages for the incidental broken heads and knife wounds.

These rude and truculent gatherings were the first and for a long time the only social contact between two civilizations. Here the Mexican men learned to hate and fear the gringos, and the Mexican women learned to love them, somewhat precariously.

III

All observers testify to the fascination that Taos had for the mountain men, and it seems certain that the women of Taos, more than any other one element in their lives, represented civilization to them. In Taos they tasted charm and comfort and here if anywhere they formed bonds that held them.

All of them knew Indian women, and a few married squaws, but for the most part these did not civilize them or tie them down any more than their horses did. A squaw was something to be taken along or left behind, to be bought or sold or traded. She gave a doglike devotion which was seldom requited. Squaws were disciplined with lodge poles and made to work like slaves. It is said that, deserted, they were known to kill both their masters and their rivals, but the rage of women was a minor hazard in the mountain life.

American women of their own breed the mountain men almost all held in contempt, and this is perhaps the measure of their alienation from the society that produced them. White women were too fond of "fofarraw" (*fanfaron*), meaning finery. Their cooking made no appeal to a mountain palate and they knew nothing about the indispensable business of tanning hides and making moccasins, which was one of the chief uses of woman. They had little capacity for hardship and above all, they were then as now accustomed to rule the family. An American woman demanded children and an establishment. She was an anchor and no mountain man wanted that. But the Mexican girls knew that complete submission to the male will which was at once a part of their Indian heritage and of the European tradition, and they shared something of the primitive aptitudes and hardihood of Indian women. Many mountain men married Mexican girls, leaving them here and there while they went on expeditions, ultimately settling down to raise crops and babies when the price of beaver dropped and the streams were depleted.

The Mexican men, poorly armed and weakened by generations of indolent living, were all but helpless before the trap-

pers, who were tense and truculent, hardened by every privation, equipped with the best of rifles, pistols and knives, expert in the use of every weapon. But the women fared better. They found the vulnerable spot in the invader's armor. They could sometimes tie him down and tame him and so play a part in the making of a new order.

There was another place, a few days' journey north of Taos, that bound the trappers to the region. This was Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, near where Pueblo, Colorado, now stands. The Bent brothers themselves were mountain men, probably the first of them to build in the wilderness where Mexicans would not have dared to go. It is significant that they did not think of farming or of founding a town. What they built was a fort, a permanent armed camp, to serve as a trading post and an outfitting point for mountain men. It was an enclosure of adobe walls, topped with growing cactus, impregnable to any savage attack. Over its iron-bound gate was a watch tower where a guard sat all the time and swept the prairie with a telescope. The American flag flew above the walls and a bald eagle was the fort's pet and mascot. In the center of the square was a fur press, and all around the inside rooms were built. Table was set for all comers by a Negro cook. Here the mountain men could always get supplies and credit and here they often left their Mexican wives for safe keeping. Here all the wild tribes came to trade and often battles among them were watched from the walls of the fort, which never was assailed.

At Bent's Fort and at Taos the mountain men knew something of comfort and safety. When he left these havens, often for most of a year, and sometimes for longer, he lived off the country like a wolf and trusted himself for everything. In him

self-sufficiency reached its highest development. His necessary outfit included a long rifle, a pistol, a knife with a fourteen-inch blade, and half a dozen traps. His bed was a buffalo robe to lie upon and a heavy Navajo blanket to cover him and shed the rain. He was dressed in buckskin. It was clean and fringed when new, but after a few months in the wilderness it was blackened and waterproofed by much wiping of greasy and bloody knives, and all the fringes had been used for strings.

His hair was long and so were his whiskers, though he shaved when he came near women. If he was prosperous he might have three or four pack horses and several squaws, but both horses and Indian women were subject to loss by war. He carried no food except a little sugar and coffee and these were apt to be exhausted long before he returned to a trading post. Tobacco he must have, but he mixed it with the inner bark of red willow to make it last and he smoked it like an Indian, sparingly and only at night. Often he went alone, sometimes in a party of three or four, rarely in larger groups, and these were held together by no bond except expediency.

That he loved his spare and dangerous career there can be doubt. "A sort of homesickness seizes him when he retires from his mountain life to civilization," wrote Wislizenius, the German botanist who rode with the mountain men and saw their rendezvous at Brown's Hole. Ruxton, a wealthy young Englishman who spent years among them, not only observed this fascination of their life, but fell a victim to it himself. He went back and tried to live in London, but gave it up and returned to the mountains, where he finally lost his life.

For months at a stretch these men ate nothing but meat, and when powder and

lead were gone or game failed, they ate literally anything alive. More than one man kept himself from starving in the desert by eating rattlesnakes and some came to esteem them a luxury as the Comanches did. They were also fond of the flesh of the mountain lion and they did not scorn the stewed puppies of the Indian camps. Some even descended to cannibalism. Ruxton tells a story of a gang of trappers lost in the desert near Salt Lake who captured three Digger squaws. They could find no game and were near starvation. All went on a last desperate hunt but one Forey, who staid to guard the camp and the captives. When the others came back, he had meat hung on a tree and roasting on the flames and they all fell upon it ravenously—until they realized that one of the squaws was missing.

IV

These men who went alone into the wilderness make it starkly clear what a precarious and artificial thing civilization is. Some of the stronger and more intelligent never lost their social consciousness, but the simpler ones shed it as a useless baggage. Many of them became wholly Indian in feeling and spirit. Ruxton describes one, known only as Old Rube, who prayed at a sacred spring for luck, blowing smoke from his Indian pipe to the four quarters and to the sky. Many worshipped the moon and the stars and consulted medicine men for auguries.

The strangest of all these was old Bill Williams. No one knew where he came from or when but it was always said that he had been in the mountains longer than any other white man. It was also known that he had been in his youth a circuit-riding Baptist preacher, but he had long since lost all trace of Christianity and had

apparently become an adept of Indian faiths in an unusually elaborate way. He spoke many Indian languages and he probably had a vast knowledge of primitive ceremonial and belief.

In his old age he became almost completely solitary. It was woman that bound the mountain man to human society and brought him back to it for rare visits, and woman had ceased to interest old Bill. He would appear briefly at the rendezvous for necessary supplies and then plunge into the wilderness alone, riding a crop-eared, sore-backed Indian pony, as evil-tempered as he was and as wise in the ways of the wild. He is described as a very tall, gaunt man with long hair and beard, his blackened buckskin hanging upon his frame in loose folds, like the hide of some prehistoric being. When he mounted his runty steed, his feet, in great wooden stirrups, were not far from the ground and he always rode with huge iron spurs. If he met with a party of trappers he might consent to travel with them for a while, and they were always glad of his company because of his almost supernatural faculty for finding his way about and for detecting the presence of Indians. His pony could smell Indians a long way off and it seemed almost as though Bill could too. Whenever real trouble threatened he would desert his companions, and "cash" (cache) himself, so successfully that neither foe nor friend could find him.

"Do ee hyar now boys? There's sign about. This hoss feel's like cashing."

He would saddle his pony, talking to it volubly and exclusively, and disappear into the wilderness, perhaps not to be seen again for months.

As he aged, Bill Williams became increasingly obsessed with the doctrine found in various forms among the Indians, that the souls of the dead pass into

the bodies of animals. He at last became completely convinced that his spirit after death would inhabit the body of a bull elk, and he repeatedly described to his companions the exact appearance of himself in that future avatar, and he besought them all not to shoot him. Here was a man who had been once a preacher of Christianity, but by now he had become wholly a savage, and in spirit and imagination almost a wild animal. He had all but renounced the human race and there is evidence that he had little left of human feeling. When a half-breed was killed who had been a loyal member of his party, he remarked merely that the man had been "no account nohow."

Doubtless it would be a mistake to regard Williams as typical. In fact none of these men could fairly be regarded as typical. They were a distinctive group, speaking even a language of their own, hard for others to understand, having a lore and fable of their own making, but they were individualists of the extreme kind and they were exceedingly diverse by origin as well as by adaptation. Frontiers lure men of many kinds who have nothing in common but their restlessness. The worst of the mountain men might have become criminals in a civilized society, but some were men of high courage and imagination who could not endure the dull and limited life of the pioneer farming communities. Nearly all the best of them were from Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee, of the Scotch-Irish breed, and many of these were the sons of men who had crossed the Alleghenies when they were the unconquered mountains. Kit Carson was a relative of Daniel Boone.

The notion that the pioneer was merely a vagabond and a renegade from social restraints surely does not account for such

a man as Carson. He was for many years a trapper and shared the life of the mountain men to the full. He lived by his rifle and took a willing part in brawls and battles. Perhaps there was never a man who shed more blood with his own hand, for all of these men literally lived by killing. He married at least one Indian woman, conveniently lost her, and took to wife a Taos girl who made him a home that he visited once in a while. Yet when his trapping days were over he became the one most useful man in the Southwest. It was Frémont's explorations that advertised the West and opened it to civilization, and it was Carson who led the dreamy Pathfinder, and at least once saved his life. He guided Kearney into New Mexico for his bloodless occupation. It was he who conquered the Navajos after three governments had tried and failed. Moreover, when they had been put on a reservation in a hot country that threatened to kill them all, it was Carson who insisted that they be restored to their native range.

Patience and a dogged will were his winning qualities in action. He was excessively modest and wholly without greed. In his later years he showed the fine sense of justice and the selfless devotion to social purposes which are certainly elements of greatness. When he came to die he asked for a dish of his favorite food, called an old friend to his bedside, and swapped yarns about his trapper days until his breath failed him.

Carson was the supreme product of his period. He was the instrument selected and formed in that conflict between men and mountains to do necessary work. He was the man of opportunity and he became the hero of a legend, so that his posthumous fame has overshadowed that of other men who also did important work.

V

Uncle Dick Wooton has been almost forgotten and the excellent memoir he dictated in his old age, absolutely convincing in its naïve directness, is seldom read. He was a man of almost exactly the same type as Carson and even looked much like him, to judge by their pictures. He had the same long firm slit of a mouth, down-curving at the corners with an upthrust lower lip, and the same powerful body.

Like Carson he came of the best American stock. He was born in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, in 1816, the son of a tobacco planter, and christened Richens Lacey Wooton—a name which suggests a family proud of its descent. He went West when he was only nineteen. Like nearly all of his kind he went to make his fortune and was always meaning to return. Repeatedly he wrote his mother that he would be back next year, but his parents died without ever seeing him again.

"It was about the same with all the old trappers," he wrote. "When they once got into the mountains they seemed, some way or other, to get chained to the country, and a great many of them became lost entirely to their early friends and associates and even to their families."

His capacity for leadership was recognized at once. During his first year in the West he led a trading expedition into the Sioux country with thirteen men and ten wagon-loads of beads, knives, powder, lead and other trade goods. The Sioux were not hostile then and never killed a man who came into their camps voluntarily. They would post a guard over the traders' goods and give them a lodge to live in, and Wooton was astonished at the roomy comfort of these tepees, even in the dead of Winter. This was a strictly business venture and a very profitable one. A beaver

hide worth fifteen dollars was bought for about thirty cents in trade.

Wooton afterward spent a Winter and Spring at Bent's Fort, and in 1837 went on his first trapping trip with a party of seventeen. They trapped the Rio Grande, among other streams, and after nine months' work Wooton went back to Missouri and cashed his peltries for four thousand dollars. He meant to go home with this stake, but started instead on another expedition, which lasted two years and was typical of the tremendous journeys these men made—journeys that were for the most part never recorded, any one of which would have made the reputation of an explorer and furnished him with material for a couple of volumes.

This expedition enlisted nineteen men, of whom six were Indians, and fifteen of the party got back alive. Their route, as nearly as Uncle Dick could trace it on a modern map, was up the Arkansas to its source in Colorado, north to the Green River in Utah, up that stream to Wyoming, west to Idaho where they trapped the Snake and Salmon rivers, across the divide to the Columbia, down it into Washington and thence to Vancouver, where they sold their furs, presumably to a post of the Northwest Company. Here they turned south through Oregon and Washington and saw the Pacific again at San Luis Obispo, California. They trapped up the Colorado river to the Gila, up the Gila into Arizona, and finally reached New Mexico by way of Utah. They found the fur poor in California and Arizona and counted their time wasted. "But we got to see some new country," Uncle Dick remarks. They estimated that they had travelled five thousand miles, all of it in an unmapped country, inhabited by Indians that were often hostile, and they carried no supplies except powder, lead and traps.

This party had many encounters with the Indians, mostly Snakes and Blackfeet, and Wooton gives us an admirably specific account of what Indian warfare was in those early days before the Indians had acquired guns or organized against the whites. The tribes were always trying to steal their horses, but many were not openly hostile. Now and then a group of warriors would make an attack. It was nearly always made in the morning, never after dark. A volley of arrows opened the battle, and then the wild men charged, yelling terrifically, trying to stampede the whites. When fired on they invariably retreated. They might charge repeatedly, but it was a long battle that lasted three or four hours. Indians were always killed and trappers seldom. Only two of this party were killed in open battle.

It is significant that the trappers fought without leadership, each for himself. Parties of free trappers seldom had a leader. They had only one inviolable rule in battle and it was that never should all of them fire at once, for to do so would leave them open to a charge.

It was not pitched battle with the Indians that the mountain men dreaded, but a shot from the brush when one of them was alone on his trap line. One member of the party, Le Bonte, was ambushed and killed by the Payutes and his companions had reason to believe that he was eaten. Another was shot with a poisoned arrow and died after twenty-four hours of agony. The oldest man in the party, August Claymore, was caught alone by a band of Snakes and beaten over the head with clubs. The Indians left him for dead and his companions took him for dead. Wooton says that "his skull had been crushed, his brain lacerated and a portion of it destroyed." One of the trappers contributed a clean suit of clothes in which to

bury the old man and the simple obsequies were under way when Claymore sat up and demanded water. He got well and boasted for the rest of his life that he had worn out his burial suit.

A French-Canadian named Charlefors, who had probably lived among the peaceful Indians in Canada, annoyed his fellows and especially Wooton by telling them that the Indians were not a bad lot. This was before the trappers had encountered any hostile ones. Presently a band of Blackfeet got after the Frenchman and chased him to the brink of a narrow fissure. He tried to make his horse jump it, fell in and broke both his legs. The Indians left him there. His companions found him and carried him for two months on a litter, until he got well. From his convalescent couch he denounced the aborigines daily and profanely and all the rest of his life he was a confirmed Indian hater, as were most of the mountain men. When an old man he sat on a jury at Taos that was trying an Indian for murder and he slept soundly throughout the trial. He was awakened and asked his opinion. "Hang him, of course," he pronounced. "If he ain't guilty, he would be."

The accident to Charlefors was a double catastrophe because he was time-keeper for the party. He recorded the days by cutting notches on a stick and in this fracas the stick was lost. After that they knew only the seasons and in the California climate they lost track even of these. Often they did not know where they were, either in time or in space.

When the beaver boom was over, Wooton, like Carson, became a pioneer man of all work—an instrument of expansion and conquest. He held the same job that Carson had for a while as professional hunter for Bent's Fort, killing as many as thirty buffalo a day, hunting with a pack

train and a retinue of butchers. Lost on the prairie one night, he sat by a fire and held off the wolves by tossing them the heads and entrails of his kill. He tamed two buffalo calves and made them draw a plow. He went back to Indian-trading and made money buying stolen Mexican mules from the Apaches. He explains that it would have been intolerably bad manners for him to inquire where the mules came from.

When the gold rush was on in California he drove a great herd of sheep across the desert from New Mexico, miraculously escaping the Apaches, and got back with fourteen thousand dollars in gold and thirty thousand in drafts. Always he was out to make his fortune, but repeatedly he was drafted by the government. He went with Doniphan on his celebrated march to Chihuahua and his most important job was to find water for eight hundred men in the Mexican desert. He believed that he had a special gift for finding water. At any rate, he found it every night and Doniphan would never have occupied Chihuahua if he had failed. Doniphan then chose him to carry dispatches back to New Mexico and he rode from Chihuahua to Albuquerque in nine days, through a desert occupied by hostile Indians, travelling only at night.

Like Carson he was chosen to fight the Navajos, but unlike Carson he was not given the command. He had to defer to West Point officers and he quit in disgust because they would not do as he said.

He, too, married and settled at Taos, where, like most of the mountain men, he became intensely bored with peace and domesticity. To break the monotony he went hunting the mythical lost mines of the Sandia Mountains. One Indian who had promised to lead him to a mine was found murdered. He crawled into many caves

and crannies and found bobcats, owls and bats, but no gold. He finally settled in Colorado, where he was one of the first to raise cattle and corn. He made money out of a toll road and helped to hold the right-of-way for the Santa Fé in the great railroad war. In Colorado he lived, a widely known and greatly respected old man, until about 1908.

Wooton had the incurable restlessness of the true pioneer but he remained always a good business man. He lived wholly in action and had no need of God. He never travelled too fast to gather gear. His bargains were all good ones and he handled much money for a man of his time and place. Like the ideal Rotarian, he had both feet on the ground and he was as hard as it. In him one sees emerging the victorious unreflective materialism of the great national expansion for which he opened the way. He made buffaloes work and Indians pay all the traffic would bear. He was the original go-getter.

VI

James Ohio Pattie swung toward the opposite pole. He rode through the West like a knight on a quest that was never defined and never abandoned. He renounced both love and wealth, deliberately, for movement and danger. A pious man, he was one of the few who remained a professing Christian in the wilderness and called on God when other expedients failed. He was evidently a Puritan and certainly a man of courage. His story is excessively romantic, but it has been carefully checked by Reuben Gold Thwaites and found to be accurate wherever it is subject to corroboration.

Like Carson and Wooton, he came of the old American blood-stream that flowed irresistibly westward for four generations.

His grandfather followed Boone and Logan into Kentucky and his father, Sylvester Pattie, who shared many of his adventures, pushed on to Missouri, built a sawmill on the Gasconade, and made a good thing of selling lumber. As long as his wife lived he stuck to business, but when she died of tuberculosis in 1824 he farmed out all his younger children among relatives and neighbors, took his eldest son, James, and struck out for the Rocky Mountains. It was a characteristic gesture of the time. Any catastrophe meant a move westward and neither family nor property weighed against the urge to go. The Patties planned to trap beaver and they joined a caravan of over a hundred men for the trip to Santa Fé. Sylvester Pattie, a veteran of the war of 1812, was elected leader.

The prairies had been crossed by white men for the first time only a few years before, and the Patties saw them as a trackless wilderness. On the upper Arkansas the flats and valleys were black with buffalo, and there were great herds of elk and wild horses. Grizzly bears, which then came down from the mountains to hunt, were so abundant that they were a menace. Pattie records seeing twenty-seven "white bears" in a day. They killed several, and one of their party was so badly mutilated by a wounded grizzly that he died.

At Taos they saw Mexicans for the first time and were evidently disgusted with their laziness and dirt. The men, armed only with bows and arrows and knives, stared at them with hostile eyes. A woman invited them into a house and offered them *chile con carne*, but they could not swallow the burning food, nor could they exchange a word with their hostess. On they went to Santa Fé, where they applied to the governor for a permit to trap in Mexican streams, offering to pay for it five per cent of all they made. The governor

took the proposition under advisement and the Patties sat down to wait. They spoke no Spanish and they were not diplomatic men. They might have fared badly but for a romantic chance which not only won them a trapping license, but affords an illuminating glimpse of an early contact between Mexicans and American pioneers.

While the Patties were camped in Santa Fé, a band of raiding Comanches struck the outskirts of the town, killed several Mexicans and made away with a large number of sheep and with three women captives. Like all Indian raids, the thing was swiftly done, and the Patties learned of it only when they heard the yells of excited Mexicans and the bustle of a badly organized pursuit. They immediately offered to help trail and fight the Indians in the hope that they would get in return what they wanted of the government. The hope was well-grounded, for one of the women captured was the young and good-looking daughter of a *rico*, who had once been governor of the province. He lived somewhere near Albuquerque, and the girl had been merely visiting in Santa Fé.

Pattie, like all men of action, is sparing of detail. He does not give us the name of the *rico*, but only that of the girl, who was called Jacova. His story of the pursuit is also vague. He tells only that they sighted the Indians at last in the distance, going through a low pass in the mountains and evidently not expecting any pursuit at all. The elder Pattie now proposed that he and his followers make a laborious detour through the mountains and get in front of the Indians, while the Mexicans were to attack them from behind. The Patties carried out their part of the plan and took up a position directly across the trail the Comanches were following.

What they saw first was the herd of stolen sheep, and these were being driven

by the three women captives, who had been stripped naked, although there was snow on the ground. The Indians came on behind, and the mountain men waited until the women were quite near them and the Indians well within range. When they fired, the women ran toward their lines. The Indians were completely surprised, but sent a volley of arrows after their captives, killing one of them. Young Pattie ran forward to meet the other two and the beautiful and distraught Jacova hurled her lovely nakedness into his arms. He gallantly took off his hunting shirt and put it around her.

The Comanches rallied and charged, and the mountain men, with the two surviving women, reached some thick timber just in time to save their lives. The Mexicans, who were to have attacked the Indians from the rear, apparently ran in the other direction, and for a while the mountain men were in a tight place, as the Indians wheeled and charged again and again. The mountain men broke each charge with a volley from their rifles and the Comanches finally gave it up and rode away, leaving a good many dead and wounded on the field. The Mexicans now came back and joined in the pursuit, and when the Comanches had disappeared into the mountains, they returned to the battlefield and rode their horses up and down over dead and wounded Indians in a yelling orgy of hatred until the Patties put a stop to their cruelty.

The Mexican leader then formally demanded of Sylvester Pattie the custody of the two women, saying he considered them no safer with the mountain men, who were not Christians, than they had been with the Indians. Sylvester with dignity replied that if cowardice was the mark of a Christian the Mexicans were Christians indeed, and he said the women

themselves should choose who would escort them back to Santa Fé. They both elected to stay with the mountain men and the beautiful Jacova now came forward to thank the gallant young Pattie for saving her life.

"I cannot describe the gratitude and loveliness that appeared in her countenance as she looked on me," James wrote. "I did not know how to meet her acknowledgments."

What is worse, he never learned. She insisted that he come to call upon her that evening, and when he appeared both she and her sister came forward and embraced him, which was well within the rules of Mexican etiquette, but wholly confusing to James. He sat down for a few minutes, but being unable to say a word he presently rose and tried to go.

But Jacova, showing me a bed prepared for me, placed herself between me and the door. I showed her that my clothes were not clean. She immediately brought me others belonging to her brother-in-law. I wished to be excused from using them, but she seemed so much hurt that I finally took them and reseated myself. She then brought me my leather hunting-shirt, which I had taken off to aid in protecting her from the cold, and begged the interpreter, who was now present, to tell me that she meant to keep it as long as she lived. She then put it on to prove to me that she was not ashamed of it.

If James made any response to all these blandishments he does not admit it. If he was tempted to linger in Jacova's arms, he put the temptation sternly aside. He might presumably have married not only beauty but wealth, for Jacova's father was one of the rich men of the province, but he did not even tarry any longer than he had to. There was never a man more hopelessly possessed by the urge to wander and his wanderings had just begun.

VII

Coming to Santa Fé as strangers, the Patties had found the Mexicans hostile and suspicious, cruel and intolerant. Now that they were friends and heroes, they saw the other side of that primitive-feudal character. They were given a license to trap and taken as guests to the house of Jacova's father in the lower valley. His house was theirs for as long as they cared to stay, and they staid three days. James says the place was "large and even magnificent" but he gives not a single detail of its magnificence.

Their host tried to load them with gifts, but they refused everything except a horse apiece and the luxury of a little flour. The two Patties, with a small party recruited from the caravan, then followed the Rio Grande south to Socorro and cut across country to the Gila. It was afterwards famous as a beaver stream, but they were probably the first trappers to see it. Beaver abounded but when they gathered bales of fur so many of their horses were stolen and killed by Indians that they could not carry their wealth. They buried the furs and struck back for the Rio Grande, arriving starved and dirty, with matted hair and beards. Once more James called upon his Jacova, and this time he was the one in distress. He records that she burst into tears at the sight of him. She clothed him and fed him and she must have hoped that this time he would stay. But no. Supplied with horses and flour again by her father, he went back to get his buried furs, only to find that the Indians had stolen them.

The Patties started back once more and got as far as the Santa Rita copper mines—those ancient diggings which had already been worked for perhaps a hundred years and are still yielding copper today. The

Apaches had long before beaten off the Mexican owners and they attacked the Patties, who beat them so badly that they made a formal treaty of peace. Here once more the mountain men took up work the Mexicans could no longer do. Sylvester leased the mines from the Mexican owners and began to work them very profitably.

Once more James had his chance at security and rest and once more he rejected it. He was bored with life at the mines, and the Gila, which had defeated him twice, was a challenge he could not refuse. Against the protests of his father he organized a party and started out again. This time he followed the Gila all the way to the Colorado, turned north as far as the Yellowstone and then south again to Santa Fé. For the first time he had brought his furs out of the mountains but he was again cheated of his profit. The governor ruled that his license had expired and confiscated his furs. He went south to Santa Rita to visit his father and stayed three days, which seems to have been his idea of a long visit anywhere. Then he was off again on a trapping trip into Chihuahua, returning to the mines in the Fall.

This time he found his father in distress. A Mexican whom Sylvester trusted had absconded with a large part of his capital. Father and son once more joined forces to make their fortunes, and once more, with a small party, they set out for the Gila, on what proved to be the most adventurous and disastrous of all their journeys. They built canoes and went down the river to the Colorado. There, from the natives, they got the mistaken idea that a Spanish settlement had been built at the mouth of the river. In their crude boats they navigated the lower gorges of the great river all the way to the

Pacific, only to find themselves on a desert and uninhabited seacoast. Across salt marches and waterless wastes they made their way north to the first Spanish mission, where they were arrested and sent as prisoners to San Diego.

There the elder Pattie died in his cell. He was refused even the comfort of a last visit from his son, and James was filled with a great bitterness against all things Spanish, which even the memory of the gentle Jacova did not mitigate. He finally gained his liberty by reason of his usefulness as an interpreter, went north to the Russian settlements, played a part in the Solis revolution, went to Mexico City to seek redress for his grievances, got no satisfaction, and finally reached New Orleans by boat. His narrative ends with his return to the ancestral home in Kentucky, and his final fate is unknown, but there is evidence that he was again in California and it is more than probable that he died somewhere in the West.

Most of the mountain men did. At every rendezvous many who were expected failed to appear. Men asked for old friends and got often the same vernacular answer—"rubbed out." Not much time was given to mourning. These typically were men who kept going until they were killed. They were like wild animals in that for them a violent death was the natural one.

The whole period in which the mountain men flourished was not more than a quarter of a century. By 1840 the price

of beaver had dropped and the streams were depleted. The great annual rendezvous dwindled and finally died. Taos saw no more of those wild bands, laden with bales of fur, who had formerly bought the town and thrown money into the squalid streets to watch the Mexican boys scramble for it.

It is said that when Kit Carson saw the trapping days were over, he organized a last expedition which had no other purpose than to live for a last time the kind of a life he loved. He summoned all of his surviving cronies and they rode away into the mountains with their long rifles across their saddle bows, traps jingling in their rucksacks, to light last fires beside the beaver streams, to sing their songs and tell their stories—and go their separate ways.

The day of the mountain men was over. Their work was done. They had found the Rockies an unexplored wilderness and a barrier before which civilization had stopped. They had camped on every stream, followed every trail, located every pass and beaten every tribe of mountain Indians in pitched battle. Enough of them survived to point the way for everything that followed—explorers, soldiers, wagon-trains, even railroads. Jim Bridger told the surveyors where the Northern Pacific could cross the mountains and Uncle Dick Wootton's toll-road preceded the Santa Fé. These men did more than any other to open the way from sea to sea.

A LITTLE PATH OF GLORY

BY ROBERT JEANS

ONE day several years ago I drifted into Albuquerque and, liking the looks of the town, decided to stay a while. I happened into a cigar-store which had a poolroom in back, and struck up an acquaintance with the proprietor, who turned out to be a friend of a man I had known lately in Chicago. He was glad to have news of his old crony and, recognizing that my finances were at zero, offered me a temporary job as handy-boy in his place, which was frequented by small-time gamblers, pugs, petty crooks, and the like.

I had been there a week when one evening a young fellow, sportily dressed and apparently well-heeled, came in and introduced himself as Benny Harris. He had just come to town and in a few days was to box Young Arizona, a local Mexican featherweight. He explained that he carried no handlers and wanted to get somebody to help ready him for the fight. The poolroom owner, who knew by this time that I had had some experience in the boxing business, recommended me to him; and, after asking me a few questions, he took me on.

Benny Harris was tallish for a featherweight, nearly five feet seven. He was in his mid-twenties, but, like many pugs, looked older. He had alert, avid eyes. His manner was simple, restrained.

Save for two small scars over his right eye and one across the bridge of his nose, he bore no trade-marks. He gave the im-

pression of the thin-faced type of fighter, though at close range his features were not sharp. From a bleacher view, his chin would have appeared frail; actually it was a formidable affair, made to seem innocent by a dimple. Stripped, he showed a pair of spindly legs, a small waist, strong shoulders and back muscles, and impressive biceps. He seemed well-fitted for the boxing business.

He explained what he expected of me as second. He was accustomed to fighting in his own way and had no use for the type of handler who chattered like a monkey between rounds. All I had to do, he emphasized, was hold his tights away from his belly between rounds, and keep my hands from his mouth and nose, that he might breathe freely; if he wanted a mouth-rinse, he would ask for the water bottle.

Aside from necessary conversation about the fight, he had little to say. He seemed suspicious of his surroundings and associates, myself included. A local sports reporter came to him for biographical information but learned little save that Benny was from California, and that the Albuquerque promoter had recently seen him box at El Paso and signed him up. The reporter tried to kid him about Young Arizona, rubbing it in that the Mexican had recently beaten several fighters in a row. But Benny only smiled wryly and remarked: "I always manage to land a few socks myself."

The boys in the poolroom asked me about him, but I knew little, if anything, beside what he had told the reporter. Many believed that he was some ham whom Young Arizona would knock out with a few punches. With this I disagreed. Benny did no glove-sparring, but I could tell by his shadow-boxing and bag-punching that he had definite form and seemed to know what he was about.

II

The fights were held in the armory.

Benny showed up early in the improvised dressing-room and, putting on his ring togs and a heavy bathrobe, stretched himself on a table to relax and watch the *bustle of handlers and their fighters*—mostly misfits without pugilistic skill—as they came and went.

During the preliminaries an unconscious boy was brought in from the ring. “He fergot ter duck,” explained a handler, who thought the episode funny. There was a scarcity of ring paraphernalia among the prelim fighters and the handlers were more interested in stripping the tights off the K. O.’d kid, to give them to one of the contestants in the next bout, than in reviving him. This unnerved me for the moment, but Benny smiled sardonically; which made me wonder even more about his make-up.

The preliminaries over, Benny and Arizona climbed into the ring for the main event of eight rounds. I went to Arizona’s corner to examine his hands and complained to the referee that they were heavily taped, while Benny’s were covered with only a few turns of gauze. The referee ordered some of Arizona’s bandage removed. This pleased Benny. “That’s tellin’ ’em, kid,” he said.

As they stood in mid-ring for the ref-

eree’s instructions, Benny eyed the short muscular Arizona as a professional house-wrecker would eye a building ready for razing.

When the bell rang, Arizona leapt forward swiftly in a cat-like crouch. Benny walked out to meet him, erect, flat-footed, hands low; he deliberately cleared his throat and spat at the Mexican’s feet.

Arizona was the aggressor for the first three rounds. He fought in a series of rushes, using a body attack when he got close, while Benny seemed satisfied to slide around on his big feet and block the punches with forearms, elbows, and open gloves. Arizona’s fans were pleased with the fight so far. They took Benny’s lack of aggressiveness as an indication of incompetence and fear.

In the fourth Arizona began to tire and Benny took the offensive. Just before the bell, he jabbed a few times, then landed a terrific punch to Arizona’s belly. It knocked out the boy’s wind.

When Arizona came up for the fifth round, the referee noticed a gash in one of his gloves. He halted the fight temporarily and, ordering the fighters to their corners, sent for new gloves.

I put the bathrobe around Benny. “That’s a dirty Spick trick,” he mumbled to me. They had secretly cut the glove to get Arizona a little extra rest, figuring, no doubt, that the referee would not disqualify him even if it could be proved they had used a knife. Most referees like to give the fans a run for their money. “Wait, I’ll fix ’im!” said Benny.

It took five minutes to get new gloves. When the fight was resumed, Benny sparred for a few moments; then he left-hooked to Arizona’s head, faked a right-cross, and viciously hooked again. The Mexican was dazed and instinctively reached for his ear, which began to puff

up. Benny then cracked him on the chin with a fast right-cross and Arizona stiffened with a pathetic shudder. The next instant he fell over backward, his feet seeming to be hinged to the floor.

It was one of the neatest knockouts I had ever seen.

III

After the fight Benny and I went to a lunchroom. He was appreciative of my seconding and eager to show that he no longer distrusted me. When I commented on his performance, he shrugged and said: "That's nothing. I've licked dozens of rubes like him. I fight them all the same—lay back and block till they get tired, then I step in and punch their ears off. It's the old Army game."

He told me that he was going to Denver to sign up with Mack Morton, a manager. I asked him when he would leave Albuquerque.

"Tomorrow," he said. "Why don't you come with me, kid? I'll buy you a ticket. There's nothing for you in this burg. I'll hold you up till you get a break in Denver."

I went, of course.

We sat long over our meals on the Denver-bound train, luxuriating in the view of life from the wide window of a smooth-running dining-car. In the manner of drifters who have come to an understanding, we began to wax autobiographical. For my part, I was a young vag knocking about the country: off the bum one month, on the bum the next.

He told me about himself. His mother was unremembered and he recalled his father but vaguely. The old man was a traveling salesman, and, after his wife's death, had taken the boy with him on his trips over the country, but, eventually tir-

ing of it, placed him in a San Francisco orphanage.

At fourteen Benny escaped from the home and beat his way to Salt Lake City, where, for a few years, he earned his livelihood as a newspaper hustler. The idols of his gang were Salt Lake pugs—the Palusos and, of course, Jack Dempsey, who returned to town off and on. "Almost all the guys I ran with tried to be swatters," Benny said. "Most of 'em got their lumps in their first few fights and quit. I guess I was cut out for it."

At nineteen he began to drift around the country, boxing in various places. His knowledge of the business constantly increased, but for three or four years he continued to live precariously. Frequently he came into a town on a freight, hungry and broke, lucky if his socks were not crusty and his shoes broken.

In California, about a year before I met him, he had called a reckoning on himself.

"I got disgusted with being a trambo," he said. "I liked to travel, but not on freights with gandy-dancers and yaps that think it's romantic to sit on a dirty rattling car-box and get their teeth sunburned. . . . Lots of the boys I licked had cash and women, and rode the plush when they blew town. I knew the promoters were hep that I was a pretty good fighter, but they figured something must be wrong with me because I never dickered for dough. I always took whatever they offered me. I had to. I was always busted and I couldn't take a chance.

"So I decided to lay low after every fight and put away a little dough. Pretty soon I had a fair stake. When I got to looking prosperous, they respected me around fight clubs and a lot of ham local managers were after me. Just before I left L. A. to sign up with this Mack Morton in Denver, I got an offer to fight a guy in El Paso. I had to

come East anyway, so I stopped off in El Paso. The guy they had is a tough left-hander. They have trouble getting boys to work against him. Most fighters don't like to fight a southpaw if he's any good—I don't myself—but I kept jacking the ante up till they offered me three-fifty. I decides to take a chance. I went in with this guy and beat him to the punch right after the first bell. . . . No more bozo life for me. I'm a Pullman lizard."

Half joking, I suggested that there must be a girl behind this urge to get on in life. Benny said my guess was wrong. He wasn't interested in any one woman; they were all sweeties to him. He saw himself as a wastrel and a drifter, and would be a poor choice for any worthy woman in quest of a husband. His ruling ambition was to have a good time. That was his one reason for renouncing trampdom. Wastrel fatalism was firmly bedded in his make-up and he spoke enthusiastically and at length of his intention to devote himself to the pursuit of Good Time, as though it was a brand new philosophy and he its originator.

"You probably think I'm a funny guy," he said, "but I got no desire to become a champion. I just want to make enough to get along my way. I don't want to own a home or have kids or any of that stuff. I'd always be afraid my kids would do time in some orphan asylum. And I got no itch to pile up a big fortune or go into business or any dodge like that. I'm just out for a little frolic. That's why I'm hooking up with this manager in Denver. He's a good man, and he wants a boy that can fight often. That's me—and I'm after a guy that can keep me busy. I like fighting. You got to battle for a living anyway; why not in the ring? It's better than trimming around a boss or punching a clock and eating between whistles.

"I'll fight as often as I can. Get the dough—get the dough and spend it, that's me. A hot time while I last. Dough to spend, women, good-lookin' women, dances, drinks, steaks and lobsters, and then—good morning, Jesus! There may be angels and harps and pie in the sky, for all I know, but I take no chances. I'm having a gaudy time right down here—and when I'm through the dagos are welcome to get out their shovels and bounce dirt on my coffin."

IV

In Big Mack Morton of Denver Benny found the manager he needed. Middle-aged, corpulent, suave, Mack was, as I found out before long, a smart money maker, a lavish spender, a gourmand, a traveler, and a lover of women.

One day Mack introduced Benny and me to an old-time pug, Young Corbett, famous in his day as the conqueror of Terrible Terry McGovern. A fattish little man, perennially smoking an acrid black pipe, Corbett did not look like one who had been a slashing fighter and a good-time-Charlie. We exchanged a few trivial remarks and parted from him.

"He sure is behind the eight ball," Benny said.

"Yeah," I said, "but doesn't he give you the heebie-jeebies?"

"No," answered Benny. "He was in the spot in his time. He had his hour of glory, didn't he?"

"He should have been laid away long ago," put in Mack, who considered Corbett dull. "These washed-up guys hate to shove off. They're afraid they're going to miss somethin'."

After a few weeks, Mack got me a job in a vaudeville act and I went East.

I did not see Benny for two years, but kept in touch with him through an occa-

sional postcard or letter. Sometimes I sent him a telegram when I read in the papers that he had beaten a better-grade opponent in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland or Pittsburgh. He and Mack were traveling all over the country.

Then we met again in Chicago. Benny and Mack drove to town in an expensive car and, after sizing up the prizefight business in the vicinity, decided to stay a few months.

At this time Benny was at the height of his boxing career. Two years of polishing under the direction of the ring-wise Mack had been added to the long apprenticeship of his rough hobo days. He had become an adept in the knack of winning fights with a minimum of effort. Except for a slightly cauliflowered ear, he had no additional scars.

Occasionally I helped to second him, riding in Mack's big car to fights at Milwaukee, Moline, Champaign, or Indianapolis. Now and then I timed his workouts at a Loop gym and after accompanied him to one of his favored restaurants: Henrici's, Lindy's, the Bismarck, Hubert's Grill, or the Lincoln Turner Hall.

The rooms that Benny and Mack took in an apartment-hotel became a popular rendezvous for sports and racket men. All the necessities and accompaniments of a good time were there: gags, laughter, drinks, food, girls.

For a time Benny had a girl named Nancy, an ignorant semi-underworld snip of sheer race-horse beauty. At first I felt sure she would snare Benny. I expressed my fear to Mack, but he scoffed. "The kid's too smart to fall for her. Beautiful, but a bum. That's the only kind he runs around with."

And, sure enough, Nancy soon passed from the scene in favor of another. As he had said, they were all sweeties and the

supply was plentiful, for, to a certain type of girl, Benny was a species of hero.

In addition to the gaiety at the apartment, there were other hot-time doings, and Benny always included me in his parties, as well as in his visits to high-priced girl shows, vaudeville at the Palace, Southside burlesques, matinée dances at sporty hotels, stag dinners staged by racket men. We spent hours at tailors being fitted for fine clothes, shopped in fancy haberdasheries and expensive shoe shops, and were carefully barbered and manicured.

The months passed quickly. Benny's favorite phrase was: "Some fun, eh kid?"

V

From Chicago, Benny and Mack went on a tour of the Canadian cities. Benny fought at Toronto, Montreal, and in smaller towns, beating third- and fourth-raters—what Mack called soft touches.

Then they went to Europe. I received a card from them: "Having a swell time in Paris."

They remained abroad for several months. Then one day another card: "Mack kicked the bucket in Berlin. Heart failure. I'm coming home. See you in Chi. Benny."

Returning to Chicago, Benny put up at a modest hotel in the near-Northside. He had changed considerably. The lines in his face were deeper. I noticed, too, that his hair was thinning and receding at the sides. But most important of all, while fighting in Canada and Europe, his left hand had sustained four bad breaks and now he could use it only to punch sideways from the knuckles.

However, the inner man was unchanged. He missed Big Mack, but was unsentimental about it. "What the hell!" he said. "Mack had a good life and a quick death."

He explained why he had chosen the small hotel over the better places in the Loop. "I'm not broke," he told me, "but I don't want to start throwing dough around till I get a couple of good fights. We didn't make no profit in Europe."

He said that while there he had experienced, every now and then, a homesickness for Southern California. He planned to go to the Coast after two fights: the first, a warm-up against a third-rater at a little Northside club; the second, a tough one at Toronto against a good boy for a sizeable guarantee.

The night of the warm-up bout was the coldest I had ever experienced in Chicago. The snow had fallen heavily during the day, hindering traffic. We rode to the club in a cab, making slow progress up Clark street. The machine was heated and we wore heavy overcoats, but Benny complained of the cold.

When we reached the club, the preliminaries were over.

"Hurry up," the promoter said, "the crowd's yellin'."

Benny got ready quickly and hurried to the ring. He complained of the canvas covering, which was loosely strung; it would impede his sliding style and force him to adopt unfamiliar dancing tactics. I asked the promoter to tighten it up, but he said: "Too late to bother with it." He was sore at us for not arriving early.

Benny and his opponent, Pete Pancho, a young left-handed Filipino, were introduced to the impatient audience. The referee hustled them into action.

Benny was still a cool, deliberate fighter, but with a difference. He used the broken left in an upswopping jolt to the body or a stiff sidewipe to the head, neither of which was half so destructive as the old stabbing jab. The billowy canvas, as he had predicted, proved an added handicap.

Benny landed two or three punches against Pancho's one, but the Filipino's enormous stamina enabled him to take the blows matter-of-factly. In the third, his left drew blood from Benny's mouth and nose, and began to paint a red blotch on his side.

In the fifth, Pancho clubbed Benny on the head with three hard punches, one after the other, and Benny fell to the floor. He rose and had to use all his cunning to finish the round.

During the rest minute he sat back, tight-lipped, sucking in long draughts of air, while I vainly tried to stop the flow of blood from his mouth. He was thinking hard. He realized that he was in a tight spot. We both understood that he must not only avoid a knockout, but must contrive to beat the Googoo to save his confidence for the future.

They came up for the sixth and, with only three rounds to go, Pancho seemed a sure winner on points. But he was intent on a knockout. He charged into Benny and quickly pinned him against the ropes. Benny worked himself free, took a new position, and punched the Filipino about the head with a series of jolting rights. One of the blows cut a gash over Pancho's eye, and blood began to ooze from the wound. Half-blinded, Pancho was forced on the defensive.

Then Benny's class began to show itself. He fainted the Filipino into all sorts of foolish maneuvers and kept hammering at the injured eye. Pancho was devoid of defensive skill. He became a bloody punching bag for Benny. Someone at the ring-side began to yell to the referee to halt the fight.

Just before the end of the round the referee did so, and awarded the fight to Benny, who then helped to lead the blood-blinded Pancho to his corner.

VI

Benny continued to bleed as we rode back to his hotel. He complained of a pain in the head. "That little bastard is a tough cookie," he said. "The Filipinos are the real guts in this racket. I go up there to get a warm-up and they hand me a Goo-goo, and a left-hander at that. Maybe you think I don't know I been through a fight."

He suggested that we leave for California the next day. He was willing to lose the Toronto bout, which had been only tentatively arranged for, in order to dodge the rest of the Eastern Winter. I agreed to the trip and promised to call for him the next afternoon, ready to go.

Holding a handkerchief to his face, Benny left the cab. He said he was all right

—"just a bloody nose"—and insisted that I stay in the machine and go on to my lodging, several blocks farther.

Next day I slept late. By the time I had packed and started, it was well into the afternoon.

At Benny's hotel, when I stepped into the elevator, one of the bellboys, who knew me to be his friend, came after me. "Are you going for Benny Harris' clothes?" he asked me.

Instantly, I thought of the blood-flow the night before.

"What's the matter? Did they take him to the hospital?"

The bellboy's eyes rolled in surprise.

"They took him to the morgue. He was dead when the maid went in this noon. Internal hem'ridge."

MUSIC

MACDOWELL'S PROTESTING DEMON

BY EDWARD ROBINSON

A FEW years after his return from Europe, Edward MacDowell, having settled in Boston, announced a piano recital consisting mainly of his own works. It was an important step for the young American. His reputation as a composer, already established in Europe, was beginning to grow at home, and he judged the time ripe for a formal presentation of his work. He practiced very hard that the concert might be a success, for much depended upon its outcome.

A few days before the recital he broke a finger-nail. It was a major calamity, and drove him frantic. Nursing the injury with all possible care, he courageously determined to go on with the performance, and arrived at the hall according to schedule. But it was of no use. After the first number, the pain grew so great that he stopped, held up his finger before the audience in mute testimony of his suffering, and left the platform.

He was profoundly discouraged by this misfortune, and discussing the affair with a friend, later on, characterized it bitterly as one more instance when his "demon of ill-luck" got into his work. That demon pursued him relentlessly throughout his life, manifesting itself not only in accidental obstacles to his work, but in countless inner resistances to the very things he apparently desired so much. The record of his doubts, frustrations, and self-imposed sufferings and contradictions is a long and

amazing one, remarkably strange for a man who achieved distinguished recognition during his life. He took special pains, it would seem, to interfere with the smooth functioning of his own musical mechanism, to such an extent that ultimately he died a broken and disappointed man, the victim of a hopeless mental disorder at the age of forty-seven.

The circumstances of his early education in New York appear to have made a fertile soil for the nourishment of these later symptoms. Born a weak and puny infant, he inherited from his father, a Quaker business man forced to repress his own artistic talents early in life, a remarkable aptitude for drawing and painting which showed itself while he was still a child. At the age of three he was fascinated by the pictures in his fairy-tale books, and soon, without any instruction whatever, began himself to sketch. His creative nature thus made apparent, his mother—a determined, energetic and ambitious woman who had been born in the country—resolved that her son should become famous. Not in the least "artistic" herself, she decided that MacDowell, who also showed musical talent, should become a pianist; and she inaugurated a system of study to which he was strictly kept. An innocent anecdote of this period tells how one day he successfully deceived his parents in the next room by bribing his non-musical brother, for two cents, to bang on the piano during the practice hour, while he himself lay on the floor, engrossed in one of his story books.

In no way precocious, he got on well enough to justify advanced study at the

Paris Conservatory; and at fifteen he left for Europe, accompanied by his mother. The two years in Paris were not successful ones. He disagreed constantly with both teachers and fellow students, and grew more and more dissatisfied as he went on. His uncertainty was increased by a critical development in his career, which occurred during this time. Fond of varying the "monotony of his studies" by surreptitious drawings of teachers and students, these were accidentally discovered by an eminent French painter, who was so impressed that he offered free tuition and support over a three-year period of study. MacDowell was willing to accept, but his mother, opposing the change, finally prevailed upon him to continue with his music.

His troubles date from that time. Still accompanied by his mother, he transferred in 1878 to the conservatory at Stuttgart, but found conditions there just as uncongenial as at Paris. His mother then decided upon the Frankfort Conservatory, where Raff and Heymann were the teachers of composition and piano; and for the next ten years he remained in Germany, meeting with constant disappointments. Heymann, his first staunch friend, died in 1880; Raff, whose teachings he absorbed faithfully, and who believed his pupil to have a great future, died in 1882; Louis Ehlert, who early exerted all efforts in his behalf, died in 1884; and Liszt, who welcomed his first compositions warmly, and secured for them a publisher, died in 1886. MacDowell saw in these catastrophes almost a conspiracy against his career; after Raff's death, there was a decidedly morbid element in the sadness with which he mourned his teacher's loss.

During this period he had married an American pupil, and made every effort to find a teaching post. He met with repeated rebuffs both in Germany and England.

The Frankfort Conservatory refused him, ostensibly because of his youth, actually because of his association with the unpopular Heymann. Würzburg rejected him for the same reason. He next failed to obtain a post in Edinburgh, this time because of his connection with "that dreadful" modern, Liszt. He had chosen bad friends.

He returned to Boston in 1888, with the fixed idea of teaching for a living and of composing for pleasure. But he found that it would be necessary for him to concertize in order to establish his reputation; and to this he offered strong and constant objection all his life. Had he been an emotionally controlled artist he would have used this weapon, calmly and judiciously, to his own advantage. Instead he twisted public playing into a nightmare of torture. He would complain regularly of its burdens, and repeatedly threatened to "quit the whole business". His concert tours usually covered a three or four-week period in Winter; to pull himself together for them was each year a "dreaded ordeal." On tour he was always subject to bad colds, and would appear, part of the time, when actually ill. Always disappointed in his playing, he said ruefully after one of these tours: "If I could only start in now and do it over again, I could play quite decently."

On one occasion he played his own Eroica sonata for the first time. His wife came to meet him in the greenroom, but he had disappeared. When she hurried home, fearing something was wrong, there he was, "almost in a corner, white, and as if he were guilty of some crime, and he said as we came in: 'I can play better than that. But I was so tired!' We almost wept with the pity of the unnecessary suffering, which was yet so real and intense."

In private, he showed the same attitudes. It was almost impossible to make him play: he was always "out of practice", and

would protest that he was only a "composer-pianist", or would offer some witticism at his own expense as excuse. Deep in his subconscious mind, he *did not want* to play the piano. We can understand why he grew so enthusiastic about baseball, and why he would excitedly comment at a game: "It's great to watch the cocksure playing of these professionals."

Had he possessed confidence in his creative work, we might dismiss this other uncertainty as an incidental idiosyncrasy. But here his self-distrust was equally pathological. In Germany he "never waked up to the idea" that anyone would take his music seriously. "I had understood from early boyhood," he wrote, "that it was expected of me to become a pianist, and every moment spent in scribbling notes seemed to be stolen from the more legitimate work of piano practice."

The sense of guilt remained with him. He never felt sure that what he was composing was worth while, and was always disheartened when a work was completed. He feared sending his manuscripts to the publisher, and did so only upon the urging of his wife. He was always "going to do his really good work" in the future, and invariably referred to his past compositions regretfully.

To a critic who had written an admiring article on some of his works he wrote: "I feel only too often their inadequacy to express my ideals; thus what you speak of as accomplishment I fear is often but attempt." Learning that his former teacher, Teresa Carreño, was going to play one of his early concert études, he sent a frantic telegram asking her not to "put that dreadful thing" on her programme. At Peterboro, one morning, he humorously excused himself from some guests with: "I am going to the cabin to write some of my rotten melodies!"

He disliked playing chamber music, and disdained the string quartette as so much "cold veal", although love of both has ever been peculiarly characteristic of composers. He was afraid of being pointed out as a musician. Upton Sinclair has described him, in his mature years, as

a man of striking appearance, in spite of his best efforts to avoid it; he could easily have been an old style musician, with a mop of wild hair . . . but he kept it carefully trimmed, and was extremely neat in his dress, trying in every way to look like an American banker.

He was morbidly suspicious of praise. At a reception following the first performance of his Celtic sonata he stood in agony before the compliments of the assembled guests, until in despair he pleaded with Lawrence Gilman: "Can't we get out of this?" The two finally hid behind a staircase, consuming salads and beer.

This shyness and exaggerated sensitivity were conspicuous all his life. As a child he could not stand being caressed, or even touched; and he never got over his fear of thunderstorms. He could not bear to see trees cut down, for he felt they had a "spirit" which was thus killed. He was distressed if his wife watered some of the flowers in the garden without watering them all: he fancied the neglected ones felt hurt. In Germany he loved to visit the cathedrals while Mass was being said; but he would stand as far back as possible, shrinking from going forward as a "disillusionment" not to be borne. After a Boston recital by Paderewski, whom he admired greatly, he ran all the way across the Common to his home in Chestnut street, fearing that someone would stop him "to talk", and thus break into his impressions. Although a mature man when he revisited Paris with his wife in 1895, he could still complain, in a letter, about the

lack of "decency" there. At the Salon, he wrote, "I never saw so many nude pictures in my life"; and at the opera it was "the same, only the nudities *moved*."

For years he had a dread of going insane, and in Boston he several times told his pupil, Henry F. Gilbert, that he did not think he was destined for a long life. He feared being run over, and was actually knocked down by a cab during the period of his last illness. In ordinary practical affairs he frequently displayed a curious lack of control, or else acted to contradict his own desires, always with detriment to his career. Though in other matters able to discuss opposing viewpoints calmly, he was unable to do so with musical opinions divergent from his own. He would grow violently impatient, or change the subject abruptly.

He undertook the Columbia University appointment with eager anticipation, for it yielded a fixed, reliable income (unlike private lessons) and provided an opportunity to develop his cherished ideas about teaching. Yet two months after he began he complained that he had no time left for composition, and at the end of the year he hailed with joy his "release" to Peterboro. That same year he became leader of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, a post he welcomed for the experience it would give him in conducting. Yet the next year he resigned, and took on, instead, additional private teaching, which he hated, and which further diminished his time for composition.

He always looked forward to ultimate leisure, when he would do nothing but compose. At the same time he would dissipate his energies in drawing, in writing verse, in sports of various kinds, in hobbies like gardening and photography, and in laborious jobs of carpentry, at which he was skilled. He accepted more teaching

than was necessary, in order to make sure of a future competence for his wife. Indeed, his friend, T. P. Currier, testifies that "home was the veritable backbone of his existence. It was more precious to him than professional success; even composition was a secondary consideration."

His final collapse was brought on by his failure to secure President Butler's coöperation. The Columbia disagreement received much publicity at the time, causing MacDowell to brood over this frustration of his plans, until finally his mind gave way. It is significant that his intense disappointment over the outcome of the very thing which was preventing him from composing, should become the immediate cause of his death.

It is by now sufficiently evident, I think, that his "demon" was nothing else but a basic deficiency in his own equipment as an artist: he had never made up his mind as to what he really wanted to do. The passing of time has revealed that deficiency in his music, which has aged over-night. The piano pieces and songs are hardly more than the dying coals of a romantic fire which reached its greatest intensity in Germany long before he began his career. The larger works, such as the sonatas, do not survive close scrutiny. Emotionally turgid and ill-balanced, they never come off. In them, as in most of MacDowell's things, the inner wish—the intention—is always sincere, always laudable. But the capacity for expression is crippled by a fundamental lack of control and organization.

Subconsciously, MacDowell himself knew this: his morbid lack of confidence was amply justified. He knew that he had failed to understand American life and the American people, and that his music was a weak refuge in a past and decadent European culture. Although he was described

by others as "the first great American composer", and had been elected one of the original members of the American Academy, in his heart he realized that he had not succeeded in his work.

His life, and the society in which he was born and shaped, had conspired to prevent his full inner development, had perhaps even side-tracked him from his proper medium of expression; and his subconscious protested constantly against a path which it knew to be wrong. A noble man, he was thus tragically foredoomed to frustration.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

"RUSTIC WEDDING" SYMPHONY.

The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
By *Carl Goldmark*. *Victor*
\$7.50 Album of 5 12-in. records *Camden*

It was in 1865 that Goldmark, after having established himself as a teacher of pianoforte in Vienna, burst upon the musical circles of that jocund city with his luscious overture, "Sakuntala". In his "Rustic Wedding", composed eleven years later, are the same qualities of sensuous instrumentation and unabashed melodiousness. The title, in at least two senses, is a misnomer. Properly speaking, the so-called symphony is a suite in five movements—a tone poem of unpretentious beauty. The wedding, moreover, is by no means a bumpkins' festival such as the word "rustic" might suggest to English ears. Indeed, as the lovely music of the fourth movement ("In The Garden") proves, these are passionate, romantic, sensitive bride and groom. . . . It is with this movement that the piece gathers its momentum. After a course in modernism, Goldmark sounds simple and even naïve; yet the fundamental honesty of his music preserves it. To hear it at its best is to experience unaffected delight in the basic simplicities of melodic structure, harmonic grounding and orchestral coloration. . . . Robert Heger, conducting, like the music, improves as he goes along.

SONATA in A Major, Op. 162.

For Violin & Piano
By *Franz Schubert*. *Victor*
\$7.50 Album of three 12-in. records *Camden*

One's feeling for this release is, like the composition itself, short and sweet. With a Kreisler at the violin and a Rachmaninoff at the piano, the result is spontaneous melody interpreted with an easy and communicative mastery.

POLONAISE in E Flat Minor, Op. 26, no. 2.

For Piano
By *Frédéric Chopin*. *Victor*
\$2. 12-in. record *Camden*

Paderewski is not all that he used to be; neither, for that matter, is Chopin. This does not sound, today, like one of the great polonaises; nor does Paderewski, in the record, sound like the great Pole he was. Yet it is the playing, after all, of a master; and it is the composition, after all, of a genius.

SHEET MUSIC

"AMERICA": A Patriotic Song.

For Voice & Piano
By *Frederick H. Martens (Words) & Leo Ornstein (Music)*. *Carl Fischer*
40 cents 9 x 12; 3 pp. *New York*
Ibid.

Choral Arrangements in 2, 3, and 4 parts
12 cents 7 x 10¾; 3 pp. *Ibid.*

This is the composition that received first prize in the National Anthem Competition conducted by the Brooks-Bright Foundation and sponsored by Mrs. Florence Brooks-Aten. The words, instead of the usual martial bombast, sing peace, unity and brotherhood. They are designedly simple. So, of course, is the music. One rubs one's eyes at the sight of Leo Ornstein in the rôle of a four-square composer. How have the roaring lions of yesteryear become today the sucking doves of assembly hall and rostrum! The tune is singable, but hardly memorable for any of the qualities that go to the making of patriotic anthems. "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" is still safe.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE BAND
WAGON." *For Voice & Piano*
Words by Howard Dietz; music by Arthur
Schwartz. Harms
40 cents each 9¼ x 12; 5 pp.; 7 pp.
New York

With this new revue Messrs. Dietz and Schwartz, and especially Mr. Schwartz, make a distinct step forward in the ranks of our purveyors of light rhymes and tunes. "High and Low" is a good, swinging melody, without any pretensions to being anything other than it is; "I Love Louisa" falls into the same category, and is a bit more rowdy, with its choric demand for "More Beer!" "New Sun In The Sky" is a jaunty pollyana proclamation. In "Dancing In The Dark" Schwartz actually achieves a mood. Certainly he has become a much better composer than his early music in "The First Little Show" suggested. Now he emerges as one of the chief hopes of our newer musical comedy.

SCORES

"DER LINDBERGHFLUG."

Chorus, Soli & Piano Version of Score
Text by Brecht; music by Kurt Weill.

Associated Music Publishers (Importers)
\$6. 9 x 12; 64 pp. *New York*

This German opus on Lindbergh's flight has something more than its novelty to recommend it. It is thrice welcome after the jazz imitations that have come sailing over the seas with the audible films. Those who heard it, a few months ago, broadcast over the nation with the adventurous Stokowski directing, felt certain delightful moments of discovery. (And this, despite the ineptitude of the English text as prepared by George Antheil.) . . . The piece has fifteen brief sections, which trace the sea-epic of Lucky Lindy from the initial inspiration to his landing at Le Bourget, concluding with an oratorical epilogue. The vigorous chorus (the composition begins with a most felicitous theme of invitation) is relieved now and then by solo passages, notably the conversation between Lindbergh and his motor. Sometimes, in its ambitious flight, it strikes air pockets and there is a sudden descent; on the whole, however, it is uncommonly interesting and

not too difficult for the average singer. It is easy to foresee for it a great popularity not only with choral societies but with the more able glee clubs and school organizations.

CONCERTO. *For Piano, With Wind*
Octette Accompaniment
By Colin McPhee. New Music
75 cents. 10¾ x 14; 51 pp. *San Francisco*
"H₂O."

Music For Cinema & Chamber Orchestra
Ibid. Unpublished
"MECHANICAL PRINCIPLES."

Music For Cinema & Chamber Orchestra
Ibid. Unpublished

Mr. McPhee is a Canadian in his thirty-first year. His musical studies were begun in Baltimore under Gustav Strube, and continued in Paris under Paul Le Flem and Edgar Varèse. He has written, in addition to the pieces above listed, a concerto for piano and orchestra, incidental music to the "Hyppolytus" of Euripides, a sara-bande for full orchestra, a "Sea Shanty Suite", a sonatina for two flutes, clarinet, trumpet and piano, and pieces for the piano. . . . The concerto for piano and wind octette is a highly interesting experiment in timbres, quite in consonance with the modernist aversion for—or vacation from—the string family. It effects the difficult combination of vigor and grace, here made doubly difficult through sacrifice of the strings. . . . The music for the stimulating film studies by Ralph Steiner is peculiarly successful, especially the "Mechanical Principles". Without any slavish following of the machine patterns McPhee has achieved a setting that sounds most fascinating in conjunction with the film, and yet possesses, as any true music should, intrinsic artistic validity. (The best proof of this is afforded by the fact that it came off well at a recent showing of the film, despite the bad synchronization of the orchestra). . . . Mr. McPhee, who is, incidentally, a fine interpreter of his own piano scores, has already earned high standing among the advance guard of American composers. Orchestral conductors of any pretensions—our leading bands not excepted—might well look into his work.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Asiatic Tammany

STALIN, by Isaac Don Levine. \$3.50. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$; 421 pp. New York: *The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation*.

IN THE list of high officers of the Russian state the name of Joseph Vissarionovitch Stalin, *geb.* Djugashvili, does not appear. He is neither chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, as Lenin was, nor commissar for the Army and Navy, as Trotsky was. He is not what would be called, in democratic lands, the President of the Republic, nor is he the Prime Minister, nor is he in the Cabinet in any other capacity, nor has he any military rank, nor is he a member of what corresponds to our Congress. His only formal connection with the government is as a member of the Council of Labor and Defense, a semi-official body of such small importance that Lenin's putative successor as head of the state, Michael Kalinin, does not belong to it. Yet Stalin runs Russia as surely and as openly as if he were the Czar come back to life, and in many ways he exercises a kind of power that the Czar never dreamed of. Nothing can go on without his consent. He is the sole repository of every kind of genuine authority. No man may so much as live in the country if he says no—not even one of the founders and saints of Bolshevism. He heaved out the mighty Trotsky, and he could heave out any of the others. To find his match one must go back to the Europe of the Middle Ages—nay, to the Persia of the Sassanids.

This curious man, unquestionably the most powerful despot now alive in the

world, comes from Georgia in the Transcaucasus—which is to say, he is an Asiatic. Characteristically, he is very proud of the fact, and frequently refers to it. Until he was more than thirty years old—he is now less than fifty-two—he never saw St. Petersburg. But already he had been arrested three times, and had escaped three times, and during the few years following he was to escape four times more. In 1913, however, the Russian police took him to the remote and forlorn town of Turukhansk, on the Yensiei river in Siberia, only a few miles from the Arctic Circle, and there they kept him safely until 1917. Thus he had no part in the World War. What his attitude toward it was is now a matter of dispute among Bolshevik historians. Trotsky alleges that he covertly favored it, and even showed signs of Russian patriotism, but this seems rather improbable. Stalin himself has never deigned to mention the subject. Late in 1915 Lenin tried to get into communication with him, but he was in exile under his legal name of Djugashvili, and Lenin could not remember it! In 1917, when the Czar fell, he returned to St. Petersburg, and was presently supporting Kerensky and pleading for a compromise with the Mensheviks. Trotsky and company now make much of this fact, but again Stalin prefers to maintain a lofty silence.

How he got into the good graces of Lenin, who must have been pretty suspicious of him at the start, is told in detail by Mr. Levine, and also how, as Lenin gradually disintegrated, he seized the reins of power. The struggle was a hard one,

for Trotsky was arrayed against him, and Trotsky, in those days, was a god of only a little less rank than that of Lenin himself. But Stalin turned out to be the better politician. He knew how to win men by seeming to defer to them. One by one, he lined up the younger Bolsheviks, and worked them into higher and higher places. Long before Lenin died he was the boss of a machine that functioned perfectly and irresistibly. He wasted little energy on efforts to court the populace. He made few speeches and seldom appeared in public. When he had to show himself he took a back seat, leaving Trotsky to do the honors. But his machine grew stronger every day, for he knew that the mainspring of practical politics is the lust for jobs, and he knew how to get them for the ambitious. When Lenin died at last he was ready for a formal test of strength. In a few months Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev and the rest of the opposition leaders were either jailed or exiled, and Stalin was undisputed boss of Russia.

He continues in that rôle today, though, as I have said, he has scarcely any existence as an official person. His power lies in his position as secretary-general of the Communist party. As such he dominates the party Organizational Bureau, of which his creature, Karganovitch, is the titular chief—and the Organizational Bureau distributes the jobs. No man can hold office in Russia, whether high or low, without its consent. That is to say, no man can hold office without the consent of Stalin. He is ten times as powerful as any Mark Hanna or Boies Penrose ever was in the United States; he is even more powerful than Tweed and Croker were in New York. For Hanna and Penrose, Tweed and Croker faced an opposition that was powerful too: there was always the chance that they might lose an election, and so

sink to impotence. But in Russia there can be but one party, and Stalin is now its sole proprietor. Theoretically, he must call a party congress every year, and submit his acts to its ratification. Before his day such congresses were actually held annually, and sometimes they saw hot discussions. But since he became boss in 1925 there have been but two of them, and their proceedings have been marked by all the tranquillity of a Republican National Convention under Penrose. Today it is quite as dangerous in Russia for a good Bolshevik to flout the boss as it is for an outsider to flout Communism itself. The rebel loses his job in ten minutes, and next day he is on his way to some remote outpost in Central Asia, or to some unpleasant hoosegow nearer home.

Well, what are Stalin's ideas? Where is he headed? What does he hope to accomplish? Mr. Levine appears to believe that his appetite for mere personal glory is very slight. Like the orthodox American boss, he seldom appears in public, and does not crave high-sounding dignities and public applause. He is quite content to let such figure-heads as Kalinin, Rykov and Litvinov bask in the limelight, just as Mark Hanna was content to defer to McKinley. It is the substance of power that he wants, not the shine and noise. But what does he propose to do with it? Mr. Levine says that his aims are two-fold. First, he hopes to Americanize Russia sufficiently to lift it out of its present appalling wallow and outfit it with money and bayonets. And then he proposes to strike westward. "The great tragedy will come," says S. Dmitrievsky, late a member of the Bolshevik diplomatic corps,

when our troops, the hordes of Eurasia, enter Berlin and Paris. Then Europe will cease being Europe, and become part of Eurasia. Such is Stalin's faith in the world-

revolution. He will present it to Europe on the tip of a Russian-Asiatic bayonet. And he will surrender to no Western proletariat the hegemony of the revolution, for in the depths of his soul he hates and despises the proletariat of the West as much as he does the bourgeoisie.

Mr. Levine does not take this threat too seriously. Stalin, he hints, is far too Asiatic to be a good economist. He refuses to consider the payment of the Czarist debts, and thus bars the Soviet Union from the international money market, but all the while he needs cash to carry out the Five-Year Plan and his other grandiose enterprises, and he must pay ruinous premiums for it. During 1929 and 1930 he borrowed \$1,000,000,000 on short-term notes, "discounted at rates ranging from 25 to 30%". To meet them when they fell due he had to sell Russian products in large amounts and at any price he could get, and very often that price was below the cost of production. And to make up the deficit he had to keep on inflating the national currency, thus enormously diminishing the purchasing power of the Russian masses. It may be that this scheme, in the long run, will somehow accumulate capital, and make Russia rich. We live in an age of miracles. But it seems much more likely that its end will be complete bankruptcy.

Stalin as a success would plainly be a menace to Europe, which is making heavy weather of recovering from the World War and is thus in no condition to resist a really formidable Russian advance. But Stalin as a failure may be very dangerous too, for the desperate fanaticism of Asia is in his bones, and his past history shows that he is quite devoid of squeamishness. Even his fellow Bolsheviks fear his black humors, and step warily when they are upon him. Back in 1907, in Tiflis, some of

his disciples shocked even the Bolsheviks by staging a bombing and robbery which cost fifty lives. "Around the central Pushkin Park scores of bodies were swimming in pools of blood. Many were writhing in pain". The Asiatics know how to run amuck. If this one ever does so, there will be a circus in the grand manner.

The Growth of English

A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, by Hans Kurath & George O. Curme. Vol. III, Syntax, by Dr. Curme. \$5. 8½ x 5½; 616 pp. Boston: D. C. Heath & Company.

OF THIS work only the third volume, dealing with syntax, has appeared so far. The first, by Dr. Kurath, will be devoted to the history of the language, with special attention to word-formation, spelling and phonetics. The second, by Dr. Curme, will be given over to accident. Dr. Curme, in his discussion of syntax, might have very well borrowed the explicatory phrase in the title of the late Dr. Otto Jespersen's great English grammar: "on historical principles." For in dealing with this or that locution he constantly goes back to its origins in what he calls "older English". Again like Dr. Jespersen he carries his examples down to the day before yesterday, and finds them in newspapers, popular novels and public documents as well as in formal literature. Yet again he presents his discoveries in an objective and unpedagogical manner, and though his bias is admittedly in favor of that sort of English "which is the most expressive, the most simple", he by no means tries to police the language. "Good English," he says, "varies according to the occasion. Evening dress would be out of place in playing a football game. Loose colloquial English, as often described in this book, is frequently appropriate."

Thus Dr. Curme wastes no time denouncing such traditional butts of the schoolma'am as the final preposition and the split infinitive. Both, he shows, go back to an early day, and have deep roots in the language. Moreover, neither is a vulgarism, historically speaking; on the contrary, each got its first lodgment, not in the common speech, but in literary English. The split infinitive appeared in the Fourteenth Century in response to a growing feeling that the adverb should precede rather than follow a stressed verb; many analogues came in with it, and are of dignified standing today. In certain situations even the most diligent pedantry cannot avoid it. Consider, for example, the sentence: "That I should almost succeed is not enough". Put the adverb behind the verb instead of in front of it, and the saying loses all force, and its very meaning is not clear.

The terminal preposition, says Dr. Curme, is an inheritance from the days when there were no subordinating conjunctions in the Indo-European languages, and the relations between two prepositions could be expressed only by putting them side by side. Thus such forms arose as "I have lost the pen; I write with it". When conjunctions came in, the final pronoun was seen to be redundant, and the two sentences became one: "I have lost the pen that I write with", or, more simply, "I have lost the pen I write with." The objection to ending a sentence with a preposition is thus not grammatical at all; it is simply a matter of taste. When the result is euphonious there is no reason whatever why the form should not be used. It becomes offensive only when it is plainly redundant, as in "Where are we at?", or clumsy and absurd, as in "That umbrella is the lady I go with's".

Dr. Curme's book does not make easy

reading. It is packed with facts, and in the main the author lets them tell their own story. His examples cover an immense range, and testify to many years of laborious collecting. Of the split infinitive alone he gives probably a hundred examples, running from "Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight" to "Babbitt" and "This Side Paradise". What he has to set forth will be of great interest to every student of English.

Law Enforcement

GIMME, *or, How Public Officials Get Rich*, by Emanuel H. Lavine. \$2.50. 8½ x 5¾; 298 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press*.

MR. LAVINE's treatise on the New York police, by title "The Third Degree", was noticed in this place last January. In the present volume he extends his inquiry from the armed constabulary to the general body of public officials, but what he discovers does not show any new patterns. The majority of public jobholders in New York, like the majority of policemen, are probably reasonably honest; at all events, they are as honest as the majority of private citizens. Their jobs are dull, and they do their work in a pedantic and often stupid manner, but they do not commonly attempt anything properly describable as embezzlement or extortion. All that is left to a minority, and usually it is a relatively small one, despite the exaggerated notions that get about when an investigation of the public service is in progress. What gives the lay grafters a good part of their chance is what gives the more crooked cops their chance: the existence of a vast mass of imbecile and unenforceable laws.

If all of these laws could be enforced to the letter it would be a sheer physical impossibility to carry on business on Man-

hattan Island, or even to live there. They would cost every storekeeper and every manufacturer and every landlord at least four-fifths of his gross revenues. Every building in the town would have to be overhauled three or four times a year, and outfitted with all sorts of expensive "improvements". A squad of inspectors would be on hand day and night, smelling up the place and driving away tenants and trade. The owner would be in court not less than once a week, and for a good part of the year he would be in jail.

Naturally enough, the agents of the city make no real effort to put such harsh and onerous laws into effect. And equally naturally, they are under constant pressure from persons who, in sheer self-defense, seek to evade them. They begin, perhaps, by being lenient out of mere decency. But they end by making a business of it—and once they have crossed that bridge they try inevitably to make business better by filling the gaps in the laws with even worse administrative regulations, concocted on the spot.

These regulations, in the long run, tend to be more numerous than the laws, and more onerous. A single one of them, proclaimed in 1927, threatened to cost the property-owners of New York \$50,000,000. It had to do with arrangements for shutting off the gas from a building in case of fire. An adequate device to that end, says Mr. Lavine, was obtainable for fifty cents, but the jobholders insisted on the installation of one that cost from \$100 to \$500, according to the size of the house. Their graft was to come, not directly from the owners, but from favored contractors. In this case their voracity was their undoing, for their victims organized a defense committee and appealed to the courts, and the regulation was vacated as "illegal and unnecessary". But in thousands of other cases

they are more prudent, and it is cheaper to yield than to resist them. And in thousands of other cases they collect for winking at the violation of laws that are sound and just. Recall, for example, the Triangle fire case. And the case of that other fatal fire in a movie studio.

"Gimme" is not as instructive a book as "The Third Degree", for in it Mr. Lavine is not playing on his home grounds. He is a specialist in the doings of the police, and in "The Third Degree" he had a lot to say about them that had never been said before. In "Gimme" he devotes a large part of his space to what everyone knows—everyone, at all events, who reads the New York newspapers. The grafts he describes have been exposed, indeed, over and over again, and countless fine schemes have been formulated to put them down. But they are never really stopped for more than a few months. By the time the star lawyer of the investigation has been nominated for Governor or elevated to the bench, the boys are busy again with their chisels. More, they are usually more efficient than before. They have not only learned what to avoid; they have also learned where to strike.

In New York, in fact, even the war upon graft has become a kind of graft. Every ambitious young lawyer tries to horn into it—that is, if he cannot horn into the regular racket. It offers an easy road to professional opportunity and public preferment. And it is also profitable to a large and impudent gang of blood-sweating clergymen, prehensile executive secretaries, disreputable stool-pigeons and other such fauna. What is to be done about it I don't know. If anyone has a plan that will work I'll be glad to give it space in these patriotic pages. As for me, I find that my great talent for constructive criticism here fails me.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

J. FREDERICK ESSARY *is chief of the Baltimore Sun's Washington bureau. He is the author of a half dozen books.*

ERNA FERGUSON *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

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ELIZABETH MORROW *is the wife of United States Senator Dwight W. Morrow of New Jersey. She is the author of "The Painted Pig," a juvenile book.*

LEWIS MUMFORD's *article in this issue will form part of a book, "The Brown Decade," which will be published in the Fall. His other books include "The Golden Day" and "Herman Melville."*

HERBERT CLAIBORNE PELL *was born in New York in 1884, and until he was thirty years old spent most of his time traveling. He was then elected to Congress and served one term. In 1921 he became chairman of the Democratic State Committee in New York, which post he held for five years. Since his resignation, he has spent about half of his time in Europe.*

EDWARD ROBINSON *is a graduate of Columbia and a teacher of piano and composition.*

J. SHIRLEY SWEENEY, M.D., *was born in Waco, Texas, in 1896. He got his A.B. and A.M. from Texas Christian University, and his M.D. from Vanderbilt University. He also has an Sc.D. from the Johns Hopkins. He now lives in Dallas, where he specializes in internal medicine.*

ULRIC WHITAKER *is a graduate of the Law School of the University of Chicago and a member of the Illinois bar. He has been in practice in Chicago since 1928 and has had a large experience in cases involving instalment contracts.*

DANE YORKE *was formerly in business in New York.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

John Hemphill was Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania last year, and astonished the nation by coming within 60,000 votes of carrying the State. Two years before it had been carried by Hoover by nearly a million votes. Mr. Hemphill made a vigorous and brilliant campaign, and its issue brought him into the front rank of younger American Democrats.



John Hemphill

He is thirty-nine years old and belongs to Chester county, where his ancestors settled in the first years of the Eighteenth Century. He is a direct descendant of Judge Joseph Hemphill, who was one of Jefferson's Pennsylvania leaders, and a member of the first graduating class at the law school of the University of Pennsylvania. Members of the family have been judges, district attorneys and Congressmen continuously since 1790. Nine Hemphills were chairmen of the Chester County Democratic Committee between 1798 and 1930. Mr. Hemphill, after attending school in West Chester, was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and then studied law there. He has been practicing in Philadelphia ever since. He was president of the Democratic Club in Philadelphia in 1920-1921, and chairman of the Speakers Bureau during the Smith campaign in 1928.

When he ran for Governor against Pinchot last year, it was his first bid for public office. The extraordinary vote polled for him—it was over a million and cut 950,000 from Hoover's majority over Smith in 1928—made him a salient public figure. He is a vigorous champion of the old Jeffersonian programme, and an unrelenting opponent of Prohibition. He served in the World War as a first lieutenant and then as a captain in the 47th Infantry, Fourth Division of the Regular Army. He is married and lives at West Chester.

Continued on page xx



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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xix

ERNA FERGUSON is a sister to Harvey Fergusson. Her first book, "Dancing Gods," which deals with the ceremonials of the Southwestern Indians, was published in July. She says of herself:

I was born in Albuquerque, in the old Mexican town. When I was young, little girls were expected to grow up to be ladies, so I was sent to a private school and then to a girls' boarding school. Now and then I went to public school, and I made my own observations of the town privately.

I got a degree from the University of New Mexico, and another from Columbia University. I taught school because it seemed to be the thing to do. Then we had a war and I ran around all over the State fixing things up for Mexican soldiers who had enlisted under a couple of names, for mothers who asked me what the ocean was, and for wives who had forgotten to marry. When the war ended I began to dude-wrangle. I dragged tourists all over New Mexico, Southern Colorado, and Arizona to see Indians and Indian ceremonials. They blamed me bitterly for almost everything, but some of them liked it and came again. Then the Santa Fé Railroad and Fred Harvey decided to do all that on a bigger scale, and they took me over. I trained and costumed a bunch of girl couriers for them, and introduced them to Indians.

In The Library for July, in the course of a review of Lincoln Steffens' autobiography, there were two references to the Mooney-Billings case at San Francisco. Both should have been to the McNamara case at Los Angeles.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for September will be the following:

"A City Editor's Testament," by Stanley Walker.

"The Downfall of Elder Barton," by James Stevens.

"Laura Jean Libbey," by Louis Gold.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page xii*

AMERICA THE MENACE.

By Georges Duhamel.

The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$2 8½ x 5½; 217 pp. Boston

M. Duhamel came to the United States for a visit in 1928, and did not like it. In fact, what he saw and heard astounded and revolted him, and in this book he tries to show why. It cannot be said that he makes out a very impressive case. The account of the country that André Siegfried gives in "America Comes of Age" is far more searching, and, despite its greater urbanity, far more devastating. M. Duhamel confines himself mainly to superficialities and irrelevancies. Why he should think that the abbatoirs at Chicago prove America to be a menace to the world is hard to make out. Similar abbatoirs are to be found everywhere, and those at Chicago are probably run better than most. M. Duhamel's book is chiefly valuable for its proof that all talk of nations understanding one another is rubbish. To a normal Frenchman the United States is inordinately disgusting, and it will probably remain so to the end of the chapter. M. Duhamel is a practised novelist, and thus writes very well. But not infrequently he writes as a novelist rather than as a reporter. His book is translated by Charles Miner Thompson.

DEPORTATION OF ALIENS.

By Jane Clark.

The Columbia University Press
\$5 9 x 6½; 524 pp. New York

This is the first full-length study of the deportation laws and of their administration to appear in the United States. It is heavily documented, clearly written, and well organized, and should prove of value to lawyers, social workers, and public officials. Dr. Clark, who is instructor in government in Barnard, is as impartial as anybody could be in the face of the injustices that have resulted from the operation of the deportation laws, but she is by no means free of criticisms. She pleads for some kind of consistency in the laws; at present they conflict horribly, and almost any subordinate official in the Labor Department is free to make his own rulings. Again, she thinks that a stop should be put to the deportation of children alone and unaccompanied. Third, "a particularly desirable statutory change would be one amending the provisions of the 1929 immigration law which forever forbid reentry to aliens once deported from the United States." Fourth, deportation proceedings should be brought more in line with the due process of law. Frequently, as in the wholesale deportation raids of 1920 and 1930, fundamental rights guaranteed by the Constitution have been wholly disregarded.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

H. H., or, *The Pathology of Princes.*
By Kanhayalal Gauba.

The Times Publishing Company
Rs. 7/8 9 1/4 x 6 1/8; 306 pp. Lahore

In addition to the British administrative divisions of India there are 562 native States, some of them large and prosperous but most of them small and poor. All are under British suzerainty, but their rulers retain varying measures of independence in internal affairs, and in legal theory these rulers are allies rather than subjects of the Crown. They are, for the most part, opponents of the proposed conversion of India into a self-governing Dominion. Many of them are extravagant ne'er-do-wells who give over their days to sport and their nights to dalliance. In the poorer States they thus monopolize and dissipate a large part of the public revenues, and keep their people in poverty and misery. Mr. Cauba is the author of "Uncle Sham," an answer to Katherine Mayo's "Mother India." But in the present volume he supports her rather than opposes her. It is heavily documented. The printing, unfortunately, is very bad.

LITERATURE

WHITMAN & BURROUGHS: *Comrades.*

By Clara Barrus. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
\$5 9 1/4 x 6 1/2; 392 pp. Boston

Next to William Douglas O'Connor, the greatest champion of Whitman during his lifetime was Burroughs, who first met the poet in 1863 and was one of his closest associates till his death in 1892. Dr. Barrus' discussion of their friendship is the most complete yet published. But her book is more than that. It is really a history of the rise of "Leaves of Grass" to respectability. There is considerable new material in it, both domestic and foreign. A whole section is devoted to the English criticisms of Whitman, and the Anne Gilchrist affair is discussed at considerable length. Finally a whole chapter is given over to Burroughs' labors in behalf of his friend's memory between 1892 and the date of his own death, 1921.

THE GENTEEL TRADITION AT BAY.

By George Santayana. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$1.25 7 7/8 x 5 1/4; 74 pp. New York

Here Mr. Santayana is concerned chiefly with the Humanism which raged in the United States lately for a few months. He distinguishes it sharply from the Humanism of the Renaissance, which stood for "hatred of exact logic, of asceticism, and of Gothic earnestness" and for "the praise of the

Continued on page xxii

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misjudged pleasures of a young body and a free mind." The American brand of Humanism had its origin in Calvinism. It was "not essentially humanistic at all, but theocratic." Like some of the New Englanders of the Golden Age the Humanists of two years ago yearned for an absolute, supernaturalistic criterion of taste and morals. But truth and morality never had, and never will have, a supernaturalistic basis. Absolutism, when applied to real life, "not only ceases to be rational in its deliverances, and becomes fanatical, but it casts the livid colors of its own insanity upon nature at large. . . . [It] smells of fustiness as well as of faggots."

REFERENCE BOOKS

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS: *Points & Values: Series II.*

By Gilbert H. Fubes & William A. Foyle.

W. & G. Foyle

158

9 1/8 x 5 3/8; 93 pp.

London

In his preface Mr. Foyle says that the publication of the first volume of "Modern First Editions" was resented by certain booksellers on the ground that it "gave away too many trade secrets." He brushes aside this objection as foolish, and says truthfully that many collectors of today know quite as much about points and values as the booksellers. But both will find it useful to have the facts in so handy a form. The present volume deals mainly with English authors, and some who are much collected—for example, Joseph Conrad and Hilaire Belloc—are not represented. Among those on the list are Bennett, Chesterton, Coppard, De la Mare, Drinkwater, Galsworthy, Hardy, Hewlett, Kipling, Lawrence, Masfield, Moore, Maugham, Merrick, Shaw and Wells. The notes are brief, but never perfunctory. The Americans represented are Sinclair Lewis and A. E. Newton. The book is handsomely turned out, and appears in an edition limited to 1000 copies.

AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS & THEIR PRICES, 1931.

By William Targ.

The Black Archer Press

\$10

7 x 5; 122 pp.

Chicago

The defects in the first issue of this book continue to be manifest in the present revision. For one thing, the bibliographical "points" that the author presents are often meagre; for another thing, his choice of books for notice seems somewhat arbitrary.

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Why he should list Dreiser's "The Financier" and not "The Titan" is hard to make out. Or why the number of Hergesheimer books listed should be only four. Nevertheless, the volume contains a great deal of useful information, and should be of great value to dealers and collectors. It is interesting to observe that the suppressed first edition of "Sister Carrie" is now selling for from \$250 to \$350. It is, as such things go, not a rare book, and fifteen years ago it brought but \$20. Another first that is fast increasing in value is Frank Norris's "McTeague"; it is now worth from \$150 to \$175. Yet another is Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," listed at from \$300 to \$350. The book is arranged alphabetically and the left-hand pages are blank, for notes. The edition is limited to 450 copies. There are twenty-one reproductions of title-pages.

LIVING AUTHORS.

By Dilly Tante.

The H. W. Wilson Company

\$5

10 x 6 1/2; 466 pp.

New York

Sketches of 371 American, English and Continental authors, each accompanied by a portrait, make up this volume. The sketches run to about 1000 words each, and present a great deal of matter that is passed over by reference books of the "Who's Who" type. One learns, for example, that James Joyce once came near abandoning literature for the opera, that Eugene O'Neill has elaborate notes for thirty plays to come, that Edwin Arlington Robinson is an assiduous reader of detective stories, that Rebecca West borrowed her nom de plume from the heroine of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," that Edith Wharton's mother was a Rhinelander, that Owen Wistar is a grandson of Fanny Kemble, that Dr. John Livingston Lowes weighs but 100 pounds, that Langston Hughes once spent a year in Mexico teaching English in a business academy, that A. E. Houseman put in ten years as a clerk in the British Patent Office, that E. E. Cummings regards poetry as "an idiotic disease," and that James Branch Cabell was once an instructor in Latin and Greek. The book is well printed on smooth paper, and most of the portraits are good ones. The sketches seem to keep within the facts, and some of them are very amusing.

THE AMERICAN LABOR YEAR BOOK, 1931.

The Rand School Press

\$1.75

8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 337 pp.

New York

This is the twelfth annual issue of the valuable American Labor Year Book, put out under the

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auspices of the Labor Research Department of the Rand School of Social Science, of which Nathan Fine is the director. It contains more information about labor in America and abroad than any other single volume. It gives complete data on American trade union organization, strikes and lockouts, labor parties, foreign and domestic labor legislation, court decisions affecting labor, labor banking and insurance, and workers' education. There are also a fine bibliography of the books on labor published during the past year, an international labor directory, and an index.

RELIGION

CATHOLIC TEACHINGS.

By Thomas C. B. Healy. The Macmillan Company
\$1.50 6½ x 3¾; 313 pp. New York

In this exposition Father Healy follows the order of the Baltimore Catechism. His point of view is tolerant, and he even keeps himself in hand when he comes to discuss birth control, a subject upon which most Catholic theologians foam rather than argue. He believes that "the absolute and deliberate repression of [sexual] thoughts and desires is probably one of the best ways to increase them." He counsels, instead, what he calls "orderly direction," and adds that prayer may help it. One of his arguments for the Real Presence seems novel. "Surely God," he says, "the Omnipotent Author of Nature, can bring about a rearrangement of the electrons making up the atoms of the starch molecule in the bread, in such a way that the resulting atoms are those necessary to form a molecule of protoplasm. . . . It would be an interesting and delicate physico-chemical-mathematical problem to determine an equation which would picture such a reaction." But "further research as to the exact quantitative composition of protoplasm will be necessary before such a problem can be worked out." The book has the imprimatur of Archbishop Michael J. Curley of Baltimore.

THE RESURRECTION OF ROME.

By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Company
\$3 8½ x 5½; 294 pp. New York

Mr. Chesterton passed the proofs of this book before the recent events in Spain, Lithuania and Italy, and in consequence he takes a somewhat rosy view of the future of the Papacy. His Catholicism, like that of most converts, is of high horsepower, and he appears to believe that the Church is the only hope of a world full of woe. He is not only willing to accept miracles whether they are proved or not proved (p. 177); he is also willing to reject

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all the ordinary laws of causation. Thus he presents a theory of the origins of the World War which runs beautifully counter to all the known facts. The book is dashing written, but not infrequently the piling up of highly dubious paradoxes becomes strained and wearisome. Chesterton as a Christian apologist, in fact, promises to become as dull as any other member of the order. Perhaps his best chapter is the last, in which he describes a visit to Pope Pius XI, and tells how scared he was. The Pope, it appears, was very polite to him, and asked him if he wrote a great deal.

LETTERS FROM ONE WHO HAS CROSSED THE GREAT DIVIDE.

Interpreted by Mora L. Ackerman.

The Stratford Company
\$1 7 x 4 7/8; 71 pp. Boston

These letters, so R, the author, says in the introduction, were written to "her—the receiver. . . in proof to her beyond peradventure of doubt that I, her friend, could, being divided by so-called death, yet communicate with her as accurately as if faced visibly instead of by spiritual vision." Heaven, R says, is anywhere where God is. There is no night there, but only sunshine, brooks and streams of golden waters, and children leaping for joy. There are no tears, nothing but hope and happiness . . . forever and forever.

THE HISTORY OF FUNDAMENTALISM.

By Stewart G. Cole. *Richard R. Smith*
\$2.50 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 360 pp. New York

The Fundamentalist movement in the American Protestant churches was formally launched in 1909 by two rich laymen of California, Lyman and Milton Stewart. At its height it made a great pother and threatened to wreck several of the evangelical denominations. The death of William Jennings Bryan was a heavy blow to it, and of late it has been declining, but there is still enough life in it to give liberal theologians some disquiet. Dr. Cole, who is professor of religious education in Crozer Theological Seminary, goes back to the Great Awakening to show its origins and ideology. His sympathies plainly run in the liberal direction, but he tells the story simply and fairly, and makes use of much material that is not easily accessible. His book is a valuable contribution to the history of religious hallucination in the United States. It is well documented and has a good index.

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POETRY

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

Rendered by Joseph Auslander. *Cheshire House*
\$7.50 10 1/2 x 7 1/2; 31 pp. New York

This charming volume contains a brief introduction by Mr. Auslander: "Concerning the *Per-vigilium Veneris*," a chapter from "Marius the Epicurean," by Walter Pater; and "The Vigil of Venus" translated into English by Mr. Auslander in juxtaposition with the Latin text. His opening lines follow:

Tomorrow shall the loveless love, the lover love tomorrow!

Spring is young, now Spring is singing, Spring is earth renewed of sorrow!

In the Spring the loves accord, the birds mate in the Spring, the bowers

Of the woodland bloom, the wood lets down her hair in nuptial showers.

Tomorrow shall the loveless love, the lover love tomorrow!

There are 895 copies in the edition.

THE POEMS OF CATULLUS.

Translated by Horace Gregory. *Covici-Friede*
\$5 9 1/4 x 6; 351 pp. New York

"I have rejected the traditional forms of English poetry," says Mr. Gregory in his preface, "in favor of unrhymed verse, approximated wherever possible to the metres of the original Latin text. This, of course, is modified by the speech of our own time, and I have attempted to redefine the symbols of Roman life that have become show-worn in Anglo-classical vocabularies or have dropped into complete obscurity." The result is a very vigorous and satisfactory translation—idiomatic, but by no means commonplace. Some of the matters dealt with in the poems of Catullus are not ordinarily mentioned in polite society. But their robustious vulgarity seldom degenerates into the downright obscene. The book, designed by Robert S. Josephy, is beautifully turned out. The Latin original appears on the left-hand pages, with the translation opposition. There are many drawings by Zhenya Gay. The edition consists of 2500 copies, of which fifteen are specially bound, with original drawings by the artist set in.

NOMADNESS.

By Robert C. Brown. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
\$2 8 3/4 x 5 1/2; 169 pp. New York

These dithyrambs of a globe-trotter are full of robust vividness and charm. Mr. Brown has ap-

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parently covered the whole world from Hamburg to Singapore, and from Montevideo to Budapest. He presents his findings in a free verse that has a great deal of variety, and is full of pungent phrases. People interest him more than scenery, and eating and drinking more than public monuments. Many of his short pieces offer livelier and more realistic pictures of foreign parts than whole shelves of ordinary travel-books. A number of lamentable typographical errors mar them. The beer *Mass* of Munich is converted on p. 5 into a *mast*, and the name of one of New York's most celebrated restaurants becomes, on p. 3, Luchow's. That any New York proof-reader should not know how to spell the immortal name of August Lühchow is a dreadful commentary upon the degeneracy of the times.

NEW EDITIONS

SALUT AU MONDE.

By *Walt Whitman.*

Random House

\$7.50 15¼ x 11½; 28 pp. *New York*

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

By *Benjamin Franklin.*

Random House

\$7.50 15¼ x 11½; 28 pp. *New York*

These sumptuous volumes, which belong to a series called New Fine Books, are printed in a new type cut by Vojtěch Preissig and cast by the State Printing Office at Prague, Czechoslovakia. Mr. Preissig is also responsible for the design and illustration of the books, and the State Printing Office did the printing. The new type, which is marked by the substitution of facets for curves, suggests the freedom of hand lettering, but there is no eccentricity in the fundamental form of the characters, and so the line is extremely legible, even when leads are omitted. Both books are illustrated in color, and in the designs for the Franklin Mr. Preissig has experimented with a new process. This process "introduces, combined with linocutting, a method of making color plates that abandons acid and tool alike. I have painted directly on a grained surface, and from it pulled my engraver's proofs." The Franklin is published in an edition of 390 copies, of which 360 are for sale; of the Whitman there are 390 copies, with 360 for sale. Both books are printed on Zanders hand-made paper, and both are bound in boards.

FICTION

THE FLOWER OF LIFE.

By *Thomas Burke.* *Little, Brown & Company*

\$2 8 x 5; 157 pp. *Boston*

Honest, simple Jane Cameron has it hard all her life. At fourteen she is a nursery-maid, but she

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loses her job when her employers go broke; at nineteen, she is a drudge in a pawnshop, and is fired for stealing a sovereign which the daughter of the owner has really taken; after that, she becomes a parlormaid, a chambermaid in London's first big hotel, a caretaker of a house in St. John's Wood, and, at last, a charwoman. She marries one of the waiters in the hotel and he deserts her and her young daughter Agatha. This daughter, the pride of her heart, dies giving birth to an illegitimate child. In the end Jane, utterly alone and penniless, goes to the workhouse, but with her pride, her courage, still intact. "I never been in debt," she says. "I never been in a pawnshop. And till now I've never had parish relief. I've always paid me way. Always held me head up. . . . Perhaps God knows best. Perhaps He wanted me to see what a good time I'd had."

DWARF'S BLOOD.

By Edith Olivier. *The Viking Press*
\$2.50 7 3/4 x 5; 278 pp. New York

Hans Roxerby, a charming and gifted dwarf, is the son of Sir Nicholas Roxerby and Alethea Bracton, two normal people who were married knowing "as much and as little of each other as do most brides and bridegrooms." Nicholas's mother, it turns out, is also a dwarf, and he has despised her, and Australia where he was born, with a fanatical intensity. When she arrives unexpectedly at Brokeyates, his new home in England, there is a dreadful scene: he orders the fierce little old lady out of the house, and commands Alethea to give her their son to keep. But Alethea escapes with the boy to Germany, and devotes all her energy for years toward effecting a reconciliation. This is achieved at last when Hans becomes a famous artist, and paints a portrait of Alethea which Nicholas recognizes as a masterpiece. An undistinguished tale.

FATHER.

By Elizabeth. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
\$2.50 8 x 5 1/2; 339 pp. Garden City, L. I.

The kittenish adventures of Jennifer Dodge, a spinster of thirty-three, who is liberated by her father's marriage to a sweet young thing. His wife, unfortunately, deserts him on the eve of Jennifer's engagement to a romantic clergyman, but father—an altogether loathsome old egotist—very conveniently dies and she is rid of him, and her complex, forever. A somewhat simpering tale.

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THE GRASSHOPPERS COME.

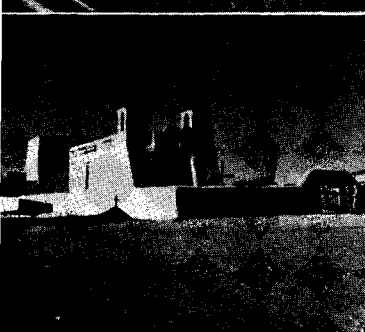
By David Garnett. *Brewer, Warren & Putnam*
\$2.50 7 1/2 x 5 1/4; 143 pp. New York

Jimmy Wrecks, a tall, one-eyed veteran of many pioneer flights, pilots a monoplane for Lily Beanlands, a rich widow, and her lover Commander Shap, in a long-distance jump to Asia. They crash in a desert in China. Lily and Commander Shap leave Jimmy behind with two sandwiches and an injured foot while they go for help, and he settles down for a long agonizing vigil. Days pass, his snack is gone, and he is subsisting on water when a cloud of locusts swarms over him. He catches handfuls of them and roasts them—they save him from starvation; then another thicker whirlwind descends and all but massacres him; he fires the wreck of the aeroplane to drive them away, and the fire attracts a lone plane soaring up the arc of the sky. The pilot turns out to be Mr. Huan Lang, who has been sent by one of the generals of the Northern Chinese Army to watch the locust swarms. Jimmy climbs into his cockpit and together they "are in the sky, riding on the air, and all the groping dirtiness of earth forgotten." A charming piece of prose, and often brilliant.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

By Ferdynand Goetal. *The Viking Press*
\$2.50 7 1/2 x 5; 292 pp. New York

Stanislaw, a famous Polish writer, is writing a novel, the story of his love for Marusia, a girl of the Russian steppes; at the same time he is keeping a diary, noting, from day to day, his increasing difficulties with his wife Zosia, his rebellion against the society into which she draws him, and his tempestuous affair with Helena Klapa, a poetess who kills herself after he has been wounded in a duel with her husband, a professor. The events of the novel take place in Turkestan during the war, when Poland was still divided between Russia, Austria, and Germany; the diary, on the other hand, is written in Cracow, in post-war Poland. The two stories merge at the end, when Marusia's son Stas comes to Poland to live with Stanislaw after her death. Stanislaw, meanwhile, has left Zosia but now he returns to her and their daughter Eva. "Stas and Evunia! It's they who solved my problem—our problem, perhaps—without asking anyone's advice. They have become great friends. I don't know who told Eva that Stas is her little brother, but that's what she calls him, and she's very affectionate and emphatic about it." An interesting piece of work. It is translated by Winifred Cooper. There is a brief introduction by John Galsworthy.



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Events: BILLINGS, MONTANA—*Midland Empire Fair*, September 7th to 11th, closing with *Mardi Gras celebration* with thirty floats; LIVINGSTON, MONTANA—*Roundup*—horse, pony, old-time stagecoach, riders from many dude-ranches.

— SOUTH —

Indian Detours: OLD SANTA FÉ, primitive Mexican settlements in Pojoaque Valley, Santa Clara and San Ildefonso Indian pueblos, FRIJOLE CANYONS, cliff dwelling ruins near Puye, Taos Indian pueblo, Rio Grande Gorge. *National Parks open all year:* Grand Canyon National Park, ARIZONA; Hot Springs National Park, ARKANSAS. *California:* CATALINA ISLAND with submarine sea gardens; SANTA BARBARA; PASADENA; RIVERSIDE. *Events:* LOS ANGELES—Sept. 4th to 13th, *World's Congress of Rough Riders and Rodeo*.

— SOUTH —

Resorts: VIRGINIA—*Natural Bridge, Luray Caves, Endless Caverns, Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah Valley*; NORTH CAROLINA—*Asheville and Pinehurst*; GEORGIA—*Savannah, Sea Island Beach*; LOUISIANA—*New Orleans, swimming, fishing, yachting*. *Events:* GALVESTON—*Bathing Revue*; LEXINGTON, KY.—August 25th to 28th—*Dawson County Fair*, horse and automobile races.

— EAST —

Resorts: NIAGARA FALLS; BRETTON WOODS; SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.; LAKE PLACID; SARATOGA SPRINGS; THOUSAND ISLANDS; LAKES GEORGE and CHAMPLAIN; NEWPORT. *Events:* ALBION, N. Y., August 18th to 22nd; *Orleans County Fair*—six races every afternoon, two every night; largest meet of its kind in New York State; horses from major tracks in New York, Maryland, Kentucky, etc. entered; afterwards will be sent to Syracuse for State Fair. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., *Byrd Antarctic Expedition display on Steel Pier*; Captain A. C. McKinley in charge; exhibits complete to most minute detail. NEW YORK CITY, North River—*Convict Ship*; theatres, horse races, and open-air concerts.

— CANADA —

Resorts: MURRAY BAY; TADOUSSAC and trips up the Saguenay; NOVA SCOTIA; LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS; ONTARIO—*Algonquin Park, Bigwin Inn, Kawartha Lakes, Lake of Bays, Muskoka Lakes, 30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay, Quentico Park*; PRINCE ALBERT NATIONAL PARK; YOH0 NATIONAL PARK—*Banff, Lake Louise, Emerald Lake, Radium Hot Springs*; JASPER NATIONAL PARK; PRINCE RUPERT; VANCOUVER.

Events: TORONTO—*Canadian National Exhibition*, August 28th to September 12th.

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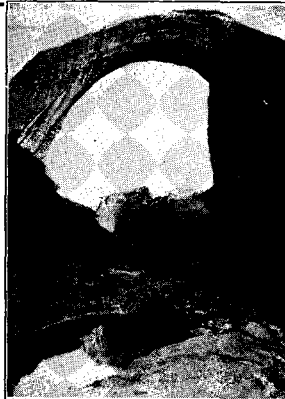
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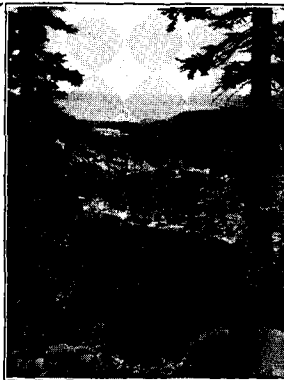
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